This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

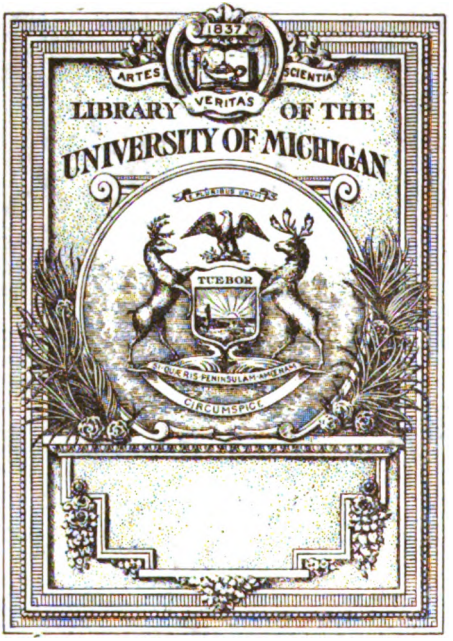
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

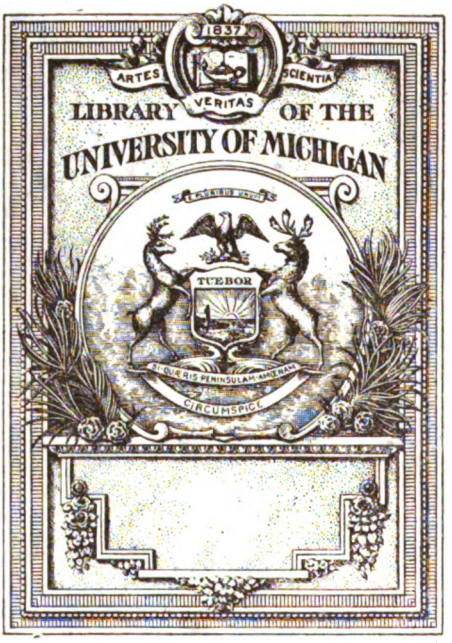
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



Digitized by Google

AP
4
.M84
3 of 3er

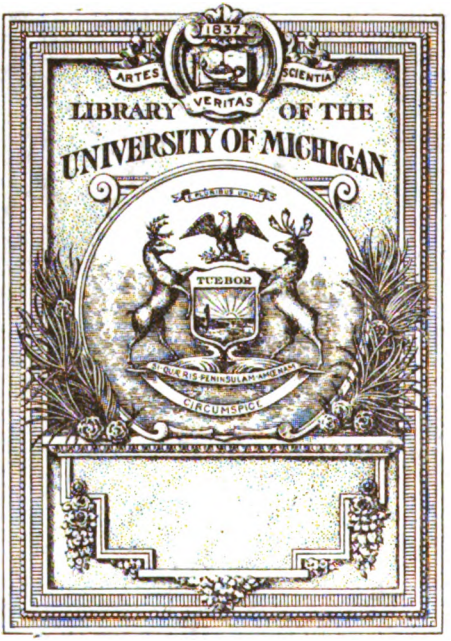
Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

AP
4
.M84
3d ser

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

AP
4
.M84
ser 2

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

AP
4
.M84
3d ser

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

THIRD SERIES.

VOLUME VII.

PARTS XXXVII. TO XLII. JANUARY—JUNE, 1884.

LONDON:
WALTER SMITH (LATE MOZLEY).
34, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1884.

Digitized by Google

LONDON
R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,
BREAD STREET HILL, E.C.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

PAGE

A Conversation on Books 59, 150, 226, 473, 585

A Lot with a Crook in It 8, 107, 209, 313, 412, 511

Barry Barryford 569

Cameos from English History :—

The Ruin of the Palatinate 36

The French Alliance 140, 240

Charles's Second Parliament 350

Siege of Rochelle and Petition of Right 451

Wallenstein 523

Career of a Costume 391

Claude de St. Ange 16, 120, 220, 326

Elementary Physiology :—

The Auditory Apparatus 179

The Eye 366

Higher Education of Women 337

Letters on Daily Life 63, 186, 257, 373, 447, 532

Pictures from the Seventeenth Century 166

Poetry :—

Hymn for Easter 348

Hymn for the Fatherless 159

Hymn for Peace of the Afflicted 278

Hymn of the Sea 51

In the Crimea 291

Rhythmical Prayer for Unity 464

Unknown 292

301042

Digitized by Google

Preparation for Prayer-book Lessons :— PAGE
The Sentences and Exhortation 45
Confession and Absolution 161
The Psalms 230
The Lectionary 467
The Canticles, Te Deum, and Benedicite 548

Shakspere Talks with Uncritical People :—
As You Like It 554
Soap Suds Again 57
Spider Subjects :—
A Fairy Tale 593
Legends of Plants 493
Narrow-Necked Bottle 293
Post Office 243
Rokeby 93
Sirius, the Dog-Star 596
The Most Faithful 194
Thirty World-famed Men 195
Symbolism in Art 76

The Samaritan Passover 360
Three Little Dogs 32, 136, 232, 322, 484, 588
Two Sides of the Shield. 1, 101, 201, 301, 401, 501

Digitized by Google

P220
4
Case

The Monthly Packet.

JANUARY, 1884.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME?

A LONDON dining-room was lighted with gas, which showed a table of small dimensions, with a vase of somewhat dirty and dilapidated grasses in the centre, and at one end a soup tureen, from which a gentleman had helped himself and a young girl of about fourteen, without much apparent consciousness of what he was about, being absorbed in a pile of papers, pamphlets, and letters, while she on her side kept a book pinned open by a gravy spoon. The elderly maid-servant, who set the dishes before them, handed the vegetables and changed the plates, really came as near to feeding the pair as was possible with people above three years old.

The one was a dark thin man, with a good deal of white in his thick beard and scanty hair, the absence of which made the breadth of his forehead the more remarkable. The girl would have shown an equally remarkable brow, but that her dark hair was cut square over it, so as to take off from its height, and give a heavy over-hanging look to the upper part of the face, which below was thin and sallow, well-featured, but with a want of glow and colour. The thick masses of dark hair were plaited into a very long thick tail behind, hanging down over a black evening frock, whose white trimmings were, like everything else about the place, rather dingy. She was far less absorbed than her father, and raised a quick, wistful brown eye whenever he made the least sound, or shuffled his papers. Indeed, it seemed that she was reading in order to distract her anxiety rather than for the sake of occupation.

It was not till after the last pieces of cheese had been offered and refused, and the maid had retired, leaving some dull crackers and veteran biscuits, with two decanters and a claret-jug, that he spoke.

Digitized by Google

'Dolores!'

'Yes, father.'

But he only cleared his throat, and looked at his letter again, while she fixed her eager eyes upon him so earnestly that he let his fall again, and looked once more over his letters before he spoke again.

'Dolores,' and the tone was dry, as if all feeling were driven from it.

'Yes, father.'

'You know that I have accepted this appointment?'

'Yes, father.'

'And that I shall be absent three years at the least?'

'Yes.'

'Then comes the question, how you are to be disposed of in the meantime?'

'Could not I go with you?' she said, under her breath.

'No, my dear.' And somehow the tone had more tenderness in it, though it was so explicit. 'I shall have no fixed residence, no one with whom to leave you; and the climate is not fit for you. Your Aunt Lilias has kindly offered to take charge of you.'

'Oh, father!'

'Well?'

'If you would only let me stay here with Caroline and Fraulein. I like it so much better.'

'That cannot be, Dolly. I have this morning promised to let the house as it is to Mr. Smithson.'

'And Caroline?'

'If Caroline takes my advice, she will remain here as his housekeeper, and I think she will. Well, what is it? You do not mean that you would prefer going to your Aunts Jane and Ada?'

'Oh, no, no; only if I might go to school.'

'This is nonsense, Dolores. It will be much better for you on all accounts to be with your aunt at Silverfold. I have no fear that she and her girls will not do their best to make you happy and good, and to give you what you have sadly wanted, my poor child. I have always wished you could have seen more of her.'

There could be no doubt from the tone, in the mind of any one who knew Mr. Maurice Mohun, that the decision was final; but perhaps Dolores would have asked more if the door-bell had not rung at the moment and Mr. Smithson had not been announced. Fate was closing in on her. She retired into her book, and remained as long as she possibly could, for the sake of seeing her father and hearing his voice; but after a time she was desired to call Caroline, and to go to bed herself, for it was a good deal past nine o'clock.

She had been aware, she could hardly tell how, that her father had been offered a government appointment connected with the Fiji Islands, and then that, glad to escape from the dreariness which

Digitized by Google

had settled down on the house since his wife's death, about eighteen months previously, he had accepted it, and she had speculated much on her probable fate; but had never before been officially informed of his designs for himself or for her.

He was a barrister, who spent all his leisure time on scientific studies, and his wife had been equally devoted to the same pursuits. Dolores had been her constant companion; but after the mother's death, from an accident on a glacier, a strange barrier of shyness had risen between the child and the father, a man naturally taciturn, and with no power of throwing himself into the ways of a girl past the charms of infancy. It was as if they had lost their interpreter.

The German governess, chosen by Mrs. Mohun, was very German indeed, and greatly occupied in her own studies. When she found that the *armes-liebes Mädchen* shrank from being wept over and caressed on the mournful return, she decided that the English had no feeling, and acquiesced in the routine of lessons and expeditions to classes. She was never unkind, but she did not try to be a companion; and old Caroline was excellent in the attention she paid to the comforts of her master and his daughter, but had no love of children, and would not have encouraged familiarities, even if Dolores had not been too entirely a drawing-room child to offer them.

The morning came, and everything went on as usual; Dolores poured out the coffee, Mr. Mohun read his *Times*, Fraulein ate as usual, but afterwards he asked for a few minutes' conversation with Fraulein. All that Dolores heard of the result of it was 'So,' and then lessons went on until twelve o'clock, when it was the custom that the girl should have an hour's recreation, which was, in any tolerable weather, spent in the gardens of the Far West Crescent, where she lived. There she was nearly certain of meeting her one great friend, Maude Sefton, who was always sent out for her airing at the same time.

They spied each other issuing from their doors, met, linked their arms, and entered together. Maude was a tall, rosy girl, with a great yellow bush down her back, half a year older than Dolores, and a great deal bigger.

'My dearest Doll!'

'Oh, yes, it is come.'

'Then he is really going? I heard the pater and mater talking about it yesterday, and they said it would be an excellent thing for him.'

'Oh, Maude! Then they did not say anything about what we hoped?'

'What, the mater's offering for you to come and live with us, darling? Oh, no; and I'm afraid it is of no use to ask her, for she said of herself, that she knew Mr. Mohun had sisters, and——'

'And what? Tell me, Maude. You must!'

'Well, then, you know you made me, and I think it is a shame.

Digitized by Google

She said she was glad she wasn't one of them, for you were such a peculiar child.'

'Dear me, Maude, you needn't mind telling me that! I'm sure I don't want to be like everybody else.'

'And are you going to one of your aunts?'

'Yes, to Aunt Lilias. Oh, Maude, he would not hear a word against it, and I know it will be so horrid! Aunts are always nasty!'

'Kate is very fond of her aunt,' said Maude, who did not happen to have any personal experiences to oppose to this sweeping assertion.

'Oh, I don't mean proper aunts, but aunts that have orphans left to them.'

'But you are not an orphan, darling.'

'I dare say I shall be. 'Tis a horrible climate, and there are no end of cannibals there, so that he would not take me out for anything, —and sharks, and volcanoes, and hurricanes.'

'I don't think they eat people there now.'

'It's bad enough if they don't! And you know those aunts begin pretty well, while they are in fear of the father, but then they get worse.'

'There was Eda Morton,' said Maude, in a tone of conviction, 'and Anna Ross.'

'Oh yes, and another book, *Rose Turquand*. It was a grown-up book, that I read once—long ago,' said Dolores, who had in her mother's time been allowed a pretty free range of 'book box.'

'And there's *Under the Shield*, but that was a boy.'

'There are lots and lots,' said Dolores. 'They are ever so much worse than the stepmothers! Not that there is any fear of that!' she added quickly.

'But isn't this Aunt Lilias nice? It's a pretty name. Which is she? You have one aunt a Lady Something, haven't you?'

'Yes, it is this one, Lady Merrifield. Her husband is a general, Sir Jasper Merrifield, and he is gone out to command in some place in India; but she cannot stand the climate, and is living at home at a place called Silverfold, with a whole lot of children. I think two are gone out with their father, but there are a great many more.'

'Don't you know them at all?'

'No, and don't want to! I think my aunts were unkind to mother!'

'Oh!' exclaimed Maude.

'I am sure of it. They were horrid, stuck-up, fine ladies, and looked down on her, though she was ever so much nicer, and cleverer, and more intellectual than they; and she looked down on them.'

'Are you sure?' asked Maude, to whom it was as good as a story.

'Yes, indeed. She was civil, of course, because they were father's sisters, but I know she couldn't bear them. If any of them came

Digitized by Google

to London, there was a calling, but all very stupid, and a dining at Lord Rotherwood's; but she never would, except once, when I can hardly remember, go to stay at their slow places in the country. I've heard father try to persuade her when they didn't think I understood. You know we always went abroad, or to the sea or something, except last year, when we were at Beechcroft. That wasn't so bad, for there were lots of books, and Uncle Reginald was there, and he is jolly.'

'Can't you get Mr. Mohun to send you there?'

'No, I don't think they would have me, for everybody there is grown up, and father seems to have a wish for me to be with this Aunt Lilias, because she has a schoolroom.'

'I wonder he should wish it, if she was unkind to Mrs. Mohun.'

'Well, she was out of the way most of the time. They have lived at Malta, and Gibraltar, and Belfast, and all sorts of places, so they will all have regular garrison frivolous manners, and think of nothing but officers and balls. I know she was a beauty, and wants to be one still.'

Maude, whose father was a professor, looked quite appalled and said—

'You will be the one to infuse better things.' She felt quite proud of the word.

'Perhaps,' returned Dolores; '*they* always do that in time, but not till they've been awfully bullied. All the cousins are jealous, and the aunt spites them because they are nicer and prettier than her own.'

'Yes,' said Maude, 'but then there's always some tremendously nice boy-cousin, or uncle, or something, that makes up for it all. Will Sir Jasper Merrifield's eldest son be a Sir?'

'Oh no; he's not a baronet, but a K.G.C., Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, that is. Besides, I don't care for love, and titles, and all that nonsense, though father is first cousin to Lord Rotherwood.'

'And you never saw any of them?'

'Yes, Aunt Lilias was at the Charing Cross Hotel with Uncle Jasper and the two eldest daughters, Alethea and Phyllis, and some more of them, just before they sailed; and father took me there on Sunday to luncheon: but there were so many people, and such a talk, and such a bustle, that I hardly knew which was which. Aunt Jane and Aunt Ada were there too, and Lord Rotherwood, and there was such a talking that it made my head turn round; but I saw how affected Aunt Lilias is, and I knew that whenever they looked at me they said "poor child," and I always hate any one who does that! All I was afraid of then was that father would let Aunt Jane and Aunt Ada come and live with us; but this is ever so much worse.'

'You have such a lot of aunts and uncles!' said Maude, 'and I have not got anything but one old uncle.'

'Uncles are all very well,' said Dolores, sagaciously; 'it's the

Digitized by Google

aunts. And then mother used to say the Mohuns are all so narrow! I shall never get on with them.'

'Let me see if I know them all,' said Maude. 'There are the two Miss Mohuns——'

'Oh, that's beginning at the wrong end. Aunt Ada is the youngest of them all, and she thinks she is a young lady still, and wears little curls on her forehead, and a tennis pinafore, and makes her waist just like a wasp. She and Aunt Jane live together at Rockquay, because she has bad health—at least she has whenever she likes; and Aunt Jane *does* all sorts of charities and worries, and sets everybody to rights,' said Dolly, in a very grown-up voice, speaking partly from her own observation, and partly repeating what she had caught from her elders.

'Oh yes, I know her,' said Maude. 'She asked me questions about all I did, and she did bother mamma so about a maid she recommended that we are never going to take another from her.'

'Aunt Phyllis comes between them, I believe; but she has married a missionary to the Indians in Rupertsland, and I have not seen her since I was a very little girl. Then there's Aunt Emily, who is a very great swell indeed. Her husband was a canon, Lord Henry Grey; but he is dead, and she lives at Brighton, a regular fat, comfortable down-pillow of a woman, who isn't bad to lunch with, only sends one out to the Parade with her maid, as if one was a baby. Mother used to laugh at her. And I think there was an older one who went to India and died long ago.'

'I have seen your two uncles. There's Major Mohun. Oh! he is fun!'

'Yes, dear old Uncle Redgie! I wish he was not in Ireland. He will be so sorry to miss seeing father off, but he can't get leave. And there was a clergyman who is dead, and father grieved for very much. I think he did something to make them all nicer to mother, for it was just after that we went to stay at Beechcroft with Uncle William. You know him, and how mother used to call him the very model of a country squire; and I like his wife, Aunt Alethea. Only it is very pokey and slow down there, and they are always after flannel petticoats and soup kitchens, and all the old fads that are exploded. I should get awfully tired of it before a year was out, only I should not be teased with strange children, and there would be no one to be jealous of me.'

'Can't you get your father to change and send you there?'

'Not a chance. You see Aunt Lilias has offered, and they haven't, and I must go on with my education. I hope, though I shall have no advantages, I shall still be able to go up for the Cambridge examination, if Aunt Lilias has not prejudices, as I dare say she has, since of course none of her own will be able to try.'

'You'll come up to us for the examination, Dolly dear, and we shall do it together, and that will be nice!'

Digitized by Google

'If they will let me; but I don't expect to be allowed to do anything that I wish. Only perhaps father may be come home by that time.'

'Is it three years?'

'Yes. It is a terrible time, isn't it? However, when I'm seventeen perhaps he will talk to me, and I can really keep house.'

'And then you'll come back here.'

'Do you know, Maudie—listen—I think I've another uncle, belonging to mother.'

'Oh, Dolly! I thought she had no one!'

'He told me he was my Uncle Alfred once when he met me in the park with Fraulein, and gave me a note for mother. He is called Mr. Flinders.'

'But I thought your mother was daughter to Professor Hay?'

'Yes, but this is a half-brother; my grandmother was married before. Uncle Alfred has an immense light beard, and I think he is very poor. He came once or twice to see mother, and they always sent me out of the room; but I am sure she gave him money—not father's housekeeping money, but what she got for herself by writing. Once I heard father go out of the house, saying, "Well, it is your own to do as you please with." And then mother went to her room, and I know she cried. It was the only time that ever mother cried!' And as Maude listened, much impressed—'Once when she had got eleven pounds, and we were going to have bought father *such* a binocular for a secret as a birthday present, Mr. Flinders came, and she gave him ten of it, and we could only buy just a few slides for father. And she told me she was grieved, but she could not help it, and it would be time for me to understand when I was older.'

'I don't think this Uncle Alfred can be nice,' said Maude.

''Tis quite disgusting if he kisses me,' said Dolly; 'but you see he is poor, and all the Mohuns are stuck up, except father, and they wanted mother to despise him, and not help him. And you see she stuck to him. I don't like him much; but you see nobody ever was like her! O Maude, if she wasn't dead!'

And poor Dolores cried as she had not done even at the time of the accident, or in the terrible week that followed, or at the desolate home coming.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTE.—Some of our friends may think this a long account of the family; but the few who ever knew *Scenes and Characters* will know why it is given.

Digitized by Google

A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.*

'Character is the joint product of nature and nurture.'
PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

'If you gently stroke a nettle
It will sting you for your pains,
Seize it like a man of mettle
And it soft as silk remains.'

THIS is the history of two children in whose lot there was a strange crook. They were born on the same day in an old farm-house in a remote district of North Wales, where the scenery was wild and mountainous and where hardly a word of English was spoken. Mr. Price, of Plas-y-Gwyn, occasionally let lodgings, and Mr. James Leighton, a busy London barrister, considered himself fortunate in having discovered for himself, and in retaining undiscovered by others, a spot so perfectly unspoiled and uninvaded. Here he would pursue his favourite sport of fishing, and found in the loneliness and the beauty of the moor and the stream a complete and refreshing contrast to the scenes in which all the rest of his life was spent.

They were destined, however, to lose their charm for him, and to be for ever associated with feelings of annoyance and distress. But the sunny stretch of heathery hills, the brown stream dancing in the light and fringed by bright dark-leaved hollies, graceful ash-trees, and feathery fern, were especially delightful in the eyes of Mrs. Leighton as she sat in an arm-chair by the window of the little sitting-room at Plas-y-Gwyn, feeling all the pleasure of recovering from long and severe illness.

She was a graceful young woman of thirty or thereabouts, with soft grey eyes, abundant reddish hair, and a face which, though no way remarkable in feature or complexion, was good-looking in the literal sense of the word.

'This has been a very sad time—full of trouble,' she said; 'but how much we have to be thankful for.'

* It was not till this story had been devised and partly executed that 'Don John' appeared in *Good Words*. I hope this study of the effect of the peculiar circumstances on various characters may not be altogether wanting in interest, even though the same theme has been already so ably and poetically treated by Miss Ingelow.

Digitized by Google

Her husband, who was sitting at the table turning over some papers, rose hastily and came over to the window. He was older than she by fully ten years, and his dark hair and beard had acquired a sprinkling of grey, while his sharply-cut face wore just now an expression of anxious perplexity, half relieved by an odd twinkle as of involuntary amusement in his keen, dark eyes.

'Come what may, I must be thankful to see my wife get well again,' he said, with a smile.

'I am feeling quite strong to-day,' said Mrs. Leighton. 'All I wish for is that Mrs. Price's little boy should get well of his measles so that I can have my children back! My baby! Fancy never having seen my baby till he is a month old! And you have told me so little about him! I believe you still think, father of three children as you are, that one baby is exactly like another.'

'I am afraid so!' said Mr. Leighton. 'Your baby is very well, Marian. But now that you are fairly equal to it, I want to talk over all these late events with you.'

'I want to hear very much about poor Frank Osgood,' said Mrs. Leighton.

'Listen to me,' said her husband, 'and if I tell the story wrong, correct me. I have a reason for wishing to recall late events very carefully. It is more than a month since I had that telegram from Mr. Barlow, telling me that I was wanted in London about my cousin Frank Osgood's affairs, and I had most unwillingly to leave you in a hurry. Unhappily, Letty took fright and crossed me on the road. What did she tell you when she arrived?'

'Very little, except that there was some trouble which she did not understand, and that Frank was gone she did not know where. She was too much knocked up to be questioned. She had walked from the cross-road where the coach set her down. But things must have been very bad with them. I wish she had never met Frank; but who could suppose the poor child would be so infatuated! I can see hardly any redeeming point in him. He seems utterly without any sense of honour, and so selfish too."

'Then it will not shock, or at least astonish you very much, to know what the trouble is? Frank's worst vice was gambling, as you know. He got into hopeless trouble, and made use of a large sum of money left in his charge!'

'Oh, James!'

'Yes. If he had been ten times my cousin I ought not to have recommended him for any place of trust. Still one doesn't expect people to turn out absolute scoundrels. They have utterly failed to trace him. Parker, the other partner you know, was determined to prosecute, but Mr. Barlow, for your sake and Letty's, inclined towards mercy. Colonel Osgood, of course, is in India, but the clergyman, Frank's other uncle, came and showed much good feeling. So the end

Digitized by Google

of it is that he, acting for the colonel and himself, Mr. Barlow and I, have agreed to replace the money to the firm between us. So there will be no prosecution; but of course he can never show in this country again.'

'And that poor little baby is worse than fatherless!' said Mrs. Leighton after a pause of shocked silence.

'Yes. Now, Marian, tell me what happened after I went away, as far as you can recollect?'

'Letty came the next morning. She had travelled all night. I saw before long that she was very ill, and Mrs. Price had gone to see her mother that morning. I had sent Emma with the children to the other cottage to make room, and I went hastily to call her, that we might see about sending for some help. I remember slipping my foot in crossing the stepping-stones, and knocking my head against the birch-tree, and after that it's all a blank to me.'

'Yes,' said her husband, 'and when I got back it was to find that poor Letty's troubles were over, that you were in the greatest danger. No wonder there had been hopeless confusion!'

'James, why do you look at me in that way? There is something the matter. Is there anything wrong with the baby? Are you afraid to tell me?'

'My dearest Marian, the babies are both as flourishing and healthy as can be, but you see they are both boys, and of course there was a great confusion. That old woman, Betty Williams, who was called in in a hurry to help, met with a shocking accident."

'Accident to the baby?'

'No, no. But perhaps she wasn't sober. She gave the babies in charge to Gwen, our Welsh beauty, you know, and it appears that she never told her which was which, missed her footing on the stairs in the dark, fell down, and never spoke again. This was what Mrs. Price came home to. There was another ignorant Welsh woman, poor Emma nearly crazy, Letty dying, and you in the greatest danger. Happily nurse and doctor arrived soon after from Carnarvon, in time to save your life, my darling. But by that time the confusion was past mending. And so you see, Marian,' he added, suddenly hastening his tones and starting up, with a laugh most unsuitable to his tragical tale, 'they mixed up the babies together.'

'Mixed them up!'

'Changed them—confused them. Old Betty brought them to Gwen both together, and bid her mind them, while she went to the mothers. So we don't know which is which—which is ours and which is Letty's.'

'Not know my own baby!' cried Mrs. Leighton. 'What nonsense! As if I could be deceived. I will tell them apart in a moment. James, you don't mean to say *you* were puzzled?'

Digitized by Google

'My dear, there doesn't appear to be anything to distinguish them. How *can* I tell?'

'Let me see them this moment,' said Mrs. Leighton.

'Listen to me one moment longer. When I came back in too much alarm about you to think of anything else, Alice rushed out to meet me, crying, "Papa, papa, there are two little babies, and we don't know which is *my* little brother." I never heard her then, but afterwards, when you were better, Emma came to me in floods of tears, with Gwen, begging me to come and look at the children, for only old Mrs. Williams had known which was ours, and she was dead, and could never tell; and what were they to do? I cannot, I must own, feel any certainty in the matter; and nurse Cooper, not knowing what to do when you came to ask for your baby, availed herself of the alarm of measles, or invented it, to send all the children away with Emma to Mrs. Jones's cottage. There it is! Every day the women bring one or other of them to me to ask if I don't see a likeness. What is to be done?'

'Bring *me* the babies,' said Mrs. Leighton impatiently.

'They are here, I believe; you shall have them.'

He rang the bell, and as the maid came said—

'Give the babies to Mrs. Leighton, and leave her to look at them quietly.'

The two little boys, across whose path of life had come so strange an entanglement, were brought into the room, and laid side by side in Mrs. Leighton's arms. They were small, but healthy children, one of them rather fatter and rounder-faced than the other, whose features were more defined; this one's hair was abundant, and rather sandy, while the round-faced baby only boasted a few dark hairs round his little head. He blinked and 'squirmed' about contentedly, while the other set up an indignant howl.

The nurse and nursemaid, strictly ordered to leave the mother to herself, stood by in silence, and Mr. Leighton watched his wife intently. She turned the babies about, examined their hands and feet, touched the sandy hair that might promise the colour of her own, and traced the marked features of the one baby with her finger, scanning her husband's face as if to find a likeness between them; and looked carefully at the blunter features of the other to find a Barlow look, all in silence.

At last her lips quivered, large tears gathered in her eyes, and, with an uncontrollable burst of weeping, she sobbed out—

'Oh, I do not know—I do not know my own child! I cannot—I cannot tell.'

Her husband took the babies from her and sent them away.

'Marian!' he said, as he kissed and tried to soothe her, 'it is a terrible thing that has happened to us. God guide us to act rightly.'

Digitized by Google

The husband and wife, to whom had fallen this perplexing piece of fortune, were prosperous and successful people. James Leighton was a barrister of rising repute, and belonged to a family, many of whose members had stood high in the legal profession. He had married when not very young, a Miss Barlow, the daughter of a country clergyman belonging to a good family, and as she and himself were both possessed of some private means, they were able to enjoy good society, and were popular among their friends. Their two children were handsome and healthy, and with a happy home, plenty of hard, creditable, and remunerative work, varied by an annual trip to any place he might fancy, and by as much intellectual society and lively conversation as he desired, the ideal of the middle-aged high professional Englishman might be said to be reached. He was moreover a conscientious and dutiful person, and had never turned the cold shoulder on his unsuccessful cousin, Frank Osgood, though the latter's extravagance and dissipated habits had caused him to be thrown off by the Osgoods—a well-connected and exemplary family of whom he was the one black sheep. James Leighton had found Frank a situation, and had given him another chance; a kindness ill repaid, by Frank's paying his addresses to Lettice Barlow. Mrs. Leighton's orphan cousin Lettice was quite unprovided for, and none of her guardians would give their consent; but she was determined, and married Frank Osgood when she came of age. After a year of increasing unhappiness, the terrible catastrophe just related took place. Lettice fled to the only relations who had thought that there was no use in making the bad matter of her marriage worse by giving her up, and had only survived the birth of her baby for a few hours. She lay at rest in the little Welsh churchyard, and Frank Osgood was a disgraced man, who would never dare to show his face in England again, and had left to his son an inheritance of shame so deep that even the Leightons, with their own high reputation ready made, could not but feel the reflection of it.

Mr. Leighton had thought the matter through from every possible point of view, during the time when he had been forbidden to tell his wife of the dilemma, yet never without a lingering hope that *somehow* Marian would see her way out of it. That hope seemed vain, and he held aloof, while his wife and Mrs. Price, the nurses, and all concerned, went over every detail of the confusion, examined the babies over and over again, and came each time to a different opinion.

It was not until the evening, when all this was over, and Mrs. Leighton had wept out her tears, and had been for some time resting quietly, that she called her husband to her as she lay on the sofa, and said—

'Now, James, I want to tell you what I think we ought to do in these strange circumstances.'

'I very much wish to hear what you think,' he answered, as he came and sat down by her side.

Digitized by Google

'Then what should you have done with Letty's child, supposing this mistake had not arisen?'

'I should have found out what the Osgoods would do for him, and —taken the rest, I suppose, upon myself.'

'We should have had to bring him up, poor little fellow, anyhow,' she said.

'Yes; but of course there are ways of bringing up children. I should not probably have given him the expensive education I hope to provide for my own.'

'But now,' said Mrs. Leighton, with a strain in her peculiarly clear, sweet voice, 'if we make any difference we may wrong our own. James, I can love two babies; let us take them both. If we never know—let us love them both.'

'We can't keep the thing a secret; too many people know it already.'

'Oh no! I was not thinking of anything so silly and romantic. Besides, I have never thought it fair to let children find out painful facts just at the age when they would feel them most. And I like the truth. I think this a great misfortune; it makes me very unhappy. I feel as if I wronged my baby.' She paused, then recovered herself with difficulty. 'I think we must tell every one the truth—yes, even these babies, when they can understand. But if they must share that sad inheritance, I am not afraid to promise that they shall share a mother's love too.'

'The misery is,' said Mr. Leighton, 'that the shame must touch both. *My* boy will perhaps feel it—my son!

'It must, as you say, touch both, but it shall injure neither; and when we have *two* dear boys growing up, we shall forget we had once only one. All this will seem like a dream. If the children know the facts, they will not dwell on what does not affect their lives.'

'I don't think you know what you promise. There will be feelings, instincts, we shall not be able to account for. It must mar the full comfort in either. How, if as time goes on, likenesses *do* develop themselves? Suppose we *do* attain, as they grow up, to a conviction, which yet is beyond proof, as to which is our child—suppose we differ about it?'

'If we love them both we shall not wish to lose our part in either of them,' said Mrs. Leighton. 'I know,' she added, with some agitation, 'that there may be feelings, but we must do what is right *now*, and trust for the future.'

'There is such an absurdity in it!' cried her husband. 'One thing, neither child is heir to a farthing, except what I choose to give him; there is not *that* misery in addition. There are no Osgood relations who would care to claim one.'

'And Letty being my cousin, and poor Frank yours, you see they both come of Leighton and Barlow,' said Mrs. Leighton.

Digitized by Google

There was a silence, as the poor mother, who spite of her brave words felt hurt and wounded in her tenderest feelings in a way she could hardly explain to herself, lay still, suppressing the tears which would have distressed her husband.

Marian Leighton was a person of much strength of character and clearness of conviction, though her happy, prosperous life had not hitherto made any great demand upon her powers, and she instinctively felt that lives might be made or marred according as they faced at once the strange fate that was laid upon them. They could do no otherwise than bring up the two children, but the spirit in which they did so would make all the difference. In her perplexity and discomfort she *could* almost have shrunk from both the babies; instead, she opened her arms and her heart wider to take in the two.

'Well, Marian!' cried her husband at length, 'then you decide. We take these children, knowing ourselves, and letting all whom it may concern know, of the confusion between them. But we take both as our own, and remember, come what may, wishes, opinions, convictions—legal proof is impossible—we must for ever hereafter hold our peace. We cannot decide now, we never must decide in the future. We must never withdraw from either the parental love to which we pledge ourselves.'

'We take them both,' said Marian, solemnly. 'God help us to do right by them! Now,' she added after a moment or two, 'let us look at our children. Please to call nurse, and ask her to bring them to me.' She took the little creatures into her arms, and kissed them both in a solemn, formal way. 'They are both dear, dear little babies,' she said. 'Nurse, they are both to be my dear little twins.'

'And I'm sure, ma'am, they are both very fine children. Though I shall always say that this little fair one has the most look of the family; but Emma, she thinks different. She thinks this one——'

'Hush!' interposed Mr. Leighton. 'Remember that subject is to be dropped for ever. No one is to endeavour to make a choice between them. I shall go out for a stroll. Rest now, Marian; you will tire yourself.'

He hurried away without another look at the babies; while his wife, through tears that came every now and then thick and blinding, made ordinary commonplace arrangements for their welfare, and finally called her little girl and boy to her side, and showing them the babies, said earnestly—

'Listen to me, my darlings, and try to understand me. It has pleased God to take dear Cousin Letty away from us, and one of these poor little babies has no mamma. So I take them both for my babies, and you, Alice and Fred, have two little brothers instead of one.'

'But where's Cousin Frank?' asked little Alice.

Mrs. Leighton hesitated for a moment, and then, for the benefit of both child and servants, said—

Digitized by Google

'Poor Cousin Frank has gone away. He has done something that is not right, that has grieved papa and me. We will not talk about him; we must be sorry for him, and say our prayers for him. Kiss the babies, my darlings.'

But Alice pushed her little finger into the fat baby's cheek, and said, laughing—

'I think *this* is my *real* little brother;' while poor Fred, an ex-baby himself, tried to push past them on to his mother's knee.

'Both little brothers,' said Mrs. Leighton. But as she let Freddy take his old place, a feeling that here was her own boy indeed came like a warning of the rocks in her path. She could only kiss the children all round and be silent.

There followed a great deal of troublesome correspondence with Osgoods and Barlows, which finally resulted in a general approval of the course adopted as the only possible one. A clear and careful statement of the whole matter was written out by Mr. Leighton, and kept, in case any future satisfaction was needed, or in case Frank Osgood should ever return and claim his child. A notice of Lettice's death and of the child's birth was put into the American and Colonial papers, in case it might fall in his way.

The babies were baptised in the little Welsh church hard by, the fairer one as Geoffrey Leighton, and the other as Alexander Leighton, and were registered as Geoffrey Leighton Leighton or Osgood, and Alexander Leighton Leighton or Osgood, both henceforward to bear the name of Leighton.

This over, Mr. and Mrs. Leighton returned to London with their four children, to work out the problem put before them.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

CLAUDE DE ST. ANGE.

A STORY OF THE CAMISARD WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VIVIA GREY,' ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

'We need not bid for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work, farewell.
* * * *
The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.'
KEBLE.

RAYMOND DESLYS, about ten weeks after the commencement of the siege of the Château de St. Ange, was walking up and down the ramparts in the cool of the autumn evening, performing the duties of a sentinel, for the little garrison had become so diminished that both he and the count felt it advisable occasionally to relieve the soldiers in keeping guard—an extremely necessary precaution, though for several weeks the blockade had not been strictly kept up, the Camisards contenting themselves with a small investing force of three hundred men, the main body of whom were encamped on a ridge at the head of the valley, but their outposts extended along the slopes opposite the castle hill as far as the opening on to the plain. A picquet was also stationed on the rock of St. Agnes, from which the rear of the castle and the garden could be overlooked; hence a sentinel had to patrol the garden, or rather the rampart, which overlooked it, day and night, for though surprise from that quarter was all but impossible, still it was well to be on the safe side. This duty had fallen to Raymond this night, and he was diligently employed pacing up and down the smooth green terrace above the garden, with its ornamental lake, and trees which grew half way up the precipice, leaving the rest of the rock bare, save for ivy, to its summit, on the edge of which blazed a watch-fire, revealing to Raymond by its glow the sentinels pacing to and fro, and, as the flames flickered, the little group of Camisards, who composed the guard, sitting together chatting in the rear of the fire. Raymond's beat was not a very extended one; a chain of sentinels, some fifteen in number, patrolled the whole circle of the ramparts, and these sentinels, with their reliefs, well-nigh exhausted the fighting portion of the inmates of the castle, so that the

Digitized by Google

garrison proper was but a scanty one, and Raymond foresaw that in the event of an assault it would probably go hard with them. What would he not have given to have those whose bones lay mouldering on and about the ridge at his side again? The siege had lasted ten weeks, and its effects were beginning to be felt; provisions were tolerably abundant, but consisted mostly of salted meat (for fresh meat would not keep), and that not of the best quality, being the flesh of hard-worked bullocks and lean cavalry horses, but in comforts the garrison was miserably deficient; they had no medicine nor surgical instruments save lint, the sick were cut off—as were all in fact—from the consolations of the Church, and as the days went by they saw no prospect of relief from Nismes, where Montreveil and Julien lay inactive, though with a vast army at their disposal of trained soldiers, to say nothing of the assistance of irregular troops such as the Florentines and the Cadets of the Cross, who daily skirmished with the Camisard outposts.

'*Il s'amuse à Nismes*,' muttered Raymond, as he paced up and down with his carabine shouldered, 'why does not the Sybarite send us a few score dragoons; a hundred good soldiers would suffice to raise the siege and open the passes.'

Alas for Raymond, Montreveil's dragoons were employed in riding to and fro with letters for their commander's lady-love, and had no leisure for helping the beleaguered Catholics of St. Ange. Brigadier Julien was engaged in squabbling with the Intendant de Batville about the best plan for perpetrating the now contemplated devastation of the Cevennes, and knew, or at least cared, little as to what might become of the Château de St. Ange.

Meanwhile on the front rampart the count was keeping watch, and, like Raymond, was busy in thought, but the count's cogitations, while, like young Joe Willet, he was on his patrol, were of a less gloomy cast than those which troubled his fellow sentinel. As the count paced to and fro on the terrace in rear of the guns, which grinned as only a cannon can grin, at the distant red watch-fires of the Camisards burning at the foot of the valley, fed by the fuel cut from the castle chase, his step was elastic, his bearing cheerful. He was feeling happier that evening than he had done since the investment of the castle had begun, as the continued inaction of the Camisards seemed to him to argue that they believed an assault to be impracticable, and long before famine could reduce the place the count hoped to be relieved by troops from Nismes. As to himself, in some ways the siege was as fortunate an event as could have occurred; he knew that if not his loyalty, at least his fidelity to the Church was suspected at Versailles, and that Claude's conduct at Dieppe had gone far to compromise him with the court; that his wife was regarded as a heretic by many of the clergy, that he himself was suspected of holding Jansenist views; and that

Digitized by Google

Francis, the late Dominican prior, had insinuated in his letters that his leniency to the Huguenots arose from this cause; that old stories of his attachment when young to Port Royal had been repeated at court, and discussed in the salons of Versailles, so that his tenure of St. Ange had been for a long time insecure, nay, even his person had been in danger of the Bastille. But now, by this resolute defence of his castle against the Huguenots for the king, all questions of his loyalty would have been set at rest, and by it he would, without yielding an iota of what he held right, re-establish his position as a Catholic nobleman of unblemished fidelity, and shield those whom he loved from the frowns of the court, and, worse than these, the suspicions of the Church. The count was a good man, but in spite of himself he could not but feel glad that Francis was dead and his persistent mischief-making stopped. The count had discovered from Francis's papers, which had been sent to him by Cavalier in the vain hope of inflaming his mind against the Church, that, by virtue of his position as Beatriz's confessor, the prior had gained a very fair acquaintance with all that went on in the castle. Among other papers, the count found notes of Beatriz's weekly confessions, which of course he consigned to the flames; papers of questions relating to the sayings and doings of himself and his wife to ask her; heads of information required, and, worse than all, the draft of a letter to Montreveil denouncing him as a sympathiser with the Huguenots. These papers the count destroyed, keeping their contents a secret; in fact had he known their character, he would not have read them at all, but he had imagined that the papers, when he had received them first, had related to business matters between him and the prior with relation to the monastery.

It must not be supposed that the prior had any bad feeling personally against either the count or his wife, but he suspected the latter of holding Jansenist views, and he feared that the countess not only tampered with her daughter's belief, but went so far as to influence her husband in favour of the Huguenots; and as the destruction of these adversaries of the faith had been Francis's avowed aim, he had been ready to use any means to promote this object, and, looking on the count as a protector, if not a supporter of heresy, he had desired to effect his downfall, and had used his opportunities, as Beatriz's confessor, to collect materials on which to found his proposed denunciation of the St. Ange family to the authorities, besides employing clerical friends at Versailles to undermine their reputation at court. Can it be wondered at that the count, now fully aware of the plans which the blades of the Camisards had cut short, while he prayed for the soul of the deceased prior, mentally anathematised his wretched and treacherous schemes? 'Had I known the half of what I know now,' he muttered, 'I would have driven the fellow from the place. Poor Beatriz, no wonder she used to look wretched and unhappy after

Digitized by Google

her confessions to that cowled traitor. Why she could not have been content with poor Maurice's ministrations I cannot conceive. I hope that Sister Louise will not do her any harm. Poor Grace is terribly uneasy about her influence over Beatriz, though, after all, if the girl should take the veil, it might be as well. I would sooner see her married, though. All convents are not like Port Royal, nor all superiors like the saintly Angelique——' And here the count fell into a profound study, or rather meditation, as to who would be a suitable husband for his ward, whom he loved like one of his own children, and the real excellence of whose character he saw and appreciated, in which study we will leave him and return to Raymond.

Raymond's watch having come to an end, he entered the dining-room of the château, which opened into a little garden fenced off from the yard just below the steps leading to the ramparts, and, having replaced his carabine in a corner, took off his large fur cap with a sigh of relief and hung it up. Guard was a particularly onerous duty at the hour before sunset on the western rampart.

'All quiet, I suppose?' said Edouard de St. Ange, the only inmate of the room, who was lying on a couch reading.

'Yes,' answered Raymond, 'quiet enough. I almost wish it were otherwise, save for all of you.'

'That means that you would prefer an assault to a blockade like this?'

'Infinitely; we would teach the dogs a lesson then. I ought not to complain, M. de St. Ange, but this investment day after day takes half the life out of one. What the marshal is about, I cannot imagine.'

'I am no soldier,' said Edouard, 'but I can sympathise with you to a certain extent. I suppose we all sometimes long for action.'

Raymond bit his lip at these words, which, however, were not intended as an expression of sensitive feeling, but merely as a general remark, and remained silent. Edouard, seeing that the young lieutenant looked weary, continued—

'I don't know if you feel as hungry as I do, Lieutenant Dealys; anyhow, here come François and Pierre with dinner.'

The dinner, it must be owned, did not look very inviting, being mostly the flesh of the troop-horses cooked in different ways; still, Raymond was uncommonly hungry, and so was Edouard also.

'Is no one else coming?' said Raymond, as he moved towards the table, up to which Edouard's sofa had been wheeled. 'We are a small party.'

'My father is on guard, I believe; my mother will not be with us to-day. Annette and Isabelle will be here soon, I dare say, but we won't wait.'

'And la Señorita Beatriz?'

'Is with Sister Louise in the chapel. Sit down, M. Dealys.'

Digitized by Google

'I will,' said the other; then, crossing himself, he repeated the *Benedictus benedicat, &c.*, in which his companion joined. The rage of hunger having been appeased, they resumed their conversation.

'Were you not reading the *Divina Commedia* when I came in?' asked Raymond.

'Yes; do you know it?'

'A little; it was a favourite book of my mother's. She was a Florentine.'

'Indeed?'

'Yes, Lucia di Orello, that was her maiden name; she died when I was fifteen.'

'Forgive my asking—your father, the Sieur Deslys, was he not a Norman by birth?'

'Yes, Roland des Lys-Immortelles, that was his name; your father and he served together at Rochelle.'

'I am surprised.'

'I did not know it till the other day; but, to go back to Dante, I know his works a little, but am scarcely scholar enough to understand them well. I wish I did.'

'Ah,' said Edouard, his face lighting up with enthusiasm; 'it will be something to meet somebody who cares for him at all. I read the *Commedia* to Isa sometimes, and she listens, but owns at the end that she thinks it very beautiful, but prefers her prayer-book.'

Raymond laughed.

'I rather sympathise with mademoiselle; the prayer-book is more intelligible to me also.'

'Fortunately; but then Isabelle also likes better to hear Janet, my mother's Scotch servant, sing ballads, than to listen to me. And *à propos*, here are Annette and Isa.'

'I thought you were never coming,' remarked Edouard, as the two girls entered the room; 'we have been hard at work for some time.'

'You might have waited,' remarked Annette, pettishly, 'till we came.'

'You have not been on guard,' said Edouard, 'and then you see it is so long since I was at court.'

'So it appears,' said Annette, seating herself by her brother. 'Isabelle, you can sit opposite to me.'

'Yes,' said Isabelle; but before taking her place she stood for a few moments with her eyes closed and her hands tightly clasped together; whereupon Annette remarked—

'I wonder you can say the *Benedicite* over such stuff as this, Isa!'

'Why should she not, Annette?' asked Edouard; 'we give thanks to God for mere food, not only for what we happen to like. *Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie.*'

'And I do not know that I particularly detest this meat,' said

Digitized by Google

Isabelle, smiling, as she helped her sister; 'especially when so well disguised.'

'No,' remarked Raymond, 'your cook, Mademoiselle de St. Ange, would make his fortune at Versailles.'

'He might even succeed M. Vatel,' suggested Isa.

'M. Vatel was an idiot,' remarked Raymond, 'and I told my friend Madame de Sevigné that.'

'And what said madame?'

'She merely smiled, and told me that a lieutenant of dragoons could not enter into the feelings of a man of that class; but I answered that a cook had no right to talk about honour; a man killing himself because part of the dinner was not served; the idea is insupportable.'

'I don't know,' said Annette; 'cooks are very clever and learned men now; why should they not imitate the caprices of men who have not half their brains?'

'Do you see no guilt or folly in suicide?' asked Raymond, gravely.

'I suppose it is wrong, the priests say that it is mortal sin.'

'I do not understand you,' answered Raymond; 'if the Church says that it is mortal sin, its guilt is scarcely a subject to doubt about.'

At that moment, fortunately perhaps, the count entered, and the girls rose dutifully to greet him.

'Are you tired?' said Edouard.

'Not particularly. M. Deslys, you had the worst post, out in the sun.'

'It was warm,' answered Raymond.

'I dare say. Isa, give me something to eat; I am terribly hungry. Where is your mother?'

'In her room, my father.'

'And Beatriz?'

'In the chapel with Sister Louise.'

'As usual, she spends half her life there—people should watch as well as pray. *Vigila et ora*—a true soldier's motto, eh, M. Deslys?'

'I fear we soldiers do more of the first than the second, as a rule.'

'A man cannot be always on his knees; nevertheless, I believe there is as much real devotion among men as among women.'

'So do I,' said Edouard. 'Women are terrible self-deceivers; were they really as devout as they appear to be they would be better than they are. What do you think, Isabelle?'

'I don't know, Edouard; I suppose if we all prayed more we should be better, but I do think that women sometimes pray more as a task than as a pleasure; they make up their mind to say certain prayers and say them without much thought—at least I am sure nuns do.'

'Don't say that before Sister Louise, or Beatriz, for the matter of that, you little heretic,' said Edouard.

'Please don't call me that,' said Isabelle, beseechingly. 'I did not

Digitized by Google

mean to speak so freely, but I do think so. Annette, come into the garden.'

'I think I will, the conversation is too serious for me. *Au revoir, messieurs;*' and followed by Isa, Annette stepped through the open window into the garden.

The count give a sigh of relief.

'I am glad they are gone, as I want to talk seriously about our prospects; we have been besieged ten weeks to-day, and have had no intimation of relief.'

'How long can we hold out?'

'At half rations another three weeks, perhaps more.'

'More,' said Raymond.

'Well, more: we have about forty efficient fighting men, of whom twenty-seven are soldiers. Now, I don't know positively, but I think that the enemy is preparing a grand *coup*. With forty men I will undertake to hold the castle against three hundred, but not more.'

'Do you think the Camisards are being reinforced?'

'I think they are; the watch-fires down in the valley are still alight, but the picquets are being withdrawn, and a concentration is evidently taking place in our front.'

'You do not fear an immediate assault?'

'No, but I suspect that the enemy will become active, will harass us with feints and attempts till our garrison is reduced enough to admit of an assault being practicable.'

'How far is Nismes from here?' said Raymond.

'Two days' journey; but it would be a desperate enterprise to attempt to reach it; the short route through the mountains runs through the midst of the Camisard villages.'

'It is our best chance; I will risk it, with your permission.'

'You do not even know your way among our mountains,' said the count, sadly; 'it would simply involve your walking into the arms of death.'

'I could take one of the foresters as guide.'

'And go in disguise; but the risk is terrible. One son have I lost already, and must I lose you too, who have been to me as a son?'

'But consider; I could lie hid in the day, and journey at night; besides, some one *must* go, and it would scarcely do to send a soldier; besides, I doubt if any of them would be better able to find their way than I should.'

'After the fate of the two we sent before,' said the count, gloomily, 'I doubt if it would be easy to persuade any of them to start on such an expedition; the patch is still black on the hill-side where the Camisards executed justice that afternoon; old as I am, it makes my blood boil to think of that sight. I vow the next prisoner I take shall smart for that job.'

Digitized by Google

'Well,' said Edouard, with a slight shudder, 'I hope the men were dead ere the fire reached them.'

'I trust in God they were, but that does not excuse the Camisards, and Claude's life is in their hands; he may be dead as we speak. M. Deslys, I feel as if I could not let you go. What is that noise?'

'The trumpets of the Camisards sounding for a parley, and here comes Sergeant Reinville to tell us what has happened.'

'A letter from the Camisard camp,' said the sergeant, saluting. 'Will you see the messenger, monseigneur?'

'Yes, from the ramparts; he shall not enter the castle. Go on, we will follow you to the drawbridge.'

Led by the sergeant, the count and Raymond made for the ramparts, which were crowded by the garrison, many of whom had torches, which extended over the edge of the wall, lighted up the moat and the ground on the other side, where three mounted Camisards sat motionless on their horses, while a trumpeter performed on his instrument in a somewhat discordant fashion.

'Cease that noise,' shouted the sergeant; 'monseigneur is here.'

'Throw down your drawbridge, and admit the envoys of the Huguenot army.'

'Our general holds no closer communication with rebels,' was the answer. 'What is your errand?'

'You know it already, we have a letter for the Count de St. Ange.'

'I refuse to receive it,' said the count coming forward, 'read the letter if you will, I can hear you.'

Thus adjured, the Camisard read as follows:—

'We, Roland, Duke of the Cevennes and General of the Huguenot army, in the absence of our brother Cavalier, and André Castanet, give you, Lucien de St. Ange and Raymond Deslys, notice, that unless the castle with its artillery and stores be yielded to us within seven days, we will, at the head of six hundred of our brethren, assault the castle and put all whom we find therein, both men and women, to the sword.

'Given at the Camp of the Eternal, the —— day of September, 170—.

'ROLAND.
'CASTANET.'

'What answer does your leader expect?' said the count, calmly.

'How do I know?' was the Huguenot's not unnatural answer.

'Tell him that I hold the castle for the king, and to him or his soldiers alone will I yield it, and sooner than give it up to rebels and murderers I will blow the whole place and all in it into the air.'

'This is your final answer?'

'Yes.'

The Camisards wheeled their horses and vanished into the dark night which lay over everything and hid the valley and the chase, and soon the sound of their horse-hoofs was heard in rapid retreat.

'Seven days!' said Raymond, 'I *must* risk it. I will get to Nismes

Digitized by Google

somehow, and implore Montreveil for succour; two hundred dragoons would suffice to raise the siege.'

'They must come by the plain, no troops could cross the mountains, they would be cut to pieces ere they had gone ten miles.'

'How long would it take to come by the plain?'

'Cavalry about twelve hours; infantry, of course, longer.'

'You will consent, M. le Comte, will you not, for your wife's sake—for your daughter's, you will?'

'I shall lose you and not save them; but as you will, my brave friend; after all, it is our best chance. Ask Colbert to come with you; he will be your best guide, he knows every inch of ground between here and Nismes; you had better start as soon as the moon is down.'

'I will. Colbert can get me a disguise?'

'Yes, I will arrange that; you had better go and lie down.'

'I shall go and pray in the chapel first. I wish there was a priest in the castle.'

'Confession to a layman is permitted *in extremis*,' said the count.

'Will you hear me, then?'

'Edouard would make a better adviser, he has always been a sort of second confessor to his sisters.'

'His room opens out of the chapel, does it not?'

'Yes, you will find him there; but I suspect Isabelle will be with him, they very often pray together.'

'You are, indeed, fortunate in your family; excuse my saying so.'

The count smiled.

'No apology is required, you are right, I thank God for it, He alone knows who are saints; but I think we have two at least within these walls. Ha! Beatriz, what brings you out on the ramparts?'

'I am looking for Isa, *mon père*.'

'I expect she is with Edouard. Beatriz, you look pale and ill to-night, my child; you are not happy.'

'Can any one be so now,' she said, looking up in his face, 'while heresy has the upper hand? What can Catholics do but weep and pray?'

'Who knows what we may see yet, Beatriz,' answered the count; 'the golden lilies may crown the hills ere many days; you are a poor-hearted countrywoman of the Cid.'

'Ah, but we deserve this punishment,' said Beatriz, 'we are not what Catholics were once. When I think of the saints of old and then look around me, I am ready to despair.'

'You are not complimentary, my dear,' answered the count. 'But, Beatriz, to despair is wrong, if you do not live among saints you can be one yourself; do not always be looking back to the old days, it is positively wrong to do so.'

'Wrong?'

'Yes; it makes you discontented, Beatriz; and then, instead of

Digitized by Google

being a comfort to your friends, you increase their troubles. I know it is hard to be cut off from what has been your stay hitherto, but is it harder for you than for me, or Isabelle and Annette? Anyhow, you can confess to God.'

'It is not the same thing. I have no one now to advise me, to direct my steps, to explain the subtle distinctions between what is right and wrong.'

The count mentally remarked, 'And a very good thing;' but he saw that the girl's trouble was real, and after a little thought said—

'Come into my room for a few minutes, my dear; I shall be glad to have a quiet talk with you.'

Beatriz accordingly followed the count into his own particular apartment, or justice room, where he generally transacted business, and judged offenders against his seignorial rights. The count, having called for lights, which were brought by a valet, seated himself in a large arm-chair by the fireplace and bade Beatriz sit on a stool at his feet; but, as the young lady preferred to stand before him, he allowed her graciously to maintain the posture of respectful attention.

'Before I say anything more on the subject of which we were speaking just now, Beatriz, I wish to ask you, as your father—for such I feel myself to be to you—one or two questions. I have observed that you have rather shunned us, that is to say, your old friends, of late, and been constantly with Sister Louise; now, my dear child, your mother is somewhat pained at your persistent refusal of confidence to her, and yet she is far better able to advise you than this cloister-bred lady. What is the matter?' said the old gentleman, somewhat alarmed, for Beatriz had turned away, and was weeping silently. 'What have I said, my dear, to wound you?'

Beatriz could not speak for a few moments, then she sobbed out—

'You ask me to do what I cannot and will not.'

'You cannot confide in your mother! Why not?'

'Because—because she is a—a—heretic; there, I have said it. No wonder the Camisards have the upper hand against us!'

The count was aghast at this somewhat strange declaration; but a little reflection soon convinced him to whose teaching he was indebted for this conduct, so he dryly remarked—

'This is a new idea, Beatriz.'

'It is truth. I will obey her in all things lawful, and pray for her; but I cannot, and will not, look on her as a mother. She has done harm enough already; she has turned Claude from the faith, at least she must have influenced him that way, and she shall not harm me. Father,' she added, kneeling before him, 'Jesus said, "He that loveth father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." From this day my mind is made up, I will take the veil.'

'This is M. de St. Etienne,' said the count, somewhat testily; 'no wonder people turn Protestant when such directors are tolerated.

Digitized by Google

My dear, had I known he had sown this poisonous rubbish in your heart, priest as he was, I would have thrown him out of the window; and, as for you, let me counsel you how you set up to be a great saint; if you had one particle of the grace of humility you would not have dared speak thus of her who has been more than a mother to you.'

'I seek to do right,' said Beatriz, meekly; 'I must obey the Church.'

'Don't imagine that the Church was centred in M. de St. Etienne, because, in defiance of my wishes, you chose him as a director.'

'O my father!' said Beatriz, beseechingly, 'do not not speak of him thus; you did not know, you could not, half his intense, his perfect devotion.'

'I know that he, and such as he, were the cause of the civil war; but I have been, perhaps, hard on you, my child, your error was more in judgment than anything. Only one thing, Beatriz, you see that crucifix, before Him who hung on the wood we must all stand and give account in that awful day. Do you think that any one will be able to shield you in that hour? The Church, when she bids us confess, does not throw our guilt on our confessors. God speaks through them to us, but He speaks to every heart as well; you know that, Beatriz, as well as I do. My child, if you are resolved to take the veil I do not forbid you; but I hoped to have seen you my own daughter one day. Claude——'

'Anything but that,' said Beatriz, interrupting; 'do not mention his name—it might have been once. Father, you have my secret now, be merciful. Never can Beatriz dâ Scala think of one who has fallen as Claude did.'

'Do you allude to his intemperate language to Monsieur de St. Etienne?' said the count, 'that was but an impatient outburst.'

'No,' said Beatriz, 'but to when his was the only knee that bent not before the Host; you did not see it, but I did, and from that hour I have prayed that I might cast my love away; the convent or death, they are the only refuges left for one heart broken—like I am.'

She bowed her head on her hands and burst into tears; the count rose, and, laying his hand on her shoulder, said—

'Beatriz, don't cry, but pray; my poor child, I did not know it was thus with you. Stay here a little by yourself—or shall I send Isabelle to you?'

'Isa, yes, she is my guardian angel. Father, do not think I love you less because I want to take up my cross instead of grovelling at its foot.'

'*Si tu crucem portas ipsa te vicissim portabit*,' said the count, gently. 'You know that, Beatriz. God bless and comfort you, my own dear one; pray to be kept from harsh judgments; remember Who loves all men with a perfect love, and died for all.'

Digitized by Google

So saying, he rose and left the room, but as he went along the passage he encountered Raymond, fully equipped for his journey.

'Why, my friend, you do not mean to start yet?'

'No, I am going to the chapel.'

'You had much better lie down and sleep till Colbert is ready; remember you will want all your energies; the moon will be down in an hour, and then you must start; take the advice of an old campaigner, my boy, and get some rest.'

'Prayer is rest to me,' said Raymond, smiling.

'And to me too, in a sense; but you do as I tell you. And have you seen Isabelle?'

'Yes, she has gone to her mother's room.'

'Here, Etienne, tell Mademoiselle Isabelle to come to my room. Now, M. Deslys, if you won't promise to sleep I shall forbid your making the attempt. I suppose you have seen Edouard?'

'Yes.'

'I am glad of it. I wish he was a priest.'

'He ought to be one.'

'Yes, he ought; come this way. Beatriz, are you in there?'

'Yes,' said a faint voice.

'I am coming in with M. Deslys, so don't be alarmed;' and somewhat inconsiderately the count opened the door, and strode into the room, followed by Raymond, thus breaking in on Beatriz in a rather abrupt manner.

'Who has the watch now in the salon?' said the count to Beatriz.

'Sister Louise, but her time is almost over.'

'And who takes it after her?'

'Isabelle and I.'

'Very good; now go, Beatriz. I want to be alone with M. Deslys.'

Thus addressed, Beatriz curtsied, and left the room; Raymond opening the door for her with a bow, after the manner customary in the salons of Versailles. Left alone with Raymond, the count said—

'Lie down on that couch and go to sleep, there's a good fellow. I will call you when it is time to start.'

Raymond obeyed in the most docile manner the count's commands, and did fall asleep very soon, much to the count's gratification, who very nearly followed his example, in fact was dropping off into a doze, when he was roused by a gentle knock at the door.

'Come in' said the count, and Isabelle entered.

'I had forgotten I had sent for you, but I am glad you have come. I want to have a little talk to you about Beatriz.'

'About Beatriz?' said Isabelle, looking surprised.

'Yes, never mind M. Deslys, he is fast asleep, and could not overhear us, if he were awake, from where he is; come and sit down by me.'

Isabelle obeyed, taking a low seat by her father's large chair, and the count began—

Digitized by Google

'How do you like Sister Louise, Isa?'

'Oh, I don't know; I don't dislike her.'

'That's not quite an answer, Isa, is it? I want your candid opinion about her, for, to tell you the truth, I think that her society does Beatriz no good.'

'I think that too,' said Isabelle; 'but she is very good, *mon père*.'

'Who—Sister Louise or Beatriz?'

'Sister Louise, I mean.'

'I am glad to hear you say so, though my ideas of good conduct in nuns are somewhat different to those generally received.'

'Was Madame de Port Royal very good?'

'Yes, the world was not worthy of her, but we shall never see a place like Port Royal again. But now, Isa, I don't want you to tell me anything you would rather not say, yet I am anxious to know about this lady, and what fancies she has been putting into Beatriz's head.'

'I think,' said Isabelle, hesitatingly, 'that Beatriz has always had an inclination towards the religious life, and that Sister Louise has found that out, and is doing her best to encourage it; but surely that cannot be wrong, it must be a glorious thing to have a vocation.'

'To have a true one, doubtless; but think how dreadful it would be to make a mistake, to delude oneself into the idea that one had a vocation, and then find out that one was mistaken, when too late.'

'It would be terrible; but I think that Beatriz would like the life.'

'Why?'

'Because she is so anxious to be very good.'

'And you don't think that one can be that outside a cloister? I hope, Isabelle, you will never become a nun.'

'I am not half good enough,' said Isabelle, meekly; 'but would it grieve you very much if I were to have a vocation?'

The count made no answer for some time, then he said—

'But, Isa, why do you think Sister Louise does Beatriz harm?'

'I don't know that I ought to have spoken so decidedly, but I think that she makes Beatriz discontented. She looks down on every one who is not a nun, and tries to make Beatriz do the same; it pains me to hear the way she speaks, as if no one who is not professed could really love God.'

'Well,' said the count, 'I know you have great influence over Beatriz, you must try and do what you can for her. Good night, my Isa, you are ever a comfort to me.'

So saying he kissed Isabelle tenderly, and bade her go and call Colbert, adding that she would find him in the hall, and Isabelle, having done her errand, repaired to the salon, which, being the most convenient room in the house for that purpose, was used as a hospital.

It was, indeed, a strange sight—that drawing-room, which was furnished in the very best style, changed into a hospital, the sick and wounded lying on the gilded couches under the stately portraits and

Digitized by Google

richly-chased mirrors which adorned the lofty walls, and especially at night, when a few torches, set in the carved brackets, supplied the only light for the long room which had been wont to be illuminated by candles innumerable, the metamorphosis was most striking. A small shrine had been erected at one end of the apartment, consisting of a crucifix with figures of the Blessed Virgin and St. John on either side, before which two candles were kept burning all night for the benefit of those inmates of the temporary hospital who were unable to attend the services in the chapel, and their attendants and nurses. Before this shrine Isabelle knelt with her hands clasped, according to her invariable custom, for a few moments on entering the room, and briefly commended her work that night to Heaven; then rising, she joined Beatriz, who was waiting for her at the end of the room. The night-watch in the hospital was shared in turns by all the females who were not otherwise engaged, and it was arranged that two should always take a watch together, the period being about two hours for each couple. Though the effective portion of the garrison was not very large, still but few of the non-efficients were so invalided as to be unable to move about, and the number of those actually prostrated by wounds and disease only amounted to ten, of which six were soldiers, two foresters, and the other two indoor servants. About eleven of those who had survived the fight described in my third chapter had died since, some from severe wounds then received, which want of medicine and surgical care had rendered fatal, others from those diseases which a siege generally brings in its train; and of the patients now lingering in the hospital some were suffering from wounds which refused to heal, others from mere weakness and debility, and one or two from fever. The duties of the young ladies were comparatively light, a small fire had to be kept up, and *tisanes* and fever beverages administered occasionally, while at times some sleepless sufferer would ask one of them to say a prayer or hymn to soothe his restlessness. Both Isabelle and Beatriz were especially popular among the inmates of the hospital, the former from her natural sweetness and simple piety, which made her a universal favourite, while as to Beatriz, ministering to the sick seemed to be her proper vocation; her now constant self-denial, the readiness with which she undertook the lowest offices, her unwearied attention to the slightest wants of the sick, and the uncomplaining meekness which she showed at any temporary fretfulness on their parts, made those languishing soldiers and peasants regard her as an angel of comfort. Few who saw Beatriz standing in her white dress by the bed of some fever-stricken soldier, bathing his brow and speaking gently and soothingly of the land where there was no more pain, would have recognised in her the once haughty, restless, and anxious Señorita dâ Scala; and Beatriz's patience and sweetness were particularly creditable to her, since they were acquired by stern self-

Digitized by Google

mastery and prayer, she was not, as has been shown, naturally meek like Isabelle.

But this night Beatriz seemed particularly sad and subdued, and Isabelle noticed that her eyes bore traces of tears as she moved about among the sick, and at last the two happening to be standing together by the hearth, Isabelle said, as she placed a saucepan containing herbs on the fire—

'What is the matter, dear, to-night? You do not seem yourself, Beatriz; you are crying. What have I said?'

Beatriz turned her face, wet with tears, to her friend.

'I cannot tell you *why*, Isa, but I am very unhappy.'

'I can see that. You are tired; go and lie down, and I will get Annette to come for once—I dare say she would.'

'No, don't, Isa, I am better here at work. Hark! what is that musketry? There, again! Look out at the window. I can see the flashes; they are firing at somebody in the chase.'

'I can't look, Beatriz,' said Isabelle, piteously. 'Don't leave me; perhaps they are breaking in.'

'You are not afraid to die, Isa?'

Isabelle did not answer, but clung convulsively to her friend, trembling in every limb. The sleepers in the room were roused by the repeated volleys, and started up in their beds, gazing bewildered in the direction of the window, through which the flashes shone in quick succession.

'The enemy are upon us!' cried one man. 'Mademoiselle, my sword; I will die for you.'

'Hush, hush,' said Beatriz, 'the Camisards are not in the castle at all. Don't be frightened, Isa, dear. There, the firing has ceased.'

Beatriz was right; the musketry ceased as suddenly as it began. But an increasing noise and bustle in the castle showed that something had happened, and raised the girls' curiosity accordingly.

'Forgive me, dear,' whispered Isabelle, as she dried her eyes; 'I am a terrible coward, I know, but it is such a horrible idea to be murdered in cold blood by those men.'

'But, Isa, was not your patroness, St. Agnes, seized and bound by brutal soldiers, and was she not murdered?'

'Yes,' said Isabelle; 'but I am not St. Agnes.'

'No; St. Isabelle;' said Beatriz, kissing her.

'Don't, Beatriz,' said Isa, almost pettishly; 'you know I am nothing of the sort; but when you say your prayers, do pray that I may be made braver.'

'You will be brave enough, Isa, when the time comes.'

At that moment Sergeant Reinville entered the hospital.

'Mesdemoiselles, can one of you attend to M. Deslys; he has been wounded. And oh! there is such news! the chevalier has come back

Digitized by Google

safe and sound with a captain of the Irish guards, and the siege is to be raised in three days.'

The two girls received the news in very different ways: Isabelle, overcome with gratitude, fell on her knees, and, with clasped hands and upraised eyes, uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving; Beatriz turned pale as death, and leaned against the wall. Claude had come back, safe; would her resolution to take the veil stand the ordeal of his constant presence at her side?

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

THREE LITTLE DOGS.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

CHAPTER I.

AN ARMY OF MONSTERS.

'Hark, hark!
The watch-dogs bark.'
SHAKESPEARE.

In the days of comfort, when the dear old turnpikes yet existed—well hated, well reviled, but useful, as the holes in the road teach us forcibly at present—in those days there stood a turnpike called Blue Mantle Gate, at Allington, ten miles from Hyde Park Corner. It was very pretty, standing at an angle formed by two roads, with a triangular bit of garden running down to the junction of them. There were trees overhead—old elm-trees, with trunks richly cloaked in ivy. They stood within a park paling skirting both the roads. As my brother's gig sharply turned a corner and came in sight of Blue Mantle Gate for the first time, I was so much moved to admiration that I was obliged to exclaim, 'How charming!' instead of the invariable, 'Oh dear!' which he jerks out of me by his rapid swing round a corner.

My brother, Paul Lennox, is a doctor. He had, at the time of which I speak, recently succeeded to a practice in Compfield, a rapidly growing village whose main object seems now to be to make itself a suburb of London. Our widowed mother and I had removed thither with him only five months before her death. He had been the best of sons, and was, and is ever, the dearest of brothers. I have loved and watched and trained him from babyhood, and I know better than any one what he is. He has a brisk, light, active frame, not above the middle height; a pleasant face, essentially bright, with quick, searching, blue eyes, and a very pleasant smile. I am fond of those waves of light-brown, silky hair, which I have so often smoothed for him. But I must not fill my story with descriptions of my brother.

We were going to Allington to see bloodhounds. Paul had a craze to possess a bloodhound pup. Alarming as the subject naturally was to me, utterly impervious as I was to the charms of such an animal, though sung daily in my ears, I was *not* impervious to Paul's persuasions, and we were (as I said) on our way to see a family of bloodhounds possessed by Mr. Haywood of Allington.

Digitized by Google

The little house at Blue Mantle Gate was covered with a flowering creeper, and a ruddy little old man in an apron came out to receive our threepence. Of him my brother asked the road to Mr. Haywood's house.

'That there,' answered the old man, laconically, pointing across the road, not twenty yards away.

It was a quaint little dwelling, with small French windows below, which seemed to be running down into the garden, and with small square windows above, which seemed to be running up into the roof, except a bay window in the middle with a swing casement, open, and allowing the breeze to stir and float some pretty pink and white curtains within. As Paul drew up at the gate, a chorus of yells, of snaps, of baying and barking, ensued. I managed to say, 'Oh dear!' this time.

'They are all very friendly voices,' said Paul.

'Are they?' responded I.

He seemed to find my tone of voice amusing, and laughed as he called a boy to hold the horse.

'Come,' said he, 'get down, Lucy; I will take care you are not eaten.'

I always descend with extreme caution from that unpleasantly high gig, and before I was landed on the ground a spaniel and a pug ran out and sent me up on to the step again. Paul assured me they had come to say 'How d'ye do?' and though I did not believe him in the least, I was ashamed to show my terror before the boy, and so at last I found myself at the door of the house.

Mr. Haywood was not at home; but, as Paul was explaining his errand to the servant, a young lady came out of a room at the side and said, frankly—

'I am sorry my brother is not in. He will not be long, if you like to wait; or I will show you the dogs with pleasure, as well as I can.'

She was a surprising person to meet with in that atmosphere of dogs. She was slender and graceful, and prettily dressed in a white cotton gown, with bows of violet velvet, a rich and curious contrast. Her complexion was very delicate, her hair was auburn, and her eyes a rich brown. They were merry and sincere, and her smile was pleasant. She showed us into the little side parlour and left us for a few minutes. It was dark and really dreadfully doggy. There was a smell of dog. I kept my clothes carefully around me, for one *does* pick up things when there are so many animals about. Paul may say 'Nonsense! put a bit of camphor in your pocket;' my opinion is still the same.

There were some good pictures on the walls; Bartolozzi's graceful old coloured prints in circular frames, and one or two old-fashioned water-colours. There was also the head of a large deerhound, stuffed, and placed against the wall. A purple curtain behind relieved the

Digitized by Google

greyish-yellow colour of the hair. Beneath was an ivory label bearing these words, from the *Ancient Mariner* :—

'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God Who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

On the table lay that dog's hide, and at the four corners his strong paws, mounted on little pads of purple velvet.

Presently Miss Haywood returned.

'I can take you to the kennels now, if you like,' she said. 'I wish my brother had been here: he would have told you everything so much better than I can. Will you come too?' she continued, turning to me. 'You need not be afraid: we never keep a whip. They are quite gentle.'

Afraid or not, I went. A great mastiff, who seemed to me slate-coloured, though I have no doubt that is an improper expression, came bounding and lumbering out of his kennel, seeming to absolutely pervade and fill the small yard with his chain and his unpleasant presence. He reminded me of the pictures of Apollyon in our old edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*—a picture so painful to my feelings that, as a child, I put a black spot on the back of it, so as to be warned in time, and turn it over without looking.

Out of a sort of cage came a horrid yelling from two lady dogs who couldn't agree.

A fox-terrier and some pugs strained at the straps which bound them in a long open kennel on one side of the yard, also containing a copper where their dinner was being cooked, and very good it smelt.

Then Miss Haywood opened a second gate, and we were introduced to the bloodhounds. They came pawing and bounding upon our conductress in a manner which alarmed while reassuring me. She carried a little strap to whip their noses when they were too impudent; but all their rough play was taken in good part. I could not but be impressed with their fine patient faces, the glowing red about their eyes like the fire in a carbuncle; the velvet flaps of ears on either side, their long conical heads. One came and laid a strong but gentle paw upon my hand, and I must have been a sour old maid indeed not to accept the offered politeness.

'Is he to be ours?' I asked of Paul.

'I wish he were. He is beyond my mark. Fifty guineas, you say, Miss Haywood?'

'Yes; my brother hopes to get that for him. This is the puppy Mr. Lennox thinks of taking,' she added, bringing up for introduction a lean, long, mangy-looking little brute, with a long hairless tail and (as I then thought) a most malign expression of countenance. I looked my horror.

Digitized by Google

'Oh, he will be very nice, I assure you,' she urged, to console me. 'His coat is not come yet. He is only two months old. He has been ill. But, indeed, we think he will make a beauty. In nine or ten months you will not know him.'

'All right, Lucy,' said Paul; 'you will see he is a very gentle beast. I know you will adore him in a week.'

If Paul adored him, that was likely to be enough for me. He was enchanted with the great creatures, and was enjoying something very like a good game of play.

'Perhaps you prefer little dogs,' said the girl kindly to me. 'If you will come in I will show you our dear little pug puppies.'

She brought them in on her hand—two little balls of fat, grey and smooth, snuffing blindly hither and thither with their funny little square black muzzles. Their mother came in to look after them; and as she was really very kind, and not so large as to be alarming—perhaps seven inches from head to tail—I began to feel more at home. My companion was pleasant to look at and to talk to. She loved her dogs, and she was frank and simple, and did not seem to know how pretty she was.

Suddenly hasty steps were heard on the garden walk, and a rapid knock at the door. We heard a voice (for in that tiny house everything was heard, from garret to basement):

'I thought I saw the doctor from Compfield stop here. Is not that his gig at the door? My mother has had a fit.'

Miss Haywood was out in a moment.

'Oh, Mr. Price! your mother ill? I am *so* sorry. Yes; Mr. Lennox from Compfield is here. He is in the yard with the dogs. Will you come for him at once?'

They went away together; and in a few seconds returned with my brother.

'This gentleman has come for me,' he said—'a case of sudden illness. If you will wait here——'

'Will it be convenient?' said I, afraid of intruding.

'Oh, of course,' answered the girl very heartily. 'I am just going to have tea. And I do hope Mrs. Price will soon be better.'

She was so anxious and earnest as she went to the gate, as if to hasten the departure of the gentlemen—still holding her little pug puppies in her arms.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCVI.

1621—1624.

THE RUIN OF THE PALATINATE.

THE Thirty Years' War had fairly begun. It arose from many more causes than the mere attempt of Frederick of the Rhine to gain Bohemia, though that enterprise was the spark which set fire to the train. The fact was, that the Roman Catholic Church had acquiesced tacitly in her losses in Germany during the calm and conciliatory reigns of Ferdinand I. and Maximilian II., but that she had now recruited her strength and become aggressive, endeavouring to recover the ground that had been relinquished, while the Protestants were determined to resist. They knew that the Emperor Ferdinand II. was an ardent Catholic, and prepared to consider himself as much the champion of his Church as Philip II. had been, and that his main object was to recover those prince bishoprics which had been secularised, and were held by Lutherans who bore the title of Bishop without being in Holy Orders at all.

A hundred years' possession and inheritance made the holders feel as if they had a right to these; and the two leagues, Protestant and Catholic, were full of mutual defiance. But Johann Georg, Elector of Saxony, was jealous of the Elector Palatine, and had not been gratified at his assumption of a crown. Besides, Friedrich's Calvinism was almost as displeasing to Lutherans as Romanism itself. So the Protestant Union accepted the assurance of Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, the head of the Catholic League, that there was no intention of resuming the secularised bishoprics provided the Protestants kept the peace, and it promised neutrality, so that the advance of Maximilian and Count Tilly into Bohemia was unmolested in the rear.

The Marquis Ambrogio Spinola, an able Italian subject of Spain, was in command of the armies of the Low Countries, in union, of course, with Austria. His presence further overawed the union, and Frederick, as a rebel, was put to the ban of the Empire on January 2nd, 1621, and on the 12th of April a treaty was signed at Mentz, by which the union dissolved itself, and agreed to withdraw the troops that were protecting the Palatinate. Thus it was left to its fate, and the only army that Friedrich could reckon as belonging to his cause, was that of Count Mansfeld, who still held two towns in Bohemia, and a regiment of English volunteers, under Sir Horace Vere, in the Palatinate.

King James was trying to mediate, but would do no more, though he wrote very affectionate letters, which encouraged his daughter and her husband with vain hopes, while they remained at the Hague, and their Flemish neighbours derided them.

Digitized by Google

At Antwerp a play was acted, in which a courier being asked what succours the Palsgrave would have, replied that he would have a huge army, for the King of Denmark would send him 100,000; the Dutch, 100,000; the King of England, 100,000; and being asked of what these numbers consisted, he replied 100,000 herrings, 100,000 cheeses, and 100,000 ambassadors, of which, in truth, James I. was most liberal, for he had already sent five in two years to Vienna.

Spinola already held the part of the Palatinate on the left bank of the Rhine. His army, though hostile, was not so terrible as that of Mansfeld, because they had some sort of pay, and were kept in some species of discipline, whereas the bands of the Protestant general received no pay at all, and had to live on what they could seize from the country round, so that they were as terrible to their friends as to their enemies. In fact, the soldiers of the Thirty Years' War were a race apart, such as, it may be hoped, may never be seen again. The gradual change in warfare effected by gunpowder was by this time complete, and the fire of large masses of infantry had become more effective than the charges of knights in heavy armour. In fact, the knight, with his personal attendants, had become a thing of the past, and with him, those golden visions of chivalry, whose decay Cervantes was at this very time showing up in his masterpiece of melancholy irony, *Don Quixote*. It had been knighthood with its code of honour, defective though it were, and often ill-followed, which gave the only softening to warfare. The mercenaries, whether called Free Lances, Free Companions, or Landsknechts, had always been a scourge, happily unknown in England, save under John, but they had swarmed over France all through the Hundred Years' War; the condottieri of Italy had hired out such bands, the German landsknechts and the Swiss infantry had ever since sold their arms and their courage; and in Germany there was no lack of such warriors.

These soldiers were formed in troops or companies, which together made up a regiment. Ten companies of three hundred men apiece was the proper amount for the infantry, but the full number of men was seldom reached; and cavalry regiments were supposed to have from five hundred to a thousand men in them, but they were not thought of nearly so much consequence as the heavy infantry. The modern military titles had come into use. The commander of a regiment received his commission direct from the crown (*corona*), and therefore was called in Spanish Coronel, which in French and thence in English became Colonel, though English pronunciation preserved the original r, while the Germans kept to their native tongue, and termed him Oberste. Under him he had his lieutenant-colonel and major, the last being the chief of the captains, so that there might be some one to take the command if the superior officer were killed or wounded.

The captains had a great deal of power, and were supposed to be a

Digitized by Google

sort of fathers to their men, whom they themselves hired and paid with the money received from the colonel (when there was any to receive). The captain rode on the march, but in time of battle went on foot, carrying the same weapon as his soldiers used, whether pike or musket. The lieutenants were ready to take the captain's place in his absence, or to lead the company, in case he were struck down. The ensign had the charge of the banner of the regiment. He was sometimes called the Ancient, because a strong, tall, powerful man being requisite, he was in those days often one of the veterans, though later custom made the ensigncy the first grade of commissioned officers. There was one general standard for the whole regiment, generally with some allegorical picture painted on it, and each company had its own banner. These banners were of the colours of the regiment, in different combinations, so that each man might know his own, as for instance black and yellow might be in stripes, perpendicular, horizontal, transverse, in squares, in lozenges, and one bordering the other, &c., and the regiments were often called by the names of their banners, not of their uniforms, for these had scarcely come in, except that the officers would wear scarfs of the colour of the cause they espoused.

The banner was solemnly delivered to a new ensign, by the colonel, with the words—

'As your bride or your own daughter, from the right hand to the left; and if both your arms should be shot off, you should take it with your mouth; and if you cannot preserve it thus, wrap yourself therein, commit yourself to God, so to be slain, and die as an honourable man.'

This oath was generally admirably kept, and the spirit of it has survived to this very day.

The ensign never quitted the banner without special permission, and always slept close to it, and wherever he bore it in battle, the company was bound to follow. On a march and in camp, no soldier was allowed to roam out of sight of the colours without permission, and to flee from them in battle was death. There was a provost-marshal to each regiment, who acted as accuser before a court-martial of forty men, both officers and soldiers, and if an offence were adjudged worthy of death, the criminal was slain by the weapons of his comrades. There were likewise sergeants and corporals to deal with the men in smaller parties, and a quartermaster, who fixed the places of lodging. In a town or village, the sergeants threw their knives into the quartermaster's hat, and he stuck them into the door-posts of the houses their parties were to occupy. Each band followed the knife of its sergeant. The pay of a soldier was supposed to be sixteen gulden a month, or something like 4*l*., but out of this he had to supply his own food, clothes, and weapons; and very frequently there was no pay forthcoming from government, or if there were, the paymaster abstracted a large proportion of it on the way to

Digitized by Google

the captain. Thus the only way to keep the men round his banner was for him to let them go out to plunder at night, when he was rewarded by a share of the spoil, taken from the unhappy country people with violence and cruelty that were viewed as a matter of course. Mutinies of course were frequent, and often the officers were attacked, and sometimes even killed. In fact, terror was almost the only thing that availed them to obtain their wage, and often they would rise and demand it when a battle was most imminent.

There were an amazing number of camp followers. No one, except a few of the very highest generals or princes, left his family behind him, and a huge heterogeneous mass of women and children dragged themselves along around the baggage waggons—some of them the wives of the soldiers, some of them wild and lawless beings, and others poor young girls dragged against their will from their homes, all alike an additional army of locusts, who, by very force of necessity, cleared off whatever the soldiers might have left, carrying off not only the cattle and money, but the bedding, furniture, and clothes of the unfortunate peasants, and taking their waggons and beasts to carry them on the march.

The soldiers could be prevented by a determined officer from riding, but the women absolutely could not be hindered from seizing horses, riding on them, or harnessing three or four together to their carts. To 3,000 men there would generally be 4,000 followers, male and female, with 300 waggons full of plunder. Sometimes these creatures, who were little better than harpies, lived in mad revelry of eating and intoxication; at others they were in a horrible state of starvation, poverty, and disease, and were dropped on the way to die unpitied in misery.

A stationary camp was as bad as an army in movement. The centre was orderly enough. There stood the ornamented tents of the general and his principal officers, with barriers around dividing them from the rest. There the general standard was planted, and often a gallows near it, and here the staff and main guard were on duty. Beyond this lay the regiments, the colours of each company at the head of each row of fifty men. The officers had tents, the ensign close to the colours, the lieutenant in the middle, the surgeon in the rear. The men made themselves huts of mud, or branches, or of the materials of cottages ruined for the purpose, and there lodged two or three together, with their wives, children, and dogs, their weapons planted on the ground outside. There was a wide clear space beyond the huts, then a ditch and palisade, to which the waggons were sometimes fastened, and where field-pieces were stationed for protection, sentinels being posted at the entrances.

Such a camp as this, was, for the time, a worse scourge to the neighbourhood than any noble baron's castle, inasmuch as it contained thousands, where that contained tens, of marauders, a word which came

Digitized by Google

into use at this time from the name of Count Mérode, whose band had an evil notoriety for excesses. Corn, hay, cattle, were ruthlessly swept up in an ever-lengthening radius, and it was well for the unhappy peasants if they escaped with their lives, or with their entire families. Within the lines, there was constant tumult, quarrels and violence, and a great deal of gambling. Though the use of dice was forbidden by the regulations, still they were greatly in vogue, and there was much cheating and furious quarrelling, wounds, and murders. Near the officers' tents were the canteens, where the provost regulated the prices, and received perquisites for everything sold, such as the tongue, or its price, of every beast that was killed. The rate at which liquor was sold was chalked on the head of each cask, and the provost took care that when pay came in, the purveyors should have their long tallies settled.

In the midst of all the licence, prayers were read every morning by the regimental chaplain, and there was a service every Sunday at which every one was forced to attend, but there was apparently no idea of morality or self-restraint connected therewith. The officers were in the power of the soldiers, and the soldiers were, if not all savages, forced to ferocity by one another. They had curious superstitions. Whole volumes are extant on the art of rendering the body invulnerable. One means was the wearing of a shirt, the thread of which had been entirely spun by a maiden under seven years old, and afterwards laid secretly on the altar while three masses were said over it. Another was the Gospel of S. John written on thin paper so fine that it could be inclosed in a nutshell or a quill, and similarly laid on the altar during three masses. Other charms were truly horrible, such as receiving the sacred Host with a secret invocation to the devil, or wearing a paper inscribed—

'Devil help me,
Body and soul I give thee.'

Such a charm as this was held by some only to work for four and twenty hours, while others held that it did not begin to be efficacious till after that space of time. Others put faith in a goat's beard, a wolf's eyes, a bat's head, or a piece of a halter that had hanged a man inclosed in a purse made of the skin of a black cat.

But it was only ordinary shot from which these spells protected the wearer. Silver buttons or bullets, especially those forged from inherited plate, could kill where lead failed. Swords, too, were infallible if rubbed crosswise with rye-bread baked on an Easter night, and powder compounded with dogs' bones was held to be invincible; but the persons who were known to resort to these practices were feared and disliked by their comrades, who were all for fair play, and in the midst of their unbridled licence had a species of code of honour among themselves, though none to outsiders. Princes, cities, and

Digitized by Google

great abbeys sometimes purchased a *salva guardia* or protection at a huge price from the general for their people, but such papers were of little avail, for the soldiers often would have starved had they regarded them, and the long duration of this most horrible of wars caused the horrors and exhaustion to go on constantly increasing.

Mansfeld was in the Upper Palatinate, with 16,000 men, living upon the inhabitants, who complained bitterly to their unhappy fugitive prince at the Hague, while he could only send entreaties for help to his father-in-law and to Bethlem Gabor. Mansfeld met with some small successes, and so did Sir Horace Vere and his Englishmen. A truce was made with Spinola, but utter destitution of supplies caused Vere to quarter some of his men upon the lands of the Bishop of Spires, with strict injunctions to abstain from violence and pay for everything, but this proceeding made the Spaniards to declare the truce broken, and the treaty which James hoped to arrange at Vienna was frustrated.

James was greatly annoyed. He could not give substantial help, because he could not raise an army without a grant from Parliament, and this he could only obtain by concessions that he would not make; and besides, he never was without the feeling that it was hard on him to be involved in war by Frederick's rash enterprise.

In 1621 the twelve years' truce between Spain and the United Provinces had expired, and the Archduke Albert died in Flanders shortly after. Philip III. was, however, resolved to continue the war. He had an admirable general in Spinola, and he recalled the Spanish troops from Germany to attack Holland; Prince Maurice on his side took up arms, and Frederick joined his army, to the great wrath of his father, who threatened to give him up if he did anything to exasperate the Spaniards. The unfortunate Prince complained on his side that, save for the love he bore her, he had better have married the daughter of a beggar instead of the daughter of the King of England, and declared that his deference to his father-in-law brought him nothing but shame and contempt in Holland.

Meantime Lord Digby, finding that nothing could be done at Vienna, came home, and on his way through the Palatinate persuaded Mansfeld still to adhere to the cause of Frederick, and to come to the aid of Heidelberg, which was in daily expectation of being besieged by Tilly and in a miserable condition. Digby pawned his own plate to procure supplies, declaring that if his King would not repay the sum he would rather lose it all than see the subjects of his master's daughter perish.

Meantime the Spaniards proposed that peace should be purchased by Frederick's giving up his eldest son to be educated at Vienna, but for this the Prince was far too staunch a Protestant.

And after the winter of 1621–2 the war was renewed, with better hopes than hitherto. His newly-born little daughter, Louisa Hollandina, had all the states of Holland for her godmother, and

Digitized by Google

Calvinists, Arminians, Anglicans, and Roman Catholics were all present at her christening, which was esteemed a favourable omen of reconciliation.

One of her godfathers was Christian of Brunswick, a younger brother of the Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel. His position was the secularised Bishopric of Halberstadt, into which he had been inducted when a mere boy. The *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral, four canons led him to the high altar, while the choir sang 'O Lord, save Thy people.' He responded, 'O Lord, save Thy servant,' and was placed *upon* the altar while a hymn of praise was sung. A sermon was afterwards preached, and he was acknowledged ruler of the land, but merely as a secular prince. No one thought of his exercising any ecclesiastical function. He was every inch a soldier, and was devoted heart, soul, and body to the Queen of Bohemia, who fascinated him by her beauty, sweetness, and distress.

He was only twenty-one, and no general, but was as brave as a lion. He constantly wore her glove in his helmet, swore to shed the last drop of his blood in her service, and took for his motto '*Fur Gott und fur sie.*' The clumsy French equivalent '*Tout pour Dieu et pour ma chère reine*' is still to be seen, in his own handwriting, in an album now in the British Museum. He was called the Mad Brunswicker, and, in spite of his chivalry, was a terrible plunderer, never sparing even the poor peasants. Another ally was the Markgraf of Baden Durlach, and if these two could be got to act in concert with Mansfeld, Tilly might be out-numbered and beautiful Heidelberg yet be saved. Frederick joined Mansfeld's army, but there he was incessantly tormented by James's orders that he should not appear in arms, and at last, most unwillingly, he went to his uncle, the Duke of Bouillon, at Sedan, much to the inconvenience of that noble, for there was danger of the Spanish army, under Cordova, pursuing him thither, and the armies of Christian and of Mansfeld were almost as dangerous as the enemy itself, while the French army, under the Duke of Nevers, marched into the poor little principality to secure his allegiance. Nor would the King of England give him any help, and at last Frederick was obliged to dismiss both the Brunswicker and Mansfeld, telling them they were free to serve any other prince. Peace seemed likely to be made at this moment, but these two generals were determined to continue the war, Christian from generous devotion to Elizabeth, Mansfeld from love of importance and command; or perhaps each was influenced by something of the spirit of the other.

Their armies had devoured Alsace, and now entered Lorraine, which they consumed in the same manner. A French army was sent to keep them out of the kingdom, and they began to mutiny, but just at this time, the summer of 1623, they received an invitation to hire themselves for three months to the Dutch, who were good paymasters. The Dutch were themselves in difficulties. The Marquis Spinola had taken Juliers and was besieging Bergen op Zoom, and the two generals

Digitized by Google

were called upon to relieve it, but as they were in Lorraine, this could only be done by marching through the Spanish Netherlands.

Cordova intercepted them at Fleurus on the 28th of August, and on the eve of battle two of Mansfeld's regiments broke into mutiny, refusing to fight without the pay he had not to give them. He rode up to them and implored them, if they would not fight, at least to keep their ranks and look as if they meant to do so. Then, he charged the enemy with his infantry, Christian with his cavalry. Three horses were shot under 'the Mad Brunswicker,' and his left arm was shattered, but he kept the saddle till the victory was gained, and while his arm was being cut off, caused trumpets to be sounded before him. He sent word to his beloved Queen that he had still an arm and a life at her service, and he coined money out of the captured Spanish plate with the motto *Altera restat.* His sister, the Countess of Nassau, went to nurse him at Breda, much cheered by a prophecy that had foretold a desperate wound in a battle, in his twenty-second year, but subsequent glory and success.

Mansfeld marched on and raised the siege of Breda, but his wild disorderly troops were no convenient allies for the well-trained Dutch, thoroughly disciplined under Maurice's strong hand. He was paid off, and after trying in vain to enter the Prince Bishopric of Münster and live at free quarters there, he betook himself to East Friesland, where he forced the hitherto prosperous inhabitants to maintain his wolfish pack.

Heidelberg, now hopeless of all aid, surrendered to Tilly on the 16th of September, 1623, and the castle, the Trotz Kaiser, a few days later. The soldiers were allowed to march out with the honours of war, but not to take anything that had belonged to the unfortunate King and Queen, the whole of whose personal property was thus the prize of the enemy. The splendid collection of books, brought together by many generations of Pfalzgrafen, was carried to Munich, whence Maximilian of Bavaria sent a large portion to the Vatican, packed on mules with the following label: '*Sum de Bibliothecâ quam Heidelbergæ captâ, spolium fecit, et P. M. Gregoris XV., trophæum misit Maximilianus, utriusque Bavariæ dux S. R. I. Archidapifer et Elector.*'

Frankenstadt was yielded, Mannheim also fell, and Frederick, now utterly landless, was escorted from Sedan to Calais, and thence returned by sea to the Hague, where his wife met him with ecstasy at his own safe return, though he had lost everything.

Maximilian had called himself Elector, for the dignity was transferred to him. James negotiated, of course, and recalled Sir Horace Vere and his English troops. Indeed, while the Prince of Wales was in Spain, James was less inclined than ever to provoke hostilities. Christian of Brunswick was again defeated on the 8th of August, 1624, and it seemed as if submission would be imperative, and that for a time there was a lull in the tempest.

Digitized by Google

The Huguenots were in the meantime losing ground in France. The most able statesmen of his time, Cardinal Armand de Richelieu, was guiding the Queen Mother, Marie de Medici, and her influence had for the time prevailed over the King. Richelieu was too great a man to be a persecutor. He wished to make France united and powerful, and he saw that the only chance of making the two parties live at peace together was to put an end to the jealousies excited by the possession of the cities intrusted as pledges of security to the Huguenots. There was open war going on. Louis XIII. and the Prince of Condé returned in 1622 to the siege of Montpellier, which held out desperately. The Duke of Rohan went to England to entreat for aid, but in vain, and when all hope was over he obtained permission to enter the city, where he persuaded the people to surrender, on condition of being allowed freedom of worship, keeping up their university, and being exempted from having a royal garrison among them. Peace was again made, and the Huguenots still kept Rochelle and Montauban.

In 1622 Cardinal de Richelieu was admitted as one of the King's privy council, and soon was the only real ruler of France. The Count quarrelled and intrigued about the King, but the Cardinal sat, as it were, above and out of reach of them all, and directed everything both at home and abroad. His object, like that of Henri IV., was to make the crown powerful at home, and France supreme abroad; and in order to weaken the house of Austria he threw the influence of his country into the scale of the Protestants of Germany, without as yet taking up arms.

Thus too he encouraged the Dutch in their resistance to the Spaniards. Maurice was commanding them, but his treatment of the Arminians had rendered him unpopular, and the sons of Barneveldt plotted against his life. They were discovered; one was put to death, and the other escaped, but Maurice met with little sympathy. Spinola outgeneralled him, and Philip IV. and his minister Olivares had high hopes. Philip sent the following orders in 1624—

'Marquis,
Take Breda,
I the King.'

Breda was actually a possession of the Orange family, and Maurice was doubly anxious to save it, but the Dutch hung back from him; and though James I., in his anger at the breaking off of the Spanish match, made promises of help, no one trusted much to them, and Maurice fell into a gloomy, hopeless state of low spirits. The town was still holding out, though he could not relieve it, when he died in utter despondency at the age of sixty, leaving his principality to his brother, Frederick Henry, in the April of 1625; and in June, Breda, after holding out for ten months, capitulated to the Spaniards.

Digitized by Google

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

I.

THE SENTENCES AND EXHORTATION.

Susan. I have undertaken what I am afraid I am hardly fit for—to work the pupil teachers up in the Prayer-book.

Aunt Anne. Very important work.

S. Yes, but how to do it? Of course I have lots of questions and manuals, but if I only use them without preparation I shall get mechanical. May I prepare the lessons with you?

A. I should enjoy it much. What plan will you go upon?

S. What I should like best would be to begin with the first germs of our services, and trace them on; but, you see, my girls must know about Matins and Evensong by next December, and so I think it would be most help to begin at once with the sentences.

A. Or you might be just about to get to the Use of Sarum by the time they are to be examined. Besides, it is most practical and useful to dwell on the forms that are meant to mould our daily devotions. Still, I think it will simplify matters to see whether you are clear about the great periods of formation and change, because we shall often have to refer to them.

S. I suppose the germ of all was our Blessed Lord's institution of the two Sacraments.

A. That is the great bond of the Universal Church. But the institution of the Holy Eucharist was the germ of the Liturgy properly so called, not of the daily services.

S. No, of course not.

A. Our Prayer-book is the compendium of several service books. It preserves the trace of this in its arrangements. The Communion Service, with the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, remain from the Missal or Mass-book. The Breviary furnished the materials for Matins and Evensong; but the Psalms, which were formerly selected for the days of the week, are put together in a Psalter at the end. People had Portuaries to carry about with them, containing the Services in which the laity most often participated. There was an Office-book besides, only for the use of the clergy, containing the occasional services; and another called the Pontifical for Bishops, with the Ordination, Consecration, and Coronation forms.

S. They were the numerous forms of which the writers of the preface to the Prayer-book complain so grievously.

Digitized by Google

A. No doubt they were very intricate, and it must have required a special education to understand their order, and a spirit of devotion to perceive their wonderful beauty and aptness But this is not to our present purpose.

S. No. We want to dissect our Matins. That came from the Breviary, you say.

A. And the Breviary was the sevenfold form of devotion arranged by S. Benedict for religious houses. Archdeacon Freeman thinks that such devotions had been in some sort in use from the first. The Apostles and all their Jewish converts were accustomed to regular synagogue service, which, as we know, consisted of Psalms, two Lessons, one from the Law and one from the Prophets, and fifteen prayers.

S. That was all those Jews had who were out of reach of the Temple and the sacrifices.

A. And it is thought, for I believe there is no positive evidence, that besides the Liturgy for the Holy Eucharistic Celebration, some sort of service founded on this synagogue form was held by the devout, until, in the sixth century, S. Benedict arranged the devotions to agree with David's 'Seven times a day do I praise Thee.' They were:—

Nocturns or Matins	Midnight.
Lauds	3 A.M.
Prime	6 A.M.
Tierce	9 A.M.
Sexts	12.
Nones	3 P.M.
Vespers	6 P.M.
Compline	9 P.M.

S. That is the first certainty?

A. About the daily services. The Liturgies were, some of them at least, as early as the fourth century. But I suppose we had better leave them till we come to the Communion office.

S. The Celebration was the compulsory service for everybody. The Breviary was meant for monastic bodies only, it seems. Of course Gregory the Great's missionaries, being monks, would bring it to England; but I cannot quite see how it came to be the staple of our daily services.

A. In this way. The monks said or sung their Hours with their church open, and devout people came in to share their worship at the Day Hours. Cathedrals were served by regulars, and thus had these Breviary services open to the public; and they would also be said in the numerous chantries and in the chapels of castles. And when the Reformers wished to continue a daily round of prayer separate from the Mass or Holy Eucharist, they formed their new services by translating and abridging the old Benedictine rites, and condensing the seven times of prayer into two. Indeed the laxer religious houses

Digitized by Google

had paved the way for this by saying the offices for the inconvenient hours at the same time as their predecessors or successors. The three morning ones were often said together, and called Matins.

S. The services were not all uniform, were they? There was the Use of York, and the Use of Hereford, and the Use of Sarum, and S. Paul's had a Use to itself.

A. There was liberty together with unity in those days. These old Missals, Breviaries, &c., differ very little, and in no important points. The standard one was the Use of Sarum, arranged by Osmond, the Norman Bishop of Salisbury, in 1078. There is a beautiful manuscript copy of it still in the Cathedral Library of Salisbury.

S. That brings us to King Edward's First Prayer-book in 1549, and then, under the Bucer and Alasko influence, to his second in 1553.

A. Not that this had been really put forth to be read in the churches when Edward died, and Mary restored the Latin. When Elizabeth came to the crown she found the reaction against all the old ritual so strong that she did not venture to restore the first Prayer-book, but caused the second to be used with a few alterations. Some other changes were made at the conference with the Puritans at Hampton Court, under James I. in 1603, a few more additions at the Restoration in 1666, in the conferences at the Savoy Palace, and then nothing more was done till our own time.

S. It is just like the building of our cathedrals and churches, a gradual growth, showing all sorts of different hands, yet with a wonderful unity in the whole.

A. It is thoroughly catholic, and yet thoroughly national. It is quite true that much beauty, much devotion, much wonderful symbolism—the growth of ages of spiritual insight—was roughly pruned away; but the continuity remains, and such simplicity has been achieved that it only requires a devout will and moderate attention for even the ignorant to go along with the prayers with spirit and understanding.

S. But that's the difficulty. People don't.

A. The familiarity of the words often leads to the utter absence of attention, and thus to weariness and want of devotion. And nothing is more desirable than to teach young people of all degrees the construction and meaning of the services, so as to help them as much as we can externally really to join in them.

S. Matins and Evensong come naturally first, and they are what I have to get up with my girls. How should I begin?

A. I have always begun by pointing out the three great divisions of these services.

S. Penitence, Praise, and Prayer.

A. Penitence to prepare our hearts to seek the Lord; praise

Digitized by Google

interspersed with the reading of the Word; prayer and intercession, interspersed with thanksgiving.

S. The penitential part is not really old, is it?

A. There was an old form of daily confession and absolution, but at Prime at six o'clock in the morning, and Compline at bed time, while the original Matins were in the middle of the night. The confession came farther on in the office too. Matins did not begin with it, but only because it had been already made.

S. And it was not in Edward's First Book? Then it was a restoration?

A. In some degree, but the sentences and exhortations were newly added in 1552. I believe this was the case with all the exhortations in the Prayer-book. The people were very ignorant and needed definite instruction, and there was very little power of preaching among the clergy, so these short instructions were very much wanted. You see the eleven sentences are so selected that each one may form a text to this little sermon on the purposes of meeting in church. It is a good plan for showing the force of them to make your class look the sentences out and see what each refers to. The first is from Ezekiel's grand argument about the responsibility of the individual soul in the midst of the national sin, giving the assurance of salvation on repentance.

S. And David's penitential Psalm, the pattern of repentance.

A. Observe the meaning of contrite, *contritus*, worn and rubbed down as it were by grief. Then there is the verse from Joel's exhortation to a great national humiliation in view of the threatened visitation of locusts. 'Repenteth Him of the evil,' requires special explanation.

S. He lays aside the evil or punishment that would otherwise have ensued; as when Moses interceded for the people (Ex. xxxiv. 9); or as when the Ninevites fasted and prayed at the preaching of Jonah the evil was turned aside. Then comes Daniel's prayer in the hope that Judah may be forgiven and brought back from Babylon when the seventy years were over.

A. These two are, you see, especially suitable to times when there is reason to fear a national calamity.

S. I thought 'Rend your hearts' was the Lenten sentence, as S. John Baptist's summons is the Advent one.

A. So it is, but one use of it does not exclude the other. It is one that gives admirable opportunity for dwelling on the difference between real repentance and the mere outward show. There should be reference to Isaiah's description of the false and true fast (Is. lviii. 3–7); and to our Lord's warning against hypocritical observances (Matt. vi. 16–18).

S. I suppose, too, that 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand' should be understood, with reference to the petition in the Lord's

Digitized by Google

Prayer, not only as to the kingdom of glory, but the kingdom within us about to be proclaimed.

A. Exactly. We are to prepare ourselves by the penitential opening of the service for the after sharing in the kingdom as a royal priesthood by praise and intercession.

S. The other sentences are more individual. 'Correct me, but with judgment.' What does that exactly mean?

A. Look at the context (Jer. vi. 23). You see there is a confession of the frailty of man, and his liability to err; and then follows this entreaty that the punishment may be chastening, fatherly correction, not judicial wrath that would destroy the offender. Compare Ps. cxxx. 3, and Hebrews xii. 5–11.

S. Then there is the Prodigal Son's resolution, and an entreaty from the last of the penitential Psalms.

A. And the last sentence seems to have been chosen with a direct view to those who are unwilling to humiliate themselves and imagine there is no need for it.

S. Who really are in especial danger.

A. In Professor Mozley's *Essay on Luther* there is a very striking passage describing how advance in virtue is really followed by a greater sense of sin; not that greater faults are committed, but that our standard is continually raised and we are sensible of our failures and imperfections.

S. So that it is the greatest saint who is most conscious of his sinfulness.

A. As I remember reading in the *Life of Joshua Watson.* Ah! you never heard of him, but he was a good old merchant, one of those who kept Church feeling alive in England at the beginning of the century, and helped to originate the National Society. He lived to be very old. He had never been otherwise than deeply religious and conscientious, and yet he said in his latter years that the penitential expressions that used to seem to him too strong for him to go along with now fitted his sense of need. So he had the full blessing of a contrite heart.

S. It is so in everything, is it not? The better the work is, the more aware the worker is of its faults.

A. And then, after we are warned that it is only self-deceit and complacency that would make us say we have no sin, follows the assurance that He is faithful and just to forgive us. *Just*, because the Atonement has been made, and 'Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other,' and *faithful*, because He has promised and will keep His promise.

S. Yes. Those sentences do most wonderfully draw out the need and hopes of penitence.

A. And the exhortation points out the special purposes of the morning and evening services. When teaching from it you will find

Digitized by Google

it very useful to make your pupils point out in what parts of the service we render thanks, set forth praise, hear the Word, and ask the things requisite. Using it thus, it becomes a great help to entering into the spirit of the services.

S. But part is now generally omitted in the daily prayers.

A. Yes, because it was felt that being merely an instruction and exhortation there was no need to address it over and over again to the few who can give their daily attendance. It was meant to instruct church-goers on the scope of the services, and if you use it for the text of such explanations you will put it to the purpose for which it was designed.

Digitized by Google

HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS AND OCCASIONS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, AUTHOR OF 'THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION,' ETC.

I.

A HYMN OF THE SEA.

[*The inroad of the sea upon the Norfolk coast, near Cromer, made it necessary some two years ago to remove the Church of Sidestrand, and to re-build it farther inland. This Hymn was written for use at the first service after this change.*

In the Hymn the Sea represents Time, by which God speaks; the removal of the Fabric inland represents the passing of the Spiritual Church in the course of Time to the Peace of Paradise; there to wait until it shall pass by another change to the final Glory of Heaven, where 'there will be no more Sea,' for 'there shall be Time no longer.']

(*Tune:* S. BEES.)

LORD of all, beside Thy Sea
Lift we prayer and praise to Thee;
Thine we were, and Thine we are,
By Thy waters near or far.

Near Thy Sea our Church-bell tolled,
And, beneath, the breakers rolled;
And the toll became a dirge,
Chiming with the solemn surge.

Long the billows moaned in fear,
'Church of God, the time is near':
Then, full-toned, like voice of doom,
'Rise and go, the End is come.'

So Thy near Sea sang its knell;
Yet Thou workest all things well;
Inland at Thy will we move,
Knowing that Thy will is love.

So we pass away in peace,
Where our fears and perils cease;
Where the voice of praise and prayer
Rises in serener air.

Digitized by Google

Yet Thy far Sea still is heard:
From its great deep rolls the word,
'Church in vigil, wait and pray,
Thou again shalt pass away.'

Voice of Time, prophetic Sea!
Speaking, Lord of all, for Thee;
So its message shoreward rolls,
Poet-Preacher unto souls.

Give us grace to hear and heed,
That we may be Thine indeed—
That to us in turn be given
Earth, and Paradise, and Heaven.

Earth: till from Time's roaring strand
We must seek the Quiet Land,
Till the farther waters say,
'Lo, the Kingdom! come away.'

JESU, Thine we were and are,
By Thy waters near and far;
Oh, may we be still in Thee
When there shall be no more Sea!
Amen.

Digitized by Google

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

Spider. Now for some new books. I want all kinds!

Arachne. Novels—*par example.* For here is the *Child of the Menhir*, by Austin Clare (Tinsley).

Spider. What is a Menhir?

Arachne. One of the great Druidical stones of Brittany, under which the child is taken from his dying mother. The old customs of Brittany, which bewitched me long ago in the books of Souvestre and Villemarqué, have all been well studied, and the story reproduces them in a very interesting manner. It is the only one of the many recent stories placed in Brittany which has any real local colouring.

Spider. Are there any more for our box?

Arachne. There is a very careful and spirited historical novel in Miss Hoppus's *A Modern Treason* (Macmillan), which is an excellent picture of manners and opinions at the time of the War of Independence.

Spider. I suppose the treason is Benedict Arnold's?

Arachne. But there is much the most interest about poor Major André.

Spider. The Englishman who was shot as a spy?

Arachne. Yes. He is made, as he really was, very attractive and high-spirited, but with an absolute taste for stratagem, which makes the work of a spy congenial. The way that fate closed in on him is very pathetic, but there are prosperous heroes and heroines enough to prevent the whole from being too sad. People who like a mere shallow novel, needing no effort, will call it long; but it is a book to reward reading—the whole cast of it is so entirely that of the century.

Spider. I have read another novel of the American War—*Geraldine Hawthorne* (Blackwood), turning on the feelings of the high-minded wife of an imaginary man who acts like Arnold. There is something very fine in the way she loves the man and hates the dishonour.

Arachne. And a boy's book with a lively French atmosphere about it, is the *Drummer Boy* (Cassell)—a little fellow who goes out with the French allies of the Americans and meets with all manner of adventures and hair-breadth escapes. It is a nice book to amuse boys. Here, too, is a genuine American novel, *Anne*, which is concerned with the War of Secession; but the prettiest part is at the beginning, where we get capital fresh descriptions of the life led in the islands of the great lakes between Canada and the States. The population is so curious a mixture—a few Americans, chiefly officers

Digitized by Google

on the frontier garrison, a great many French Canadians and half-breeds, remnants of a Hudson's Bay Company station, and a further population of Indians. There is a delightful old Roman Catholic priest, who goes about with a team of dogs in the winter, and in a boat in the summer; and the book would be much better if it ended there, instead of going off to town life, and giving poor Anne a very unsatisfactory lover.

Spider. I wish people would, or could, finish off stories without lovers. *Mine Own People*, by Louisa Gray (Macmillan), would be so much better without.

Arachne. I don't know it.

Spider. Marion Grant, the heroine, is a Scotch doctor's daughter; and when he was slowly dying, and the whole family were poor and miserable, an old friend of the mother's, Lady Ellersley, wanted a companion for her only daughter, and took Marion, treating her exactly the same as her own children—for there were plenty of boys—and Marion is petted by them all, and her companion, Lady Constance, is as fond of her as possible. Then when she is done with, when Constance is to come out, a tiresome old Lady Elizabeth makes the family take alarm lest the sons should fall in love with Marion, and she is packed off to Scotland. They are as kind apparently as can be, and break the parting to *themselves* by letting her think she is only sent on a visit. Then the home is excellently done. The mother is very good, but not demonstrative, and the sensible elder sister is curt and cold at Marion's heart being away, and the little clever one is so funny. But Marion never settles down or resigns herself till she has quite worn out all hope of returning; and then when they do begin to understand each other, it is very nice and pretty, so that I can't help wishing Miss Gray had had strength of mind to leave Marion happy and useful there, instead of making the second son get congestion of the lungs at Heidelberg, so that my lady has to telegraph for Marion when he seems at the last gasp, and consent to his marrying her.

Arachne. Yes, it would have been a better example, as well as more likely, if she had got over it.

Spider. Then the S.P.C.K. has *Two Old Maids*, by Miss Lyster, with an orphan girl on their hands.

Arachne. There are certainly only a certain number of plots abroad in the world. Mrs. Marshall has two old maids with an orphan niece, only she calls hers *The Court and the Cottage.*

Spider. Suppose we compare them. My old maids are excellent daughters of the heiress of an old yeoman family—quite ladies and accomplished. One of them paints china beautifully; but they are a good deal looked down on by the grand family out of which their ne'er-do-weel father had married his second wife.

Arachne. The ne'er-do-weel is the only resemblance here, for my old ladies, the Miss Ponsonbys, are Honourables, one rather masculine,

Digitized by Google

strong, and sensible; and the other capitally drawn, silly, and sentimental, trying to be youthful, and enough on the verge of deficiency to be forgiven for her follies. The niece, Elfrida, is a wild, bouncing, untamed girl, who has always lived abroad with a weak mother, and has been more of a tomboy than I should have thought the general pressure of atmosphere of a French country town would permit even in an 'English mees.'

Spider. My girl, Rosalind, is a horrid little thing who has lived with her father abroad, but who has sheets of written instructions from him how to make her good sisters just a convenience till she is old enough to do without them. She rather likes the eldest, who is gentle, and determined to love her; but she cannot bear the keen, clear-sighted one who sees through her, and shows her disapproval. As soon as she is old enough to come out she ingratiates herself with her mother's grand relations, and there manages to cheat her really good cousin out of her lover, so as to make a brilliant marriage; but she is very unhappy in it, her husband being a strict, stern Puritan of a man; and at last she throws herself on the good old sisters, and they reconcile her and make things right.

Arachne. I can't trace any resemblance, for the Elfrida of my story is a wild, self-willed creature, who will not endure being thwarted or even controlled in her passionate love of music. She runs away at last in search of a music master, and though found at once, she has caught her death. I like the story somehow better in the reading than the telling.

Spider. I think the same is the case with mine!

Arachne. Do you want to hear any more of our old friends in the Snowball Society?

Spider. The delightful, gushing Chrissie, and the sober, steady-going Em? Oh, yes.

Arachne. Well, here they are at a high school, and poor little Beatrice grown very nice, in *Home and School.* I like, too, Esmé Stewart's *An Out-of-the-Way Place.* It is farmer life, good and natural, and with two most comical old servants in it.

Spider. Those are all rather grown-up tales. What for children?

Arachne. Peaseblossom (Wells Gardner) is very charming, though I don't think it equal to *One of a Covey*, its predecessor. It makes mischief too delightful. Mrs. Molesworth's *Two Little Waifs* (Macmillan) is very pretty and thoroughly interesting. They are two little English children who, by some blunder, are left unclaimed in Paris; and no one of any age can fail to be interested in their adventures, and the kind old Frenchwoman who is so much puzzled by the little angels' unheard-of requirements in the way of washing. *A Story for the School Room* (S.P.C.K.) is a very worthy story too—for girls—quite one of the best of this winter's set. And I like *Her Majesty's Bear* (Masters): it is in Mrs. Mitchell's best style.

Digitized by Google

Spider. And for the lending library?

Arachne. *A Six Months' Friend* (S.P.C.K.), a navvy story, is really admirable. I have been reading it aloud and feeling how each word tells by its simplicity. There are some excellent short tales in Florence Wilford's *Stories for Mothers' Meetings* (Masters).

Spider. And—oh, for penny readings there is nothing so delightful as Mrs. Eiloart's *Bog with an Idea* (Warne). It is real good fun, and without being vulgar; and, in a very different style, I like *His Mother's Book* (Hodder and Stoughton).

Arachne. But I confess it is strange how few books are really suitable for one's great needs in reading aloud—penny readings for one. I got a book (*Queer Fish*), on a notice in a paper on which I thought I could depend; and it turned out unbearably vulgar—even with bad words in it dashed. It is an utter blunder to amuse people with vulgar jokes. Then mothers' meeting books have a tendency to be goody. Sentiment and pathos answer there, but not tediousness. Books to give boys are terribly lacking, except adventurous ones, but they need careful choice, as they are too apt to make the good boy a prig and the bad boy a hero. And books to read to girls, though less hard to find, have some of the same faults, and run too much to the street arab. *The Invisible Maiden* (Stanley Lucas, Webber & Co.) is the title of a remarkably pretty Operetta, composed by Blanche Gore. With the exception of one or two expressions that might have been omitted, the words are excellent. The music is tuneful and bright, and, though not remarkable for originality, is put together in a thoroughly musician-like style. And (no small advantage), there are but few, if any, difficulties to be overcome in its performance. It is by an old Spider.

Digitized by Google

SOAP SUDS AGAIN.

It was Christmas Eve, 1881, in Moon Street. All day busy preparations had been going on, as load after load arrived of evergreens, cakes, pies, and oranges, and at last all were safely stowed away; decorations were finished, the last kind helper had gone away to return to the West End, and we drew our girls and lodgers together round the fire to sing and talk, and if possible keep them from the streets. Already the wild, noisy crowd was buzzing outside, and bursts of discordant laughter and snatches of horrible songs told only too plainly that the devil of drink was abroad. As early as four o'clock Betty Flake had staggered in half drunk, announcing that she had an appointment which would soon take her out again. We guessed too truly what the appointment was, and Miss Tay had a tussle with her to prevent her keeping the rendezvous; finally we prevailed, and the poor girl threw her shawl up on to a shelf to protect herself from the temptation to go out; then devoted herself to decorating the gaslight—a rather dangerous experiment, but we were glad of anything to keep her employed. Next came in Peggy O'Brien (my special friend), only eighteen, a three months' bride, nearly desperate over her drunken husband, and worn out with following the waits, from midnight to morning, as they went from public-house to public-house, at each of which they were 'treated,' girls and men carrying out bottles of gin 'to revive the spirits!' We fed poor Peggy and tried to soften her, and despite many threats to go out again, she sat on with us all through Christmas Eve. And now Betty Flake became restless and said she must have a run.

'I have some shopping to do,' said Miss Tay; 'will you come and take care of me?'

Betty was delighted, and when I asked her to be careful of my friend, she answered indignantly,

'Do you think I'm such a brute as to let any one touch her?'

So the walk was safely accomplished, and by degrees the air, resisting evil, and the tea, brought her back to her senses; but soon another girl, Peggy number two, was our difficulty. She had promised, she said, to go with the waits at twelve o'clock. I begged and prayed her not to, and tried to show her how evil it was. She promised not not to drink a drop, but go to the waits she would.

'I was offered two shillings this morning if I would drink half a quartern of gin, and I didn't. I'm sorry now I didn't! Well! I won't drink to-night, but to-morrow I just will!'

Digitized by Google

At this cheerful point we were joined by Peggy O'Brien, who was wanted to go out with her namesake 'to have a drink together'; but my entreaties prevailed over my particular friend, and she became pleader in her turn, and urged Peggy number two to stay in and also to give up her party—a party described to me as 'a Chrismas tree and tea party in my room,' but known to Peggy O'Brien as a party of girls each to bring her subscription of gin!

'How long are you going to keep up this party?' I asked.

'Until Boxing Day.' (It was to begin on Christmas Day.)

For a long time we argued, using all our eloquence. From the outer rooms came sounds of singing, and then a message, 'You are wanted.' There stood a detective we had sent for about some missing blankets, and to whom we had complained of the annoyance we were put to by men and boys dashing against the door, bursting in upon us, and greeting us with vile language. I told him that the last few nights we had been left in peace.

'That's right, ma'am,' said he. 'I went straight to the inspector, and he's having you watched; but I have come to ask you a favour.' And he brought in a young Frenchwoman who had been turned out of her lodgings this Christmas Eve, and her box kept from her, merely because the room was wanted for some one else. She had neither money nor friends; her last ten shillings had been spent on her rent, and no magistrate would be sitting until Monday. We gladly welcomed her, she was very quiet and pleasant, and said she was much happier with us. Then I returned to my back-room fight, and won it at last; the wicked *tea* party was put off, and Peggy closed the contest with this remark—

'I *wish* I had taken that gin and the two shillings this morning!'

The evening wore on, and we barred the door and went up to sleep as best we might, with the dancing and singing in the streets, which was still going on when we awoke. For Christmas greeting we had the wild, drunken sounds in the street, and songs to which we tried to close our ears. The first to come in was our little maid Susan, who sleeps at home and comes over early. She had promised not to go to the waits, and we had handed her over to her father on Christmas Eve, begging him to take care of her. Instead of doing so, he took her to her drunken sister, became drunk himself, and they kept her out until three in the morning. Poor child, she appeared this morning very tired and unhappy, and told us she had thrown away the gin forced upon her. Good little maid! how busy she was, doing her best to please us, and make us all comfortable.

After one short hour of blessed peace at the early service we returned to the noise without, and bustle within, of Moon Street. We labelled presents for lodgers, arranged for the grand Christmas dinner, and then we took the lodgers and girls to church. How they enjoyed the dinner which followed! And a funny company we were—lodgers

Digitized by Google

and washerwomen, girls and ladies, mission women and little maids. Interruptions of course there were; girls to buy tickets for the evening's tea and entertainment; Betty Flake came to sit with us, and be kept from temptation; a present of tea and cakes 'for the ladies,' and many a 'Happy Christmas,' from fellow-workers who were beginning to arrive. It was now time to distribute the presents, and as soon as each shawl was given it was instantly donned by the owner. One woman was not pleased, and growled out,

'This for *me*? I as 'as lived in *noblemen's* families! Give me noblemen and their ways, says I!'

At five o'clock the girls were crowding the door, and ticket-taking began. Peggy O'Brien was among the number, all clean and dressed, but alas! having had some drink. Tea was a funny meal. The girls think we give them a very good meal for fourpence—a big bun, two lumps of cake, bread and butter, and as much tea as they can drink. When the merry meal was over, and the fragments cleared away, we arranged the forms in rows, and our lady and gentlemen helpers began a concert; but it was 'no go at all.'

'Sing something that we can sing,' shouted Irish Polly.

So we sang songs with choruses, but there was a tendency to 'naughty songs,' and we were obliged to give way to the desire to dance; and say what people will, dancing seems to let out the devil, as it were, and to save them from their wild moods. There was a cry of delight when the dance was announced. The rooms were cleared and the harmonium brought to the fore, and the room seemed to move as the dancers waltzed round and round in perfect time, and with intense enjoyment. But presently the two Peggys and Betty became restive; the taint of drink was on them and they could not he controlled. 'Let us out, and we will come back in ten minutes all right,' said they. There was no help for it; all we could say was in vain. They did return, but, alas! their guilty faces and manners told their own tale. After that Mr. Hoffman kept the door, and locked it each time after he admitted some new comer; but all the evening the Peggys, Betty, and a fourth, Jeannie Carter, tried to dodge us and to effect their escape. The only peaceful hour was that when every eye was fixed on the conjurer and his magical deeds. These over, we had more tea and more dancing, but Peggy O'Brien could not be quieted; so I carried her off to my room up stairs to show her my Christmas cards, and to implore her not to go out again to drink. I knew how hard a thing I was asking, for the girls have often told us that water does not quench the thirst of those who have once given way to drinking spirits, and Peggy's mother was an habitual drunkard, and this day her husband was also drunk. No words had any effect on her until I put it on personal grounds, and asked, 'Well, Peggy, which is it to be? Gin or me?' Then she put her arm round my waist and in a very soft voice she answered, 'You.' Then she set to work to tidy

Digitized by Google

our room, to boil the kettle and to prepare tea for the weary workers; the devil was conquered this time to return again to the fight shortly afterwards.

The girls stayed with us pretty quietly until eleven, and we knew, to our joy, that at that hour on Sundays and Christmas Day the public-houses were closed. Christmas Day was over.

Sunday followed, with its church-going, dinners, and sundry people's bad tempers after Christmas rioting. Though there was fortunately very little of the public-house, people knew how to meet the difficulty, and had stocked their rooms with drink and company. Poor Peggy! She came in at dinner-time very much the worse for drink, with her sister's fat baby in her arms. The baby was in imminent peril: its head was banged against the floor! I seized it; but Peggy held tight by the legs until I boxed her ears, locked her up, and so kept her by force from going out. By tea-time she was quieter, and helped us to label presents for the next day. She said to me in the evening, 'I wonder 'owever you've kep' me in: my people couldn't 'ave done it! and if you 'adn't I'd 'ave been rolling drunk about the street about this time, and in the lock-up next.'

We had a large number of girls from 7 P.M. to 10 P.M. singing hymns and listening to the story of S. Stephen and the bravery of saying 'no.'

We kept the poor tempted young things until eleven o'clock had struck, and then the third day was over.

Boxing Day began damp and dreary. Mummers stood outside the gin-shops and crowds round them drinking. From the window we saw Peggy and called her to come in, which she reluctantly did, and was kept safe. One room full of girls helped to sweep, carry, and scrub, and all the while the noisy crowd drank and roamed the streets.

Dinner-selling over in our coffee-shop, and shutters up, we made our tea-preparations, and packed up refreshments and stores to send across to the Vestry Hall for sale during our evening entertainment. Then sixty girls sat down to tea, which, of course, was followed by dancing until Lady G. White distributed the prizes. How Peggy's and Polly's faces glowed over their warm petticoats, and how enchanted was Loo Patrickson with her baby-clothes! She had married a teetotaller, who had solemnly declared he would be a good husband to her as long as she kept sober, but a brute to her if she drank! So the evening passed until eight o'clock, when we all adjourned to the large room over the way, lent us by the parish guardians. The entertainment was a great success. Besides our girls, 150 older laundresses and their husbands attended, and the interest and attention never flagged until past midnight, when the last song was sung and the doors closed. Perhaps the most popular performance was a reading—'How four men tried to keep house alone.' When it came to their ironing their own shirts the interest was intense. The company held their

Digitized by Google

breath as the story told how the red-hot iron went down on the best shirt front, and thrilled as they 'seemed to see the awful 'oles it made.'

I found Peggy O'Brien and her husband in the refreshment department. He was told to behave himself to me, and he did; but I heard afterwards that he had tried to pawn his wife's new petticoat! She told me she should be safe from temptation, if we would keep on the entertainment until twelve o'clock. As I said, we broke up a few minutes after, and going home I asked our little maid, 'The worst is over now, isn't it?' 'Oh, no; the pawnshops is open to-morrow, and they'll drink till they have pawned everythink.'

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1882.

On the afternoon of Christmas Day, we all met for tea at the coffee-house, and found a crowd of girls waiting quietly for us around the door. Their behaviour this Christmas Eve had shown a marked improvement. Only one had really disappointed us—poor, unhappy Betty, with her drunkard husband, had given way to the terrible temptation; and although, as I said, the girls were waiting in comparative quiet, yet there were plain signs of past feasting, and one of them regretted openly that her appetite was not sharp for tea! Tables were spread in three rooms—for elder girls, lodgers, and girls of twelve and thirteen.

Successfully we marshalled our company to and from church, and by the bribe of a second tea—'handed round'—stopped the rush into the street which was imminent while the last touches were being put to the tree. In church I sat between Sarah Dash and little Susan. Sarah has no home, no friends, no respectable work. Susan, one of the dirtiest and most quick-witted, had not changed her clothes for some days! She offered me a slice of plum-pudding, made by herself in the small hours of Christmas Day! She, and indeed most of them, never come to church except for a wedding, and they kept up a running comment of this sort: 'Can't stand any more of *this!* Gives me a pain in my side'—'This sermon do fix me'—'Poor fellar! 'oo's that a being prayed for?' They were pleased and a little impressed when the rector took them up the chancel steps to look at the cross and flowers.

Going back to the coffee-house we met Betty Flake. 'She's 'ad a drop,' said Susan; but she can't be *bad*, for she's only been at it to-day. She was a charing till pretty nigh upon twelve o'clock last night. I'll get 'er;' and Betty joined us—a striking figure in the red plaid dress which spends most of the year at the pawnshop, and only comes out for a bank holiday.

The Christmas-tree gave great satisfaction; and nothing but delight was expressed over the piece of soap, the shortbread cake (sent from Scotland), card, and cracker, which were given to all alike. More

Digitized by Google

substantial gifts (one apiece) were advertised for Boxing Day, to which the girls responded, 'That's real dodgy to keep us in both nights!' Then we sang hymns and carols until eleven, and yielding to their entreaties went on for another half-hour, and we closed, knowing that the public-houses were shut, and hoping that the girls would go to bed; but as some of us walked away, we knew that drinking was going on in most of the houses by the lights in the windows, and everybody we met in the streets was drunk. All the same, our hearts were lighter than on Christmas night the year before, for even we, who watch the work from day to day, can see signs of real improvement—a real awakening of conscience, following on a real dawning sense of sin; a real desire to be better; and, most hopeful of all, a real disappointment at lapses into sin.

We have had help: we want more. We have bought our premises for the permanent coffee-house and lodging-houses: we want money to put these premises into decent, useable repair.

Will *you* help us?

Digitized by Google

LETTERS ON DAILY LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

LETTER XX.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

MY DEAR C——,—Why are people so stupid? Why is society so dull?—How can I answer you? Perhaps in your dissatisfaction with your life, your longings for something more definitely useful, you are dull yourself. Perhaps you go into society, thinking of your own concerns. Perhaps you show this by your manner and tone, and so repel the persons who talk to you. It may be your fault; it may be that of others. Anyhow, the dulness offers an occasion for unselfishness, and an effort to make things different. Society is, I think, for the most part dull because we meet together without knowing what it is in which we each and all have any interest. We put a spade into the ground to remove the rubbish lying on it, hoping to find a treasure underneath, but before we can dig deep enough we are called away to another spot, and so being continually in a condition of removing rubbish, we learn to think that there really is nothing below. And yet surely there is, indeed must be, something in every heart which will respond to our own, and thus be valuable to us. Human nature, nationality, family life, belong alike to all. On some point we must touch with sympathy; and I think if we could only make it our business in society, to search for the point, we should go a good way towards being interested ourselves, and therefore interesting others.

There is one conversational rule which strikes me as essential if we wish to avoid dulness; and this is, to try to see things from the point of view of the person we are conversing with. For instance, should a morning visitor come to your house, and begin to talk about your garden, or the view from the window, you may either reply with a pleasant sense of proprietorship, and expatiate upon the charms of your domain, putting yourself and your own feelings in the foreground; or you may place yourself in the position of your guest, and make an effort to give the information which will be likely to be interesting to her, and then lead her to talk about her own home, and so give back the lead of the conversation into her hands. If you can do this, you will very likely bring out reciprocal information as to something which is new to you, and so at once there is a sense of sympathy awakened, and you are no longer dull.

In conversation, as in everything else indeed, self is the great enemy of attractiveness. And the way in which self shows itself in

Digitized by Google

conversation would be very amusing if it were not also an offence. For instance, A tells a good story to B; B scarcely hears it to the end before he has capped it by another, equally good; and if C should come into the room, both A and B turn to him with an evident desire to gain his attention, and then both cap each other's stories, till C is utterly weary. Or again, let A be engrossed by some personal grievance; he describes it to B, and calls for sympathy. B expresses sympathy rather hastily, and then turns to something which interests himself. But A cannot submit to this, and brings forward his grievance again. C comes in, and is seized upon to hear a repetition of it; whilst B walks off impatiently to press his own subject upon D and E, and in his turn to be pronounced a bore.

I have sometimes thought in reference to the 'self' in conversation, whether it might not be well to make a rule never to bring forward the subject which specially interests oneself, unless it is alluded to by others. Perhaps that would be too great strictness; but anyhow I am sure one ought to be upon one's guard, just as one would entreat a young mother to check herself in talking about her babies.

Conversation between two persons seems to me to be often nothing but a game of intellectual bowls. No sooner is a subject set up by one, than it is knocked down by the other. I quite own that it is difficult always to avoid the temptation to knock down; something in one's own mind seems so much more important than what has been said by one's visitor. But here the rule of whist is helpful—'Follow your partner's lead,' and the visitor ought to be your partner, not an antagonist; whilst if the conversation should be shared with several, I would venture to add another rule, from the same source, 'Don't trump your partner's trick.' If one visitor has managed to gain the attention of the whole party, don't interrupt or allow anything said by yourself on the same subject to break up the conversation.

As I write this, I fancy you saying, 'All this may be very true, but rules carried out with such strictness would prevent anything like ease in conversation.'

My answer is, 'Just try the rules, and then judge.' Prove by effort whether it is not quite as practicable to converse freely without self-concentration and egotism, as it is to eat with those dangerous weapons, knives and forks, without injuring oneself. We are all, every day, at every moment, checking and guarding and limiting ourselves, either for our own purpose or for the pleasure of the persons we live with. We do not know it; habit has made such self-restraint and self-discipline in physical matters unconscious; and habit will do the same in mental and moral questions. And when an occasion for really free intercourse presents itself, we shall follow it all the more readily, because we know that it is not likely to carry us too far, and lead us to say anything we should regret. The rules I have suggested apply to the outer circle of society. I don't mean them to apply to

Digitized by Google

friendship, except in a restrained sense. There is no need to tell persons who really love each other to take an interest in subjects which, because of this affection, more or less concern them both. Neither is there any occasion to warn them against knocking down topics which are set up. True friendship is unselfish, and does not need rules. There is, however, a great deal of nominal friendship, a feeling of liking or admiration, which assumes the name, but which has really 'self' for its foundation; and for this I believe the rules I have suggested are just as necessary as they are for the formal intercourse of comparative strangers.

One more thing let me say—to you especially—for I really think you need it. Don't be indolent in conversation; don't think it too great an effort to tell an amusing story, or to repeat the history of your travels. I know the feeling well myself; the conviction that one could say something which would be entertaining if one could only make up one's mind to go over ground which has been gone over before in other places. And don't let conversation drop. In your own house, at your own table, this is really a social fault; but even in general society, hold yourself in readiness to help the silent and shy, and to bring out the powers of the gay or the well-informed. Also be on the watch against exclusiveness. Do your best to bring any unhappy individual left out in the cold whilst the buzz of cheerful conversation is to be heard around, into the circle which is carrying on the pleasant talk. Don't wait always to be introduced; take it for granted that the person you meet at your friend's house is admissible to the ordinary courtesies of society. We, English, are so stupidly stiff in such matters, so afraid of committing ourselves. I hope there is a good reason for this at the bottom. I think there is, and that we are slow in making new acquaintances, because we feel that advances mean friendliness, and friendliness means deeds as well as words; but even admitting this excuse, I am sure we carry our caution too far, and that it is quite possible to be pleasant to a stranger without thereby pledging ourselves to anything beyond ordinary kind feelings.

I have been writing all this time about yourself, trying to show you how you may avoid being dull and disagreeable to others; but your question was, How could others be prevented from being dull and disagreeable to you? I think though that I have really given an answer. Be pleasant yourself in conversation—thoughtful, kind, sympathetic, comprehending, and willing to exert yourself—and then you must, and assuredly will, bring out the best points of your visitors, and society will, for the most part, cease to be dull. I say *for the most part*, because there will come occasions when no effort will be sufficient to break through the crust of shyness and awkwardness. I must give you a specimen from my own experience.

I once, many years ago, received a visit from three perfect strangers.

Digitized by Google

They came upon no special business, only they called upon me. They sat themselves down in the most awkward place they could have chosen—close to the door; and when I came into the room they bowed, but did not speak, except in a murmur scarcely heard, after which they were silent. I spoke again. No answer, only intent looks. I went on. There might have been a murmur in return, but I did not hear it. Still I made some remark. Still they looked. I grew nervous and confused; no one helped me. I grew more confused, and at last I talked utter nonsense. I knew it was nonsense as the words came out of my mouth; it was something about a fog. That was the climax. I rose, and my visitors rose, and departed. I never heard of them again, and have not the slightest recollection of their names. But they were not dull. They had reached the further side of dulness and become amusing. I never think of them without being inclined to laugh.

But perhaps you feel for my uncomfortable visitors. They were shy. Yes, I suppose they were, but so was I; and honestly I think that when they came to call upon me they ought to have had a little more consideration. Either they should have restrained their curiosity, or, if they wished to indulge it, they should have taken care that it was not an annoyance to me.

I have used the word 'consideration.' It is constantly recurring to me as expressing one of the greatest needs of social intercourse. You must let me say a little more about it, because it involves so much that is important. I don't know whether you ever accuse yourself of want of consideration; I know that it is often a matter of self-reproach in my own case. Little forgetfulnesses, little omissions of courtesy, ungraciousness! Engrossed in personal interests, the few words which would have been cheering and helpful are unspoken, and the opportunity for kindness is lost. Our social inferiors are keenly alive to this sort of thing. A friend of my own said to me the other day, speaking of a person who has a charm which is not derived from any peculiar beauty or grace, but simply from what is felt to be a winning manner, 'No one can help being fond of Miss ——, she is so considerate for everybody.' The words set me thinking at the time, and I have gone on thinking about them since, noting the effects of consideration and pondering upon its value. It is not synonymous with unselfishness. There are many persons whom it would be very hard to call selfish, but who are not in the least considerate. They are abrupt, impulsive, engrossed in serious business or pursuits. They have not time (or at least they think they have not) to attend to all the claims of courtesy, or they have never been taught to think of them. They receive kindnesses, and scarcely acknowledge them. They expect their wants to be attended to, and never trouble themselves about giving trouble. They use their friends' houses as freely as their own; their friends' servants as if they were

Digitized by Google

at their own disposal. Hotels are to them simply places in which they have a right to order anything they like, so long as they are prepared to pay for it; and therefore if in a country hotel they do not find the luxuries they would in London, they are justified, in their own eyes, in being angry. A lodging-house, in like manner, is to them a temporary substitute for home, and if they do not find in it the comforts of home—excellent servants, first-rate cooking, the niceties of a well-appointed house—they feel themselves injured. The fact that the lodging-house keeper has to make her living out of her lodgings, and that first-rate servants will not stay in a house which has a change of residents, bringing with them new requirements, new fancies and habits, every two or three months, never occurs to them. Why should they not have what they desire if they can pay for it? Why should they not indeed, if the desires are attainable; but a little consideration would perhaps show that they are unattainable, and would thus conduce to a patient acceptance of the best under the circumstances, instead of a demand for the best in itself.

There is no remedy for this want of perception but that of trying to put oneself in the position of the persons with whom one lives, of whatever grade. The little lodging-house girl has as perfect a right to be *considered* as the duchess; the lodging-house keeper has her claims as well as the princess. Consideration may, I own, often interfere with our wishes. Our divisions of time, our meals, our Sunday engagements, cannot for instance be carried out without affecting the time, and the meals, and Sunday duties of the 'people of the house.' But how many are there who think themselves called upon to consider this when forming their plans for the day? Money! that is the one test of honourable agreement. If we pay well we have a right to be treated well, and what is included in 'well' is left to the fancy of each individual.

It seems to me that this want of consideration is likely to be the especial shortcoming of the wealthy and the noble. I do not believe that they are at all more guilty of it intentionally than other classes; but they have generally been educated to accept attention without having the trouble to ask for it, and to obtain without delay or difficulty whatever may strike their fancy, and therefore the idea that anything they can require gives trouble, or is an infringement upon the lawful privileges of the persons whom they regard as their inferiors, is not one which would naturally occur to them.

If a late dinner keeps their servants from church they are sorry, but it can't be helped, the dinner hour *can't* be altered; and the magic word sufficiently satisfies conscience, for certainly what can't be, *can't*. Yet, after all, this excuse is too often simply an example of the false argument known as 'begging the question,' or taking for granted the very fact to be proved. A real 'can't' is, as a rule, easily proved, and

Digitized by Google

at once accepted. The world is not so unreasonable as we are apt to think. It does not require a man with a broken leg to get up and walk; the *can't* in that case is self-evident. The mock, sham, self-created *can'ts*, are the difficulty. They are the results of what may be termed a moral hysteria, affecting the will, and making it appear actually impossible to do what ought to be done, whilst in reality there is no impossibility at all in the case. Now it is just this kind of imaginary difficulty which considerate persons are always on the watch against. The other side of the question—the side opposed to self-indulgence, indolence, shyness, self-concentration—is always seen by them, and the conduct determined accordingly. I speak rather feelingly upon this subject, because when I have been looking back upon the neglects and omissions of past years attributable to want of consideration, I have had a special pang of self-reproach from the recollection of the example which I had in my childhood, and which at the time I little understood and occasionally even chafed at. My mother and an aunt who lived with us were considerate for all who were in any way dependent upon them, or had to work for or with them. At home or in lodgings, in my native town or in a strange place, somehow there was always some one to be thought of, and now and then this consideration came in the way of my own wishes. It seemed a little hard that we, children, might not make any use we liked of the furniture in a lodging, because we had to remember that it was Mrs. So-and-so's furniture and must not be injured. It was provoking to find that we could not always arrange our day just as we liked, because it would give so much additional trouble. It was tiresome to be put aside for a little while, because my mother had some kind project to carry out which would enable not only our servants, but the persons with whom we were only temporarily associated, to have some holiday pleasure.

But the result of this consideration came to us afterwards in ten-fold blessings. We had friends among our social inferiors wherever we went. Every one welcomed my mother and my aunt. Where other persons had difficulties we had none. If we wanted help it was always at hand. I can see it all now. Then, I only felt it. Life went easily, for consideration oiled the wheels.

And it is this which, from my own experience, I would urge upon you, dear C——, only begging you to carry out the principle in every grade and position of life. It ought to be unnecessary for any of us to require such advice. 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you,' would seem at first sight quite a sufficient rule. But then unfortunately the world is so selfish, and we have unconsciously so imbibed its selfishness, that we do not really expect others to be considerate towards us, and therefore we do not think ourselves called upon by this rule to be considerate towards them.

When persons are very kind, and patient, and forbearing, and

Digitized by Google

unexacting, willing to accept less than is their due, ready to make allowances, to put themselves out of their way to avoid giving trouble, quick in comprehending difficulties, sympathetic in little trials, we are quite surprised. We look upon it as something out of the common way. We admire it probably, but probably also we think it a little quixotic. And there may be doubtless an exaggeration in such a character; it may be rather indolent and spoiling to others, but I don't find that I am myself tempted to such exaggeration; perhaps you will not, when you examine your life closely by the light of God's Word, and the example of our Blessed Lord. I know indeed what indolence is, and I am quite aware that I sometimes put up with what is imperfectly done because I will not worry myself by finding fault and insisting upon its being done better. And yet I think, nay, I am absolutely sure, that indolence and consideration are totally distinct in their working.

Perhaps indolence is passive; consideration active. I leave the suggestion for you to carry out in your own life, as I would wish to do so in my own.

Ever yours,
E. M. S.

LETTER XXI.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE (*continued*).

MY DEAR C——,—I have been anxious to answer the objections you raise to some of the remarks in my last letter, because I find in them the clue to certain peculiarities which I have always fancied you were inclined to pet. So intensely true you are, or, at any rate, wish to be! that you sometimes make yourself untrue by appearing uncourteous when you really are grateful and affectionate.

You say that to seek to be agreeable is a snare, as it leads to vanity; that you have no confidence in people who lay themselves out to be pleasant to every one; that you have a few friends who are very dear to you, but that you don't profess to care much for the rest of the world.

Let me answer the first objection before touching upon the other points. Have I said that to be agreeable was an object worthy to be sought for its own sake? I don't recollect saying so. All I meant to say was, that consideration and sympathy make us agreeable to others, and, by awakening kindly feeling, tend to make others agreeable to us. The exercise of kind Christian principles is our motive and object—the being agreeable is the result and the reward which God has attached to it. And as regards vanity, I must be allowed to make your assertion a little more clear. Being agreeable may lead to it, and so may a great many other graces and gifts. But the fault does not lie in the special charm, nor even in the consciousness of its

Digitized by Google

possession, but in the self-concentration which so often accompanies it.

You have a horror of vanity—so have I. You think it the most insidious and destructive of all faults—so do I. You believe it to be the most difficult to cure—so do I. But our methods of dealing with it would differ. You would attack the act which you think awakens the feeling, and I would attack the thought by which it is fostered.

Just think what vanity is. When we forget ourselves in the pleasure of being agreeable to others, we are not vain; it is only afterwards, when the reflex action of the mind leads us to go over the conversation again, that vanity begins. This objectionable dwelling upon self may and must be checked, but being silent and disagreeable will not help us. It is a matter for our own self-discipline and the government of the thoughts; and I wish that I could make you feel how all-important this government of the thoughts is, especially in connection with social intercourse and the effect it has upon us. You said to me the other day that it seemed to you an impossibility. I remember saying the same when I was about your age, and I can recollect the book which first brought to me the conviction that such mental control was a duty. It was a volume of short essays and stories, called *The Contributions of Q. Q.* I have never known who wrote it. I dare say it has been long out of print, but it brought me a new idea just at the time when I most needed the help; when the problems of life were dawning upon me, and when thoughts of all kinds thronged and pressed upon the mind; and the temptation was to let them have their way unchecked by principle, under the idea that because they were thoughts they were involuntary, and therefore I was not accountable for them.

It was a great gain to be awakened to the fact that this excuse was invalid; that as the chief battle-ground of good and evil lies in the heart, so the primary combatants on each side must be the thoughts; and that if the evil thoughts could be checked and defeated, there would be comparatively little danger of doing evil in word or act. It often strikes me how ungrateful we are to the great God who is educating us when we fail to recognise the help given—accidentally as it may seem, but just at the needful moment—by stray words or sentences, spoken or read, and I am glad to be able to acknowledge thankfully the aid that this old-fashioned book, with its quaint title, afforded me.

For the government of the thoughts is needed in so many ways! First perhaps as a check upon vanity; that is the spring-tide weed which earliest appears, and finds its special nourishment in society. Then, I think—as a restraint upon the restless curiosity and speculation which carries young minds to the verge of subjects which they feel cannot be brought forward in conversation—a very dangerous species of thought-indulgence that is. I mention it to you *en passant*,

Digitized by Google

with a most earnest warning—and a rule, which I think is a safe one—'what we cannot talk about to an intimate friend whom we respect, we had better not think about.' But when we have learnt to crush vanity and subdue unfitting curiosity and speculation, there is still another need for this government of the thoughts. You will feel it more and more as you grow older and your social claims increase. The world has such multitudinous interests, so many things attract one; and of course they all claim to be thought of, and so one's inner life is really a perpetual dissipation. 'Choked with the cares of this life and bringing no fruit unto perfection,' that is the sentence which I fancy most of us who have gone beyond the middle of life would pass upon ourselves if we spoke truly. As we grow old this earthly existence becomes intensely interesting to us for the sake of others, and so it seems at first sight that there can be no great need for the government of the thoughts. We have ceased to care much for anything for ourselves (or at least we flatter ourselves that we have), and thought for others can scarcely be wrong. I will not say that it is wrong, only I often ask myself what is the amount of thought that I, individually, bestow upon God, and upon the awful unseen world to which I am rapidly drawing near; and then I become conscious of the hosts, the 'swarms of flies' which, as we are told in the Book of Ecclesiastes, 'spoil the precious ointment,' and I confess I do desire very heartily to rid myself of them by better government of my thoughts.

But you will ask me, I have no doubt, what I mean by the government of the thoughts; or rather, how are they to be governed?

My answer will be, you must begin by governing them negatively. Check the evil thoughts—by which I mean thoughts of vanity, wrong curiosity, useless anxiety, and care for the unknown future—and then God will give you the good ones. And the check must be the result of an effort which will often require an exertion of the body as well as of the will; an act as well as a prayer. I dare say you are sometimes kept awake at night by harassing thoughts which cannot be put aside, but when you are so troubled you will understand the value of a light book which just touches your fancy without exciting too much interest. And similar aid may be useful at other times. As a very clever friend of mine once said, 'It is desirable to rinse our minds from time to time;' and a few minutes reading will often give a turn to thoughts of care and business when they become burdensome and troublesome. Even speaking aloud, repeating poetry, walking up and down the room, will be found helpful; but all these things must be managed by each person individually. No one can exactly prescribe for another in regard to the government of the thoughts; only that they can be and ought to be governed; and that vanity can be controlled by such government I hold to be absolutely true.

Therefore, returning to the topic from which I started, I must again

Digitized by Google

urge you to put the fear of vanity aside when it is a question of exerting yourself to be what is termed *pleasant* to your fellow-creatures. For if we never allow ourselves to dwell upon the question whether we have or have not been agreeable, if we never repeat over to ourselves the flattering things which may have been said of us, we need not be afraid of the pleasure which accompanies the knowledge that we have succeeded in our efforts. That pleasure is involuntary. Love of approbation is a part of human nature, and to be without it, or even to be deficient in it, is an imperfection. No one can educate a child satisfactorily unless there is in the child a sensitiveness to approbation as well as to blame. It is the dwelling upon the pleasure, trying to recall it, seeking it from unworthy sources, which is vanity, and it is this which can be, and ought to be, checked by the government of the thoughts. I have said thus much from the vivid remembrance I have of my own youthful mistakes in reference to thoughts: but I fully acknowledge that they are far more difficult to control than actions, and that the most watchful efforts will not always keep them in order. The great help must come from God, and the constant earnest use of the first collect in the ante-Communion service would do more for us in this matter than any other aid.

And now, as to the next point, I agree with you in not liking persons who lay themselves out to be pleasant to every one; but such persons are really thinking of themselves, that is why they are disagreeable. Neither am I at all sure that I should have delighted in Coleridge's monologues, or Lord Macaulay's world-wide stream of interesting information, or even Sydney Smith's flow of brilliant wit. I should have listened to each with the knowledge that I was hearing something worth remembering, but I doubt whether I should have said that such talk was agreeable, and for the very reason that it was talk, not conversation; of course not using the word 'talk' in a depreciatory sense, but merely as recognising that the interest was concentrated in the talker, that no one else had a share in it.

My notion of an agreeable person is of one who is well informed, well bred, and sympathetic; and if each of these qualifications is in itself worthy of effort, so much the more must they be desirable when united.

In connection with this subject I have sometimes thought what could have been the peculiar attraction of the women who at various times have made the French *salons* such centres of influence, and I am inclined to think that these 'queens of society' must have been, as a rule, free from vanity and self-consciousness. The account of Madame Recamier, for instance, gives one the idea of kind-hearted sympathy rather than of brilliancy; whilst from Madame de Staël, a much cleverer woman, but never, I imagine popular, I think one might have turned away with irritation. You will perhaps put both into the same category and criticise them as seekers after notoriety, and you

Digitized by Google

may be right. But all I know is that to me personally one is attractive, the other unattractive, and that the attractiveness seems to me to be found in kindliness of tone, which is not compatible with the self-consciousness of vanity, and which puts every one at ease.

The distinction between this kindly good breeding joined with mental cultivation, and what you call 'laying oneself out to be pleasant,' appears to be the difference between reality and counterfeit. In the former case we feel an interest and sympathy in others which we show unconsciously without thought of ourselves; in the other, our secret moving power is 'self,' and the moment this is perceived (and it it is perceived very quickly) the charm is over.

And may I say one word more, now that I am referring to that desire for absolute sincerity in social intercourse upon which I know you put so high a value?

To be abrupt or chilling can never in your case be the fair representation of yourself, because you are really affectionate and warm-hearted. You do yourself injustice when, in your wish to be true, you show this antagonistic side of your character; for it is not that which you carry out in action. In like manner I have known really good-natured persons obtain for themselves the reputation of being disagreeable because their impulse is to be contradictory in life.

When an assertion is made, they are inclined to question it. When a fact is stated, they doubt it. When a plan is proposed, they put forward the difficulties in its way. When anything artistic is admired, they point out its defects. They are, in fact, nothing if they are not critical.

Now this may be the result of a love of truth, but it may be conceit, or—pardon the suggestion—dyspepsia. Some persons are always contradictory when they are uncomfortable. I leave the suggestion for your consideration, only venturing to add that personal discomfort ought never to be to ourselves an excuse for being disagreeable, though we may hope that when it is known it may be accepted as such by our friends.

One thing, however, is certain, that no one who cultivates the contradictory in life will ever be agreeable, though he or she may be very estimable; and if you wish to save yourself from the risks of vanity and insincerity, which you seem to think inseparable from the effort to be agreeable, you will find no surer mode of rendering yourself disagreeable, and therefore having no such temptation, than by always preferring 'I differ from you,' to 'I agree with you.' But my own idea is, I confess, that we are as much bound to be agreeable as we are to be true, and that for those who desire it there is always a way of combining the two claims without any real sacrifice of sincerity.

In some cases this habit of presenting to a friend the negative rather than the positive end of the social magnet may, however, only

Digitized by Google

be exaggerated caution. The latter I think you will find to be the cause as you grow older and have to deal with men in business. It is amusing then to watch it, for there is no real antagonism in it. A very kind and good friend of mine with whom at one period I often had business transactions, so constantly and decidedly at first put forward the negative to everything I proposed, that I learnt not only to be patient, but to watch with interest the working of his mind, and the gradual change. I never contradicted him. He was allowed to state every possible objection without interruption, and then, when he had exhausted himself, he almost unconsciously began, as it were, the return journey, and brought himself round to the point of agreement. I valued him too much to be vexed with him, when once I understood the working of his mind; but though I recognised his caution it was not pleasant, and it would have been very unpleasant if he had been a casual acquaintance, or a stranger whom I had been obliged to consult.

And now let me touch upon your last remark,—that you have a few friends who are very dear to you, but that you don't profess to care much for the rest of the world.

Quite true, I am sure; indeed it must be true more or less of every one as regards the 'few friends' who are *very dear* to us. Depth and width united belong to the higher affections of a sinless world. But surely the fact that we care very much for a few, is no reason why we are to care nothing for the many.

In your own case I am convinced that you care much more for your neighbours and acquaintances than you are aware of. You show it by your sympathy when you hear of anything amiss with them, and you would be more aware of it, if you were in a strange place, feeling rather lonely, and were suddenly to come upon some one belonging to your own neighbourhood. Not only our early ties but those of more recent origin owe a great deal of their strength to daily association.

And as we journey on in life we shall find the value of this friendliness which can never attain to the rank of friendship. Long intercourse, thorough intimate association, and congenial tastes, are, as a rule, essential to the latter, and after a certain age it is very difficult to meet with those who exactly suit us, for our own tastes and habits have become fossilised. But it is a dreary thing to find these old and valued friends dropping away from us—one by one preceding us to the grave—and to have formed no new ties to keep up our interest in what is going on in the young generation. We may find much happiness and great brightness in companionship with which our early life had no connection; and old age may be lightened of half its burden by the attention and sympathy which can reach back to but a few years. But we shall never enjoy such a blessing unless we make an effort for it when in its germ it is brought within

Digitized by Google

our reach. If we never gain a new friend (quite a different thing I allow from an old friend) we shall sink into isolation.

Training ourselves to be indifferent, we shall become indifferent, and no one will try to disturb us in our solitary self-absorbed existence. But to pride ourselves upon it, to cultivate fastidiousness and exclusiveness, is really nothing better than social Pharisaism, and if we would know how opposed such a spirit is to that of our Blessed Lord and Master, we have but to open our Bibles and we shall see cause to hide our faces in humiliation.

The seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, what does it not reveal of the acceptance of human love, the longing—if one may venture to say it—for human companionship? 'Father, I will that they also, whom Thou has given Me, be with Me where I am'—*they* including the Christian Gentile as well as the Christian Jew, the Christian slave as well as the Christian noble.

Could reserve and fastidiousness and exclusiveness have converted the world? Whenever we wish to be assured that we are loved by Christ, that we have been and are thought [of, sought for, that our place in Heaven is to be kept for us until we are ready, through the atonement of our Redeemer, to occupy it, we may turn to the seventeenth chapter of St. John, and when we have read it, and imbibed its spirit in however slight a degree, I think we shall feel in our measure, even as Christ felt, that where we hope to be, there we desire —really desire—that our neighbours and our acquaintances shall be with us.

Is such a desire compatible with the feeling that we care little for them? Dear C——, you are better, truer, more loving than your words. I entreat you, do not limit yourself by assertions which have no real foundation, and which, if you try to carry out in action, will more surely tend to lower your tone of mind than any effort to be agreeable.

Yours ever,

E. M. S.

Digitized by Google

SYMBOLISM IN ART.

A DISCUSSION.

AUNT DOROTHY, EMILY, SYLVIA.

Sylvia. We shall never agree, but let us refer the question to Aunt Dorothy.

Aunt Dorothy (*entering*). A lively and very interesting discussion it seems to call forth, judging by your voices as you came up the garden.

Emily. Why you know, auntie, we have had a debate in our Society upon symbolism, as related to art; Sylvia and I took opposite sides, and we cannot agree; can you help us?

Aunt D. What was the actual form of your question?

E. 'Is Symbolism an integral part of the highest forms of Art?'

Aunt D. What side did you take?

E. Oh, the negative. I said that symbolism, and allegories, and emblems, and all these things, are literary ideas, and so have no inherent connection with the work of an artist.

Aunt D. And you, Sylvia? what did you reply?

S. I am afraid I am not clear as to the grounds of my opinion, but I am sure symbolism is most important in art; in fact I think I quite take the affirmative side—do you auntie?

Aunt D. I do; but a great many modern critics would agree with Emily. Curiously enough, only yesterday I came upon the subject in one of the many reviews that Mr. Rossetti's collection has called forth. The writer declared that art is divisible into two distinct branches, the symbolic, and the realistic or dramatic, and that he would be a rash critic who ventured to say that one was greater than the other. He gave Zoroaster's definition of symbols: 'apparent pictures of inapparent realities.'

S. Excellent! Very like the Church's definition of a Sacrament!

Aunt D. It is indeed; and the sacramental view of a symbol always seems to me the very best possible explanation of the word. Emmie, you are Greek scholar enough to give us the derivations; people seem to me to get into hopeless tangles who mix up as you did just now—symbol, emblem, allegory, as if they were all the same. Find us symbol and emblem; there is a lexicon by you.

E. 'Symbol,' *συμβάλλω*, to throw together; yes, I see, two ideas thrown together; and 'emblem' *τὸ ἔμβλεμμα* from *ἐμβλέπω*: well, that must be something to be looked at.

Aunt D. Yes, to be looked 'straight in the face.' There must be,

Digitized by Google

then, a real likeness in an emblem, even though it may be only in one point; whereas in a symbol, the likeness may be arbitrary, though there will be a certain correspondence and fitness between the outward and inward parts.

S. The 'throwing together' depending on the will of the maker?

Aunt D. Just the point I wanted to arrive at. Now let us define Art.

E. I should call it work done from an ideal.

S. Surely that is not enough. You may make a table or a coat from an ideal.

Aunt D. Work with a body and a soul—how will that do? A craftsman, as Sylvia says, may work from an ideal, but when a man puts a fair spirit into the fair form, his work rises into an art, and he becomes a ποιητής, *i.e.* a 'maker'—

> 'I may not hope from outward forms to win
> The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.'

S. A good motto for an artist, but he must deal with 'outward forms'?

Aunt D. Certainly, and go with a loving heart and a quick eye to nature for them, the most symbolic art-workers are the most true to life; but no mere copyist, even of lovely Nature, can be a ποιητής till he adds something of his own, and it is by the symbolism inherent in his work that you will be able to discern what that 'something' is, not all or all at once perhaps.

E. You think then, as Sylvia does, that pictures are greater or nobler for containing emblematical or allegorical meanings?

Aunt D. No; certainly not. Modern artists deal largely in these, but I do not remember one who deals adequately with a great religious subject, and I set it down to their want of symbolic power. But remember our derivations; I do not mean emblem and allegory when I speak of symbol—an outward sign of an inward truth, Emmie, that's not an emblem.

E. No; but we should have told you that our debate arose from an argument among ourselves *à propos* of the stone griffins at Verona, and whether Mr. Ruskin was right in assigning such deep meanings to the composite creature.

Aunt D. You have read his critique upon the right and the wrong griffin?

E. Yes, and one of our best 'debaters' on the negative side declared (I can give you her very words), that the man who carves or paints a griffin or a fish, or anything you like, adds nothing to the artistic worth of the composition by thinking of something else while he works, because, as I said, symbolism and allegory are literary ideas, and therefore have no inherent connection with the organised whole.

Aunt D. It is a fertile subject for debate, Emily; but that is the

Digitized by Google

very point I should like to combat. I should have asked your friend to say what *is* the 'artistic worth.' Is it only the fair outside of a composition? We defined art as having a body and soul. Again, a symbol is not a purely literary idea, but even if it were, can you name a form of noble art that has no inherent connection with literature? Artistic power, whatever its various modes of expression, comes from one original source, and of all the 'makers,' the literary poet comes first. Having no technical difficulties, he gets a start of centuries perhaps, before his brethren, and acts as their pioneer. But for Homer, Greece would hardly have achieved her greatness in art; we see his thoughts in Pheidias's marbles. One sang of the gods, the other revealed them; and so it has always been, noble art follows literature.

S. One might as well talk of a stream having no inherent connection with its spring.

Aunt D. As we are seeking for definitions, listen to this (*reads*):

'I say that the Art is greatest which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means whatever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas; and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully occupies, and in occupying, exercises and exalts, the faculty by which it is received.' (*Modern Painters*, Introduction to vol. i.)

Do you agree to that, Emmie?

E. Yes; but still it seems to me, that when the outward form is nobly executed, it matters very little whether there are, or are not, those subtle mystic meanings which can only be doubtfully guessed at by the lookers-on. Whether an artist uses a symbol or an emblem, or neither, makes very little difference, or none, as far as the art is concerned.

Aunt D. It depends entirely on his subject whether he need use emblem or allegory in conveying his meaning to you. But if he is to reach your living spirit, and you his, he does need symbolism, though, like beauty, he may use it unconsciously, or rather instinctively. You know Winckelmann, the great German art-critic, fell into the fallacy of thinking of Beauty as external to the artist—a voice calling on him to follow, whereas she must be inherent in his own inner self, so that he need not run after her. Symbolism, too, is to an artist like poetic diction to a poet—he will use it without thinking, certainly without theorising about it. Possibly, too, his symbol may speak to others rather than to himself; it may be turned outward to the spectator's eye, rather than inward to his own.

S. Ah, yes—as in some kinds of tapestry, the work is done on the wrong side of the fabric; the looker-on sees the effect first.

Aunt D. A good simile. In early art-stages, the artist is trying hard to get his work right. While technical difficulties engrossed him you might possibly catch his latent meaning before he saw it himself,

Digitized by Google

or, as we do now, centuries after he has fallen asleep, leaving his work to speak for him.

E. That is very striking! It is like the prophet never fully understanding his own prophecy.

Aunt D. Just so. I always think that hackneyed story of Michael Angelo a good instance. You do not know it? As he completed his statue of Night—a female bending in heavy sleep—for Lorenzo di Medici's tomb, a spectator, struck by its beauty, with the true Italian love of a play upon words, wrote in charcoal on the pedestal, the sculptor's back being turned—

'La Notte, che tu vedi in si bel atti
Dormire—fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso—e perchè dorme, ha vita
Destala—se nol credi, e parleratti.'

S. How very pretty!

Aunt D. So the sculptor thought on returning and reading the compliment; and he made the statue answer for herself, by charcoaling on the opposite side of the pedestal—

'Grato m'è il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso—
Mentre che il mentir, e la vergogna dura
Non veder, non sentir, m'è gran ventura
Però non mi destar, deh! parli basso.'

You see, being an art-work of the noblest, it had latent meanings beyond the original thought of the sculptor; one spirit could speak to another by its means.

S. I have often heard that last line quoted without knowing where it came from. Really there is much of the history of the times and of his own character in the answer.

Aunt D. A Dantesque tinge. I often think there are similarities between these two great Italian spirits.

E. I begin to see what you mean by symbolism. But seriously, auntie, do you not think that Mr. Ruskin and his followers often put fanciful interpretations of their own, when the artist had probably no occult meaning in his work?

Aunt D. (*smiling*). Giving him more meaning than he would have known what to do with, as Sir Thomas Bertram did to poor Mr. Rushworth, in *Mansfield Park*. Well, Emmie, you belong to the 'young school,' who are going through the reaction from what was possibly extravagant worship of Mr. Ruskin, a quarter of a century ago. The pendulum must swing, of course. But, even granting that you could prove the 'too much meaning'—and the proof would be difficult—I myself believe that really high art contains all possible meaning that good and noble criticism can discern there. Would not that be a shallow art that had but one message for every type of human spirit? It must surely speak afresh to each generation of interpreters, for each comes with a fresh eye, with perceptions quick-

Digitized by Google

ened by the march of history, the increase of literature, the discovery of new art-treasures, of records hidden in the dust. That art-work lives, and pours out fresh stores of meaning, is due to its being beyond mere beautiful *technique*—a body like our own, instinct with a living spirit.

S. As Dante says of his mortal body—making it a symbol of his inner self—

'Il corpo dentro al quale io facea ombra.'

E. You certainly are two to one! But then, Aunt Dorothy, your symbolism would at least be confined to religious art?

Aunt D. It perhaps is most easily discerned there; but whenever art passes beyond its early decorative or industrial stage, it invariably becomes 'religious'—*i.e.* shows what men think and believe about the unseen.

S. If it is to express the highest thoughts of the greatest thinkers it must be so, of course.

Aunt D. It is an inspiration, and, like everything 'inspired,' it comes in waves, with a tendency to ebb and flow. It takes centuries to rise, reaches its height, and sinks again. So it was in ancient Greece, and so in mediæval Christendom.

E. Greek art was very religious, certainly.

Aunt D. And in spite of your objections to too much of Mr. Ruskin, I advise you to read *Aratra Pentelici*, if you want to see how much it owed to symbolism. All great heathen nations have been feeling after God, if haply they might find Him, and Greeks, at their best, found out a good deal about Him. Good was to be sought after, evil to be shunned.

E. And for heathen, their 'good' was very good.

Aunt D. Each one of the Olympic cycle represented some great principle of good, while moreover, in Dionysus and his revelling train, they expressed their sense of the mighty hidden force of Nature, pervading her visible forms like an orgiastic spirit. Again, the Muses, daughters of Zeus and Memory, each signified some art or invention, some mental process civilising and elevating to man; and the lovely nature-mythology—Hours, Graces, Nymphs—filled up the spiritual world. Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt aptly likens these lesser deities to a moral and spiritual police, each under Zeus' direction, keeping order on his own beat.

S. And all this took visible form in their art?

Aunt D. Yes, and without idolatry. It was an honour done to the God to carve a fine statue of him; but nobody ever thought the Pheidian Zeus was God, or worshipped the calm ivory face as it gleamed forth from the temple shadows. Nobody looked to see Athene Promachos shake her spear at the Persians. They did believe in divine Fatherhood and beneficent heavenly wisdom, and expressed their faith by these noble statues.

Digitized by Google

S. And do you think, Emily, they could ever have made as beautiful a set of statues with no symbolic meaning?

Aunt D. Or rather, if they could have done so, would the art have been as noble? The Parthenon, I suppose, is the very 'crest' of the art-wave in Greece. Think what was expressed in it—every phase of Athenian life and thought, in peace and war, as they stood in relation to the gods. The Metopes were sculptured with their combats, real and mythic; the Panathenaic frieze, with their national worship; while on one pediment we have the elemental calm of Wisdom's birth, and on the other, the elemental grandeur of her victory. I always think in that west pediment the heathen mind almost reached the magnificence of inspired Scripture. 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further—and here shall thy proud waves be stayed'; and the Ocean retires before Wisdom.

S. The parting of Athene and Poseidon? Yes, indeed, it was a beautiful idea.

Aunt D. And see, too, how much of the beauty is owing to the inherent connection of the art with literary ideas—eh, Emmie?

E. Symbolism does certainly enter largely into the highest forms of Greek art, but that art was almost entirely religious.

Aunt D. Let us take Christian art then, and see how it expressed its ideas.

S. I suppose the Incarnation is its central point?

Aunt D. Yes, with all that it includes; every stage of human life up to maturity as seen in our Lord—suffering, conflict, victory, death, resurrection; this last alone opened a new art-world. Then linked with Him, the woman in—

> '. . . . That awful station to no seraph given,
> On one side touching sin, the other heaven.'

S. As far beyond Olympic goddesses as heaven above earth! If Greeks could not do without symbolism, surely Christians could not. We might quote Mr. Ruskin wholesale on that point.

Aunt D. We will not do that, for Emmie's sake. I would rather point to one or two examples which have struck me personally. The Divine Child, for instance; how would a great artist express the background of Divinity? Think of the Madonna del Cardellino, where the dimpled fingers close tenderly over a bird which S. John gives Him. It is the Creator's touch; the creature rests quietly, and does not flutter. The Child will live to tell us: 'Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father; fear not, *ye* are of more value than many sparrows.' I walked once on the grassy ramparts of Piacenza, delighting in the early summer wealth of wild flowers—the corn-flower in azure sheets around. And I passed into the shady church, Santa Maria in Campagna, and there was the Madonna, the Infant standing on her

Digitized by Google

lap, caressingly touching her cheek with the blue corn-flowers in His hand! Had the painter, like myself, thought, while looking over the flower-carpeted landscape, of Him who bid men 'consider the lilies of the field,' and then in his studio, before the Infant Christ, felt that he could best convey his sense of veiled Deity by pointing through the coming years to His Sermon from the flowers of the field: 'If God so clothe the grass . . . .' This is not figurative or allegorical treatment, Emily; but it would be hard to convince me that a truly great artist is not giving shape to some living thought in his own mind in such exquisite touches as these.

S. And it is so wonderful that in all the diversity of conceptions of the great masters, we get something of Christ in all their pictures.

Aunt D. Some in one aspect, some in another. But are we ever thankful enough, I wonder, for the mercy that no authentic portrait of our Lord could have existed? What an inheritance Christendom would have lost, had there been such a one! Every artist has been left unfettered by tradition, free to express his thought—every spectator to find his own favourite type to dwell upon. Every nation has taken in the fact of the sacred Humanity all the better for stamping its national features and temperament and characteristics on the Redeemer.

S. Yes—how different the Italian and German types; and yet how one gets to love them both!

Aunt D. Equally different the Florentine and Venetian schools. Of all I have seen, my ideal is Leonardo da Vinci's Head, in brown chalk, in the Brera—the sketch for his great *Cenacolo*. I only know Titian's Christ in the *Tribute Money* by print and photograph, but I believe I should like it as well; it must be a stupendous picture.

E. But suppose a picture was full of noble thoughts, and yet badly painted, would you excuse the painter on account of his symbolic power?

Aunt D. Certainly not. Why should we? The latent meaning should only make the execution nobler and more life-like. If you want to express a noble thought by a bird, or a flower in a baby's hand, the bird, the flower, and the fingers must be painted as well as the artist can do them. One excuses imperfect execution for the sake of noble conception in early stages of art, before the artist has mastered his *technique*. Pausanias read 'something of the divine' in the archaic sculptures of Greece—so do we in Giotto and Cimabue, and the early Sienese school. A noble artist may be unskilful in drawing or handling, but he will never be idle or careless. What I should like to show you is this, that pictures technically perfect may be uninteresting for lack of symbolic power.

S. One minute before we go further into Christian art. Do you say this Greek art was not 'idolatrous'? Surely the Greeks were heathens?

Digitized by Google

Aunt D. Certainly they were; like all nations, save the Hebrews, before the Incarnation. But do not misunderstand me when I say their art was not idolatrous any more than that of the best mediæval period. The statues were made as an act of homage to this or that deity, but no worship was paid to them.

E. Sylvia thinks it is a distinction without a difference.

Aunt D. And I quite feel for her difficulty; it is a real puzzle, and would require more time than we have at present to spare in order to go into it thoroughly. The pleasure taken by a Greek in religious art was pretty much the same as that taken by a Christian artist in the beauty of his picture or carving—nay, in the fair proportions of his cathedral. He does it all for the glory of God, but he does not worship it. The Greek did the same; but his being a false god, or an inadequate conception of the true, he was a heathen. But if you will read the book I mentioned—*Aratra Pentelici*—I think you will see your way into the difficulty. I own it to be one. . . .

E. Then would this symbolic power make a terrible or even a repulsive picture attractive?

Aunt D. Repulsive is a strong epithet, but according to Mr. Ruskin's definition of great art, I think I may say 'yes.' A great artist may have to use terrible or repulsive subjects, even while he avoids vulgar emphasis upon painful details. But let us try. The best example I can think of is in San Cassano in Venice—a Tintoret, tall and narrow, on the north side of the altar. It is a Crucifixion, though perhaps from its unique arrangement and treatment you might not recognise it at first. The most prominent figures are two on a ladder, one with the title for the cross, the other with the reed and sponge. The Cross is on the extreme right—in profile—you hardly see it, or the sacred form; the sky is dark, it is the three hours' eclipse, but faint, sickly light is streaming from beneath the clouds, and the horizon sky is ghastly yellow. Against it, the serried lances of the soldiers give an awful look of desolation, like leafless boughs against a wintry sky. By the pale light you see a crowd of bitter, mocking faces, all directed to the cross, the heads placed and grouped so as to give the effect of a crowd, 'standing down hill.' As far as the eye can see are those cruel faces; S. John and the Mother are the only redeeming touches of tenderness, on the extreme left, in deep shade. Under and round the cross are thorns and briers exquisitely painted, and on them lies tangled the seamless vesture. As you look you become aware of a crimson veining on the leaves and grass. Blood is dropping slowly from the cross on these signs of the original curse. Abel's blood falling on the earth, sent a brother forth; this will send a nation to wander fugitive and vagabond; and yet this is the healing of the long curse. No emblem here, but this terrible picture is symbolic throughout; it is the 'Eloi cry'—the extremity of the Passion. Connect it with Psalm xxii., not forgetting the Hebrew title, 'The hind of the

Digitized by Google

morning.' On the shepherd king's lips it was the cry of a forsaken soul, likened to the timid animal, hunted all night for its life, fainting at break of day. When the cry broke from his descendant on the awful Cross, the sun was darkened at noonday. 'The council of the wicked . . . many dogs are come about me . . . they give me gall to eat and vinegar to drink . . . they pierce my hands and my feet . . . they stand staring and looking upon me . . .' Taking these words along with one, the effect is of the whole force of rage and malice of men and fiends against One—the darkness, the withdrawal of God's Face, the eclipse of faith, and then—the Cry! By the force of simple fact, the painter has put on his canvas every idea in this marvellous prophecy, and further, suggested the lesson fully manifested on Calvary, but first dimly shadowed forth to Israel the prince, in the wrestling of Penuel, that at the return of light, in the moment of triumph, God's disabling touch on His faithful servant is the pledge of victory.

S. Oh, auntie, what a picture!

Aunt D. It is; and yet this example of symbolic power is taken from a school, nature-loving and realistic, never delighting in allegory or mysticism, as the Florentine and early Cologne masters do. The Venetians did not usually sacrifice splendid effect or the colour (in which they revel) to the rendering of occult ideas. To me, therefore, it is touching to see how Tintoret can resolutely subdue his colouring to the tone of thought he wishes to produce. The utter desolation of this picture is greatly helped by this abstinence from colour, while the foreground is exquisitely finished in all its details.

E. And yet he is a splendid colourist?

Aunt D. Rubens is not more so. See him in a picture which requires brilliant effect, such as the *Adoration of the Golden Calf*—the flashing of jewels, the splendour of the revels, as the feasting and singing and wild dancing round the idol are in full play. Or the *Miracle of Cana*—a perfect flood of sunshine and innocent joy. It is the moment 'when water reddens into wine;' the guests start in astonishment as it sparkles in their cups, and turn to look at Him who spake—the lovely bride has the same head and face as the painter has given to his unfallen 'Eve' in another picture.

E. Yes. I see he uses plain facts, not emblems. But though one must agree with you, Aunt Dorothy, that we have no such religious pictures now, it is very difficult to understand why. Painters have every technical facility nowadays, and opportunities of study and observation, and some of them draw and finish most beautifully. Why is religious art so poor? Do you think it is from want of faith?

Aunt D. No, Emmie, that is an easy way people have of accounting for the difficulty, but I do not think it fair or just. Faith has many phases, and many different forms of outward expression. But that all our modern inventions and powers cannot avail to produce a great

Digitized by Google

religious or historical picture (for my statements need not be limited to religious art), is accounted for, I think, by the fact that painters have lost the symbolic power. There is abundance of sentiment, and allegory, and figurative treatment.

S. Can you give us an instance?

Aunt D. I must think of one you both know. Our own countryman's—*Satan Watching Christ Asleep.* You have seen that?

S. Oh, yes; and we have a print of it. I have always thought it pretty.

Aunt D. But what is the devil watching for?

S. To tempt our Lord when He awakes, I suppose.

Aunt D. I presume so. A wan, sentimental-looking figure, laid quietly and not uncomfortably in smoothly-folded, prettily-coloured, clean raiment, on a well-painted, gravelly bank, with a rock to recline his back against. As you say, it is all very pretty—delicate purple hills, and a lovely sunset beyond them—only one ugly thing, and that is the devil, with a pantomime-looking electric light on his head.

E. Not that he is very ugly, either, except for his odd colour. I never quite knew why he is made cinnamon-coloured!

Aunt D. Nor I; but there he squats leisurely, and waits. Now any one who believes in the awful narrative knows that here supreme Good and Evil met in conflict for a world lost or redeemed; and do you think the adversary would give one chance he could help? Do you ever, in your own experience, know the devil allow nerve and brain to recruit themselves with 'sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care' before a deadly assault? Does he not seek to take you at your worst?

E. Especially as the malice of the first Temptation consisted in surprising the animal frame at its weakest. Oh, yes! I do see this picture would tend to destroy one's sense of the awfulness of that crisis.

Aunt D. If you are not tired of Venice, come now to the Scuola di San Rocco, and see how Tintoret sets the devil to work. Nothing 'pretty' there; the desert is stony indeed. Christ, the worn, weary, hunger-stricken Man, stands—almost nude. 'My knees are weak through fasting.' The knees of this figure are giving way under Him, but unlike the first Adam, He strains to keep His eyes off the tempting semblance of food, three round flat stones, in Satan's outstretched hand.

S. Ah! how touching—'these stones,' as if he had selected the very shape of a cake of bread.

Aunt D. Just so. And Satan, a splendid, young, strong, sensual-looking man, a very prince of this world, the evil mouth his one Satanic touch. Jewels flash from armlets and crown, the head is plumed with peacock feathers, the shoulders with peacock-wings. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life meet in his

Digitized by Google

aspect, and all that these can do is directed now at One—feeble, famine-sick. One literally looks with a kind of awe lest the Saviour should give in, and Satan hangs breathless on His decision; is it Paradise twice lost, or Paradise regained? Now which of these two pictures is symbolic? Which places unseen verities before you by means of visible things? And which is the greatest art?

E. Still it is difficult to see why this is not an art-creative age. The painter we have been criticising gives us very pretty pictures, but not great ones.

Aunt D. He delights in allegory, and colours prettily; but while he can paint charming fairies, a weird Caliban, a touching *Nickar the Soulless*, he cannot imagine, far less paint, Christ. But so it is with others.

S. Gustav Doré for instance.

Aunt D. His pictures are distressingly secular, I might say vulgar. One might draw an equally strong contrast between his *Christ Leaving the Prætorium* and Tintoret's *Christ before Pilate*. Mr. Hunt is a very thoughtful painter, but no modern sacred pictures will ever be to Christendom what those of the Italian and Flemish schools have been. No, it is not want of faith nor of Scripture knowledge, certainly not carelessness, but want of power to 'think out' upon canvas—'symbolic power' in short.

E. I suppose art is not to them what it was to the old painters.

Aunt D. Right, Emmie; it is a part, not a whole of an artist's life. A man can work off the steam in a hundred ways now—speechify, run about, travel, rush into print, write in art journals or in the *Times*, dissipate his talent and thoughts; then he had to concentrate his power, pour heart, soul, and brain out upon his marble or canvas, give the form (creator-like) a living soul, say all he had to say to posterity by and through his art. The stream has now many conduits, then it had but one.

S. Before we leave religious art; don't you think the angels of modern painters show its decadence?

Aunt D. Yes; and their adequate treatment is a good test of symbolic power. No painter has ever seen one, so he must evolve them from his own spiritual world; as far as description goes, not even Scripture helps him much. God's messengers to the heirs of salvation, each angelic figure, whatever its type—that will vary of course with the task set—must convey some truth touching angelic nature to the beholder. Obedience, keenness, swiftness, strength, holiest reverence for the Sender, the message, and the recipient child of God. Is not all this present in the angels of the great schools?

S. Yes, even in prints and engravings one can see much of that. And the calmness and want of 'flutter' are so remarkable.

Aunt D. The strong angels so divinely passionless, even with the devils. In Raphael's *Michael and Satan*, in the Louvre, how calmly

Digitized by Google

the gleaming seraph tramples the fiend out of sight without trouble or haste. Guido's *Michael* attitudinises a little to my mind; but nearly as fine as Raffaelle's is a Marco Oggione I saw at Bologna, and in the same collection a *Michael* of Perugino's, in a steel-blue cuirass close fitted, oh! with such a look of celestial peace and might and changeless calm. One felt a thrill of joy at the thought of angel guardianship.

E. And the Venetians? I do not know them so well by prints as the Florentine masters; how does Tintoret treat angels?

Aunt D. His delight in *tours de force* in the matter of drawing comes into play here; the violent perspective of some of the flying figures may give a certain want of repose in some of his pictures. For strength and grandeur none can surpass him. What a mighty downward sweep of his trumpeting angels in the *Last Judgment*, and of those in his *Descent into Hades*. They do not open the gates, for these fly open at Christ's approach, but they make short work of the devils who try to shut them again. In the *Ascension* the light just catching the edges of their mighty pinions gives them a scythe-like glitter as they whirl upwards through space. The *Last Supper*, too, one in S. Giorgio Maggiore at Venice, the most unearthly of all. The rough gloomy upper chamber is only lighted by dim, smoky cressets. Thus the Saviour's figure with the chalice is the one radiant spot, the light streams from Him. As you gaze on the murky space beyond Him you discern the angel-presences, each curl of smoke turns into an angel, and they gleam with calm adoring faces down upon the Lord.

S. How beautiful. 'Lo! the angels' bread is given,' surely he meant that.

Aunt D. I believe it myself. Mr. Ruskin has pointed out, though I think one could not help noticing it, the juxtaposition of this picture with the *Last Giving of the Manna*, which hangs opposite. The *First Manna Gathering* is in the Scuola di San Rocco. All is reverence, wonder, delight. Here the people have ceased to care for it, are busy in different ways; one sees that the type is about to pass away, and then from the careless indifferent multitude one turns to that awful angel company gazing on the mystery of the Living Bread from heaven.

S. I am sure I see what you mean by symbolism; what a painter Tintoret must be! Are Titian's angels good?

Aunt D. Splendid but rather human, and over-weighted by their drapery; so are Guercino's. But his *S. Louis Gonzaga* laying down the earthly and taking the heavenly crown from a noble angel is a glorious picture. Giotto gives us radiant creatures like fire-flies, and Correggio's are like rosy clouds round the setting sun. With those that bring Mary's awful message I think perhaps the thoughtful Florentine school succeed best; the calm, reverent Gabriels with the lily of Annunciation, and the solemn, tender Raphaels with the

Digitized by Google

taper of death and starry crown of Assumption. All of these teach us somewhat, in their different ways, of angel nature and ministry; but what could one learn from the angels of modern art?

E. Not much certainly, from the fluttering, simpering things in tulle and gauze, on tissue-paper wings that would not lift a stout dragon-fly.

S. And that look as if you could hardly trust them with a message to the corner of the street. But I wanted to ask you about portrait-painting; can it be symbolically treated?

Aunt D. Certainly. Why not? A human life lies behind every portrait. Does not our own Laureate say that he is the best painter who can see 'the man behind his face, and give the shape and colour of his life?' Now to do that requires symbolic power. I think our own national school is seen at its best here. Great Britain has no need to blush for its portrait-painters and collection of noble portraits. Fortunately for us our more domestic habits have kept those treasures from being so sadly scattered as the great continental family collections have been.

S. They are a delightful supplement to history.

Aunt D. Yes, it is difficult to distinguish between one's pleasure in a noble work of art, and one's satisfaction in seeing what a great personage really was like. Like biography to history, these portraits are to historical pictures.

E. When people talk of a painter 'idealising' his sitter, what do they mean?

Aunt D. Much the same as Tennyson, I fancy, in the line I quoted. But I do not think the expression a very happy one, for it seems to imply that they give a character not really there, which would not be faithful portraiture. But let the artist be able to read between Nature's lines—coarse and rough perhaps—and discern the noble or vigorous spirit that lies beyond, and then, if he can bring into prominence these latent qualities of his sitter, he is possessed of symbolic power. Some of the great masters give us a perfect history of the times in a face, as I have thought in looking at Titian's *Pope Julius II.**

S. Or Vandyke's *Charles I.* But I wanted to ask about landscape? does your principle apply there?

Aunt D. Just in the same way; and there again I remind Emmie and her friend of the 'inherent literary connection.' Landscape-painting has developed, just in proportion with the taste for scenery, for travel in search of it, and the multiplication of books and poems in praise of it. The art exists not which has not its *raison d'être* in literary ideas. But noble landscape-painting must not be mere imitation of Nature, nor is he a great painter who repeats himself endlessly

* Alnwick Castle.

Digitized by Google

in chrome-yellow sunsets, and plum-coloured hills, and glassy sheets of water, and mannerisms of any kind; he must catch the spirit of landscape, and listen for Nature's undertone, which to the Greeks was the voice of Pan, that would drive the hearer mad; but to the Teutonic races has ever been the inspirer of poetic creation.

E. Turner was such a painter, I suppose. His *Fighting Téméraire* always makes me think of a hero's death-bed.

Aunt D. Yes, the Nature-spirit is always to be seen in his pictures. Any landscape-painter of a high order will, I think, have some degree of symbolic power, and will seldom use emblems, because natural facts will serve his purpose. Two pictures which I know you have seen will illustrate this. You recollect the *Pursuit of Pleasure.*

E. With the dread Angel of Retribution, sword in hand—a cloud-like figure in the sky? oh yes.

Aunt D. Emblematic throughout; well, place it in thought beside Turner's *Slaver throwing the Dead overboard, before the Typhoon.* There she lies, the floating charnel-house, becalmed, heaving on a glassy swell. She cannot stir a shroud to escape her fate, and the thin spider-like black corpses are shot from her ports. No need to paint an avenging angel, the horizon is dark with the coming retribution, the bank of storm-cloud, its edges torn and streaming like the Erinnys' hair is closing out the light of day; you seem to hear the death-shriek of the tempest, in which oppressor and oppressed will go down to Hades together, to await the day when the sea gives up the dead. One full of emblems, the other of literal facts. Again I ask which of these two pictures is most symbolic of an unseen reality? Which comes nearest high art?

S. Well, Aunt Dorothy, you have certainly shown what you mean by symbolism. Emmie cannot still think it identical with figurative treatment.

E. No, I see that in Aunt Dorothy's view, it is the power of fitting together the inward and outward part that constitutes symbolism.

Aunt D. Exactly, 'fitting together'—due correspondence of the sign and the thing signified. A great artist may have to deal with an awful theme as we have seen, but he will never surround it with prettinesses. Emblems he will use if he needs them, not else. A Greek sculptor showed his sense of Nature's ravaging powers in flood and wave, by the wildly beautiful centaur and hippocamp. This brings us back to your friend the Verona griffin.

E. You think he symbolised a Guelph or a Ghibelline?

Aunt D. Not the actual men, for they were concrete and substantial enough, in Verona! But strength, keenness, lawless rapacity, were abstract ideas. If wishing to express his opinion of a political party, he embodied these qualities in a noble composite form of eagle and lion, surely the artist and his work rose higher in the scale than one who merely carved a fantastic shape out of his own head?

Digitized by Google

S. Emily thinks the body might be as good without the soul; I prefer both.

Aunt D. And I even suspect, that but for the soul, the body would not have been carved at all!

E. One thing more, Aunt Dorothy. You have not solved my difficulty as to the present want of artistic power, especially in religious art. One sees that something is wanting, but yet it puzzles me. You will not allow it is want of faith, and certainly it cannot be want of thought. What *is* the want?

Aunt D. It has often puzzled me, Emily, and you must not take my view for more than it is worth. But I account for it by the wonderful correspondence between the life of nations, and of worlds, and that of individuals. It is in childhood that faith is simple and direct, and in early maturity that creative power is strong. But the spirit of noble criticism, the power of interpretation, comes in life's afternoon, and deepens and strengthens with age.

E. Then you think interpretation is the special gift of our age.

Aunt D. I do; and to use that gift rightly is our great duty. Think of the great facilities in the spread of literary criticism, the ease of travel, the many art-collections, and the opportunities for study. No other age has had such accurate information, or such power of forming a correct judgment.

S. And yet how difficult it is to judge! And you said a great work might have meanings for each generation to find out?

Aunt D. Yes, a great artist 'being dead, yet speaketh.' Critics should have, besides technical knowledge, the historical mind which enables them to project themselves into the time, nationality, and temper of the artist; to see with his eyes, and sympathise with him. They should come with reverence, for the seer is greater than the interpreter.

S. I do wish, all the same, that one could hope for the renewal of artistic power in our time.

Aunt D. We must console ourselves by remembering that each age has its proper means of education appointed by God. Works of art would not do for our time what they did for, say, the fifteenth century.

S. No, we want scientific demonstration, and take a utilitarian view of everything, and care for nothing but railways. . . .

Aunt D. (*smiling*). But do not let us be too severe on these. Facilities for travel open art-treasures to multitudes who otherwise would never see picture or statue. An age of scientific accuracy has its place and use in preparing the world for eternity.

E. 'I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are broadened by the process of the suns.'

Aunt D. Yes, indeed! there is no occasion to quarrel with the spirit

Digitized by Google

of our own age. And remember that had Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and certainly Dante, lived in this century, they would have been in the very front rank as inventors and discoverers.

S. What! and written a treatise on geology instead of the *Divina Commedia*? Oh, I am glad they hadn't the chance!

Aunt D. Yes, we may be glad their genius took a different turn. But the great ones of every age, in whatever department, have only a small part intrusted to them of the general culture of our race. Only in eternity, when we see the completed results, we shall know how needful was each stage of progress to the perfecting of mankind.

S. Perfecting? Well, auntie, it sounds so strange to talk of modern inventions and science as tending to perfect mankind.

Aunt D. Ah, Sylvia, how apt we all are to speak of science and literature and art, as if they only had reference to this life, and were fit for nothing but to help us to pass our time more or less pleasantly upon earth! Surely the heathen may teach us better than that! I was going to say that in criticising ancient art, we must add to our historical and classical knowledge the same measure of deep thoughtfulness that those grand old Greeks had, on all matters of human experience that lay within their grasp. Art was a part of their δαιτδαμονία, linking them with the spiritual world. The Muses were the daughters of God.

S. Then Christians, you think, should not be behindhand in considering arts and sciences as special gifts from God.

Aunt D. So it was with the noble art-work of Europe, such as that of Giotto and Michael Angelo; these intellectual gifts were viewed as part of man's necessary training for eternity. When we try to interpret Christian art, we must surely approach it with the strong faith, the simple piety, and devout reverence of the great masters of the best schools.

S. And you are not afraid of seeing too much meaning in their works?

Aunt D. We must beware of fixing upon an artist a meaning incongruous with the spirit of his times. But I am not greatly concerned when people say to me, 'Giotto did not mean this,' or 'Tintoret didn't think of that'—if I see a noble latent thought. I like to believe they did mean it, and nobody can prove that they did not. When artists of that calibre dealt with the mighty verities that belong to all men in all times, or when they went for their subjects to Holy Scripture, that 'stream whose shallows the lamb may ford, and deeps leviathan may swim,' I doubt if you can see 'too much,' or if human interpretation will ever exhaust the treasures of significance garnered there until the end.

E. But you do not think that all great art must be religious?

Aunt D. No more than that all good music should be sacred. But truly great art has always a sacredness of its own, and I wish that you

Digitized by Google

and all young art-students could see it. To my mind, artistic power is one of God's greatest gifts, second only to revelation, which it resembles. It raises man to the rank of a creator, and enables him to realise beauty and truth as he could not otherwise do in a fallen world.

S. Some people think we shall have artistic power in Heaven: do you?

Aunt D. Either we shall have it, or we shall not need it. Here, it is part of that mirror by means of which we look upon enigmas. In that higher life, we shall see Beauty face to face, and know Truth as we are known. But till this veil of mortality is removed, dear girls, I think we require symbolism as an integral part of the highest forms of art.

S. I did not need convincing, auntie, but you have put my thoughts into words for me.

E. And you have given me something to think about—but we must be getting home.

Aunt D. (*smiling*). Think as much as ever you like, and to help your thoughts take *Aratra Pentelici* with you. Do not be afraid of an author who sees too much, dear Emmie. The man who sees too little, or who denies that there is anything to see, because *he* cannot see it, is far less desirable as a guide.

E. Yes, that I can well believe, and will gladly read your book. Good-night, dear Aunt Dorothy.

L. D.

Digitized by Google

Spider Subjects.

By some mistake one of the questions was repeated last month. Thus we have only one—Rokeby. Of the answers, Clover is too exclusively laudatory, Bathbrick too severe, J. M. B. rather colourless. Kitten is the best.

ROKEBY.

Rokeby was published in 1813, three years after *The Lady of the Lake*. The first feeling on reading it is generally one of some disappointment, which is lessened on a re-perusal, but the poem is certainly one of Scott's less popular works. The manner is more studied, and it somehow fails in the charm of his earlier poems. Scott tells us himself 'that the interest of *Rokeby* chiefly turns upon character, in the *Lay* the force is thrown on style, in *Marmion* on description, and in the *Lady of the Lake* on incident.' Perhaps this style of poem adapts itself less happily to the delineation of character than do the *motifs* of the preceding poems. Scott too was now writing for an expectant public instead of merely from the irrepressible force of genius, and the result is that the poem is less free and more laboured than his earlier and more spontaneous compositions. At the same time the plot of *Rokeby* is more skilful than the *Lay*, &c., the characters far more definite, the dramatic situations more highly worked up. But Scott here leaves his 'ain countree,' his stern poetic nurse, and with a more prosaic scene, something of his peculiar charm departs. Bertram is more real than Deloraine, than Marmion; Redmond is more sharply defined than Wilton, and far more than Cranstoun; the encounter between Wilfrid and Bertram is as interesting as that between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu. Yet somehow these fail to carry you away as the others do. You do not hold your breath waiting the issue, you are interested but not excited. Something of the glamour of the *Lay* is lacking, of the fire of *Marmion*, of the pathos of the *Lady of the Lake*. On the whole I should place *Rokeby* beneath these three poems, and above the *Lord of the Isles*.

The characters of *Rokeby* are certainly drawn with a masterly hand, and an almost Shakespearian knowledge of human nature; amongst them I should single out Bertram Risingham and the minstrel Edmund as the most happy and forcible types. The contrast between the cruel, cowardly, snake-like wickedness of Oswald, and the fierce, savage villainy of Bertram, is most artistically represented in the first canto. Bertram is a product of the age, a type of relentless hate, stubborn courage and wild revenge, of grasping greed and unbridled licence—in a word of the buccaneer; Oswald unfortunately belongs to no particular age or country. Bertram has two redeeming points,

Digitized by Google

one his indomitable courage, the other the softened feeling which, even when striving to accomplish his death, he seems to bear towards his ci-devant companion, Philip Mortham. His career is like the Indian sun to which he himself compares it, glaring, scorching, spreading death and destruction around, then sinking at once in a glare of sullen light. Next to him Edmund, the boy minstrel, seems to me the most realistic sketch; his musical genius, his vacillating will, and aching heart, only partially disguised beneath the cloak of indifference and licence which he strives to draw round him. He could never have been a hero, could hardly have been a true man, but he has enough of the minstrel spirit to feel his own deficiencies, and to lash himself into further excesses; he cannot dare to be wholly true or wholly false. The likeness and dissimilarity between his character and that of Wilfrid Wycliffe is very strongly marked. Wilfrid is also a minstrel, also of a soft and gentle character, but withal something of a hero, something of a martyr. The resolution with which he crushes down all jealousy of Redmond, his defiance of Bertram, and final renunciation of Matilda, all show a character which, in a stronger physical frame, and united with his rare poetical spirit, might have made their mark upon the world.

In his unbounded devotion to nature and fancy, does he not remind one of Longfellow's hero?—

> 'He wandered away and away,
> With nature, the dear old nurse,
> Who sang to him night and day
> The songs of the universe.'

Only Wilfrid's passion for Matilda interferes sadly with his devotion to nature, and one understands only too well how impossible it is for her to give him anything but the love of a sister.

Matilda herself is one of Scott's most definite heroines; she is perhaps as real and life-like as it is possible for a man's heroine to be. It is thought that in her Scott drew the portrait of an early love of his own, and that Wilfrid was intended for a sketch of himself.

Of the minor characters, Redmond is a very interesting hero, and Mortham a telling type of a stern, embittered Puritan.

The poem abounds in dramatic incident and character, and has less of description and imagery than Scott's former poems; the stanzas are longer and more regular, the uniform octo-syllabic couplets of the *Lady of the Lake* are repeated. The plot is continuous, and nothing is superfluous from first to last; everything *tells*. I have heard *Rokeby* accused of anachronism, that the manners and customs belong to a time prior to that fixed as the date of the poem; there are certainly blemishes and drawbacks to it, one surely is the air of improbability worn by the story of Philip Mortham and Edith, and of the total disappearance of their son.

Alone, *Rokeby* would have made its author's fame. At the time when it appeared it was considered something of a disappointment, and it is now ranked as one of Scott's *minor* poems, yet it is just one of those books which grow on one by further acquaintance, and it should be read more than once or twice in order to discover and appreciate its beauties.

KITTEN.

Digitized by Google

RULES OF THE 'MONTHLY PACKET' BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

1. The Society to consist of not more than thirty members.
2. Each member will pay a subscription of two shillings per annum.
3. At the commencement of the year the President will issue a list containing one genus of plants for each month. The members will send to the President, for circulation, (*a*) a general description; (*b*) a list of the species observed by themselves in their respective neighbourhoods; (*c*) dried specimens or coloured drawings of such plants, with names attached.
4. Any member unable, after painstaking endeavours to identify a plant, may send it to the President to be named. (Address—*Rev. Canon Ellacombe, Bitton Vicarage, Bristol.*)
5. Members are invited to send lists of plants of which they desire specimens, mentioning at the same time any they can offer in exchange.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

How did the Post Office begin?
Explain why a narrow-necked bottle of water breaks in a frost.

Notices to Correspondents.

WILL any one send me by post-card the names of books describing the lives of the clergy of foreign Churches? I am acquainted with *The Manse of Mastland*, *My Ministerial Experiences*, and *Nodde bö Parsonage*.—*R., Cambridge House, All Saints' Road, Clifton, Bristol.*

Some chapters on the clergy of the Russian Church in *The Rites of the Russian Church*, by Madame Romanoff (Rivington).

Please tell me where I can find poem beginning—

> '"In memory of." How sad the words! and yet how softly sweet
> They fall upon the Christian's ear, his heaven-born hopes to greet.
> "In memory of" the loved, "not lost," but only "gone before;"
> The weary wanderer 's safe at last—safe on salvation's shore'?

—*W. E. B.*

Mrs. Richard Peel, 22, *Parkfield, New Ferry, Birkenhead*, says that the hymn 'Go when the morning shineth' was written by a Unitarian minister named Henry Ware, in America. [This is about the fifth claimant.—ED.]

C. W. S.—French books of a good tone can be obtained at Mudie's Library. I can particularly recommend those by Madame de Witt, *nés* Guizot.

Digitized by Google

Can any reader of the *Monthly Packet* tell *S. M.* the origin of the proverb 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb'? A stock inquiry, answered over and over again in magazines, that it is a saying in Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.

Royal Highness.—*Family Prayers*, by the Rev. T. T. Carter (Masters).

O. E.—*Aunt Charlotte's Stories of Scripture History* by Miss Yonge (Marcus Ward), or *Granny's Chapters*, by Lady Mary Ross (Hatchard).

T.—The *Note-book of an Elderly Lady* has been republished by Mr. Walter Smith. The *Old Gig* was published in a small book by Mr. F. Warne, some years ago.

A. C. P.—The poem is *Il Penseroso*, the author one John Milton, whose ear would have been shocked at such a line as 'Admitting a dim religious light':—

> 'But let my due feet never fail
> To walk the studious cloister's pale,
> And love the high embowèd roof,
> With antique pillars massy-proof,
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light.'

The lines beginning 'There's a wideness in God's mercy,' inquired for by Annie Cazenove in the *Monthly Packet* for November, are from Faber's *Hymns*, published by Richardson—'Come to Jesus,' hymn 102, page 289.

UP HILL.

> 'Does the road wind up hill all the way?
> Yes! to the very end.
> Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
> From morn till night, my friend.
> But is there for the night a resting place,
> A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin?
> May not the darkness hide it from my face?
> You cannot miss that inn.
> Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
> Those who have gone before.
> Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
> They will not keep you standing at that door.
> Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
> Of labour you shall find the sum.
> Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
> Yea—beds for all who come.'

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Copied by *F. C. S.* for *Léonie*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Aliqui.—Day-home Society, 10*s.*

All Hallows Mission House, 127, *Union Street, Boro', S.E.*—The *Sister in Charge* gratefully acknowledges 1*l.* from L., and begs to say that woollen socks and stockings are very useful, also clothing [of *every* description.

Mrs. Fagg, Homeside, Duppas Hill Terrace, Croydon, presents her grateful thanks to those who have so kindly sent in donations and subscriptions, since November 5th, for the purpose of sending a medical lady to the 'untaught Chinese ladies':—Miss Newman, 2*s.* 6*d.*; A. M. P., 1*s.*; Miss Sampson, 5*s.*; Miss A. May, 1*s.*; by Miss Newman, 7*s.* 6*d.*; Mrs. Davidson, 10*s.*; Miss Flemming, 1*s.*; collected

Digitized by Google

by ditto, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Mrs. Richardson, 5*s.*; J. N. Richardson, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Miss Pimm, 1*s.*; Mrs. E. Pimm, 1*s.*; Mrs. Kernan, 1*s.*

My dear E——,—I want to tell you all I can about the Mission work in Plymouth, in which I was so much interested during my stay with the Sisters of S. Mary the Virgin in Wyndham Square. It is very difficult to know where to begin, but I almost think I will go through the week with you that you may get a little idea of the 'daily round.'

The Sisters are very glad to be helped by ladies, though as the latter require good health, tact, and capacity for keeping rule, it is not often they can meet with workers possessing these most necessary qualifications. Any lady who answers to the above description would find herself perfectly happy at S. Peter's Mission House. The love and kindness shown to all in the house by the Sister in Charge is more than I can mention here. Well, to begin about the work.

On Monday morning you would see one of the rooms in the Mission House turned into a shop, which, about eleven o'clock, is crowded with women from the poorer streets of S. Peter's parish come to buy old clothes, sent to the Sisters for this purpose from all parts of England, or new garments made by kind hands that perhaps could not help on the mission in any other way.

Meanwhile the other workers are in their districts, which, alas! are almost all of them too large for the individual strength of the visitor. The Sisters want more help here very much; there are only four lady district-visitors for this great parish of 12,300 people. It is impossible for the clergy to find out the cases in which they may be most wanted themselves, and it is only by visiting that one can learn the *truth* with regard to people. No one who has not talked with the inhabitants of the poorer streets of Plymouth and other large towns in their own homes can have any idea of the terrible amount of vice and immorality which prevails among them. It is the greatest blessing to any who realise the darkness and sorrow in which so many dwell to be able to sympathise with them, and perhaps draw them through that same sympathy to bring their sorrows to God. The Sisters have been doing this in S. Peter's parish now for years, but still very very much remains to be done, and the sacraments are still totally neglected by far the largest portion of the people, even of those who call themselves members of the Church of England.

On Monday evening the door opening into Wyndham Square is thronged with little girls belonging to the second order of S. Agnes' Guild, and waiting for Sister F—— to let them into the room where they have their class. This guild is one of the best and most interesting works of the Sisters. It is one of the few means that can be used for stemming the tide of vice and immorality in Plymouth, where, alas! the little children that run in such merry crowds about the streets are often fully instructed in the knowledge that worketh evil.

The Sister in Charge has the first order of the guild on Wednesday evenings, and once a month they all meet in the church, where they have a little special service and a kind address from the vicar. They had the delightful treat of a day in the woods while I was staying at

Digitized by Google

the Mission House, and it was a lovely sight to see these dear children scattered about amongst the beautiful ferns and flowers with which the Devonshire woods abound, and gathering flowers to their heart's content.

On Tuesday afternoon there is a meeting of ladies, to do needlework for sending out to the Sisters at Poona, where there is one of the most interesting branches from the mother-house of S. Mary, Wantage. The Sisters would be glad of more ladies to assist at this meeting, and also of material for the work itself.

On Wednesday afternoon the Sister in Charge takes the Mothers' Meeting, which is held in a room in an adjoining street. One of the clergy gives a short instruction to the women at the end of the meeting, and during the first part of the time they enjoy listening to an interesting story.

On Tuesday and Thursday mornings, about twelve o'clock, the invalid dinners are given out. These are the greatest possible comfort to the many invalids known to the Sisters. From my own experience, I can say that if they have not actually stopped the progress of disease, in many cases they have completely altered the appearance of the sufferer for the better, and done far more than any medicine in giving him strength to cope with the exhaustion produced by constant pain. It is very sad when, as sometimes happens, there are no funds to continue these dinners, which are the only wholesome meal that many of the sick ever taste, and to see the disappointment on those (almost always, in the case of the poor) patient, cheerful faces, when the district visitor has to say, 'I cannot give you a dinner-ticket to-day,' is a great trial to any one possessing the least power of sympathy.

On Thursday evening the guild of S. Anne (for married women) meets at the Mission House. There is a great deal of *esprit de corps* in this guild, and very much love and respect for their two superiors, the Sister in Charge and their Chaplain, one of the S. Peter's clergy.

On Saturday most of the workers are employed in one way or another at the church, where there is a good deal to be done in the way of dusting, cleaning the altar ornaments, arranging flowers, &c. The Sisters would be most grateful for any presents of flowers, or money to spend on them, as there are few people in the parish with gardens, or means to offer anything for this purpose. At the Mission Chapel, down in the low part of the parish, it is also a great difficulty to get flowers, and I have seen Sister F—— picking out the best from the discarded flowers of the week before, to convey to the Mission Chapel.

And now I must say a word about Sunday, which, excepting the afternoon Mission school, when all the Mission-workers are employed, and the Sister in Charge's Bible-class for women at the house, is a real and most beautiful day of rest. I do not think that any such constant visitors of the haunts of 'human care and crime' as the Sisters in Plymouth, could keep in their hearts the perpetual sound of the 'everlasting chime' necessary for those who must 'be able to comfort them which are in any trouble,' without the *sursum corda* of S. Peter's glorious services.

And now, dear E——, I must finish this short sketch, which will fully have answered its purpose if it has made you understand what a

Digitized by Google

privilege it is to be, even for a short time, the member of such a household as that at S. Peter's Mission House, and what a privilege it ought to be to any who are able to help, even in the smallest way, this work for the glory of God, and the love of the dear souls at Plymouth.

M. C. E.

Parcels or Money Orders should be sent to—The Sister in Charge, S. Peter's Mission House, Wyndham Square, Plymouth.

MADAM,—Will you allow me to make an appeal to your readers for help to complete the church now commenced in Ladysmith, Natal, South Africa? I feel sure many will be glad to help us, especially the friends of those who died in the hospital here in the sad and never to be forgotten year 1879, when our British army suffered so terribly at Insandhlwana (this place, although in Zululand, is really, in a straight line, only about forty miles from here). Our church *ought* to have been commenced during that year, but owing to the war it was quite impossible to obtain workmen, so we tried to be content to wait until peace once more reigned in our land, but alas! we again suffered in 1880 and 1881, when owing to the disturbed state of the Transvaal we could not get any one *even* to *tender* for the stone-work. However, we made a commencement on 16th October, 1882, when Sir Henry Bulwer, K.C.M.G., kindly laid the foundation stone. Tenders were at once called for, but they were all so high that our Committee felt the task of raising such a large sum would be quite hopeless, so they called for tenders for the stone-work *only*. The lowest tender was 788*l.*, and this, seeming to be suitable in other ways, was accepted, and on All Saints' Day, 1882, the work was actually commenced; but there still remains roof, flooring, window frames, (windows have been given by a friend in England,) and seats, which it is calculated will cost about 700*l.*, making a total of 1,488*l.*, say 1,500*l.* To pay this we have only about 500*l.* inclusive of a most generous donation of 100*l.* from Sir John Hardy, Bart. We have about 250*l.* promised, leaving a deficit of 750*l.*, and it is for help to enable us to pay this sum that I am most earnestly appealing to-day. If your readers could have any idea of our troubles *re* church matters during the past fifteen years (I mention this time not because there were no troubles before that date, but simply because I was not a resident of Ladysmith until 1868), they would, I am sure, give us their *active* sympathy, and I trust they will still do so when they read the very imperfect account I am about to give them of a *few* of our troubles.

Soon after my arrival here—the Rev. W. O. Newnham (now rector of Alresford, Hants,) was the incumbent at that time—the Lutherans gave us permission to use their church (when they did not need it themselves); this offer we very gladly availed ourselves of, but after a time they thought we ought to give them 24*l.* a year for repairs, &c.; this the majority of the parishioners were unwilling to do, so it was agreed to try and obtain the use of a building, commenced but never finished, under Dr. Colenso's auspices; but this was almost a ruin, windowless, and a portion of the gable end in such a state that when a storm came on we had not only rain to contend against, but also a dread that the wall would fall in or the roof blow off, and somebody be seriously injured. However, the Rev. W. Price, who succeeded

Digitized by Google

Mr. Newnham (since dead), said 'it would be better to have it *even* in that state and feel that it *was* our own, than pay 24*l.* a year for the Lutheran church.' But at last some people thought it so unsafe that they declined to attend service there, so we left it, and obtained the use of the Court House. At that time we were fortunate enough to have a visit from the Rev. John Mitchell, but he only came out for a year, and with feelings of great regret we said good-bye to him in September, 1879. The Rev. H. E. Carlyon succeeded him, and at his own expense put up a small room for scholastic purposes, which he kindly allowed us the use of on *Sundays;* but his school failed owing to the Government opening one here, against which, of course, no private school could possibly stand (fees of the former being so very small), especially in a small place like this, where the majority of the people are *not* Church people, and therefore have no great interest in keeping up a Church school, and are not *over*burdened with wealth. So, much disappointed, Mr. Carlyon left us, and we were again unsettled until May, 1882, when the Rev. John Mortimore Yandy, LL.D., arrived. We are still using the schoolroom, which the churchwardens took over from Mr. Carlyon, paying him the actual cost of the building, viz. 114*l.*; but the heat is very great, and owing to the smallness of the room, want of proper ventilation, &c., many people are obliged to stay at home, feeling it quite impossible to sit in a place where the thermometer is frequently over 100° Fahrenheit. We are, therefore, most anxious for the completion of our church, which will be, when finished, of the plainest, humblest kind. If, therefore, any of your readers, who worship God in the beautiful churches of the mother land, will come forward and give us a portion of the wealth God has *lent* them to use in His service, we shall be grateful indeed, and they will not lose their reward.

'We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we *lend*
Who givest all.'

Subscriptions will be received and all information given by any of the following gentlemen:—The Rev. Canon Butler; The Rev. John Mortimore Yandy, LL.D., Incumbent, Ladysmith, Natal, South Africa; John Munro, Esq., Hon. Treasurer, Church Building Fund, Ladysmith, Natal, South Africa.

I am, Madam,
Yours very truly,
EMILIE WALTON.

LADYSMITH, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA,
February 16*th*, 1883.

Digitized by Google

The Monthly Packet.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.

THE MERRIFIELDS.

THE cool twilight of a long sunny summer's day was freshening a pleasant garden of a country house, and three people were walking slowly along a garden path enjoying the contrast with the heat, glare, and noise of the day. The central one was a tall slender lady, with a light shawl hung round her shoulders. On one side was a youth who had begun to overtop her, on the other a girl of shorter and sturdier mould, who only reached up to her shoulder.

'So she is coming!' the girl said.

'Yes, Uncle Maurice has answered my letter very kindly.'

'I should think he would be very much obliged,' observed the boy.

'Please, mamma, do tell us all about it,' said the girl. 'You know I stopped directly when you made me a sign not to go on asking questions before the little ones. And you said you should have to make us your friends while papa and the grown-ups are away.'

'Well, Gillian, I know you can be discreet when you are warned, and perhaps it is best that you should know how things stand. Do you remember anything about it, Hal?'

'Only a general perception that there were tempests in the higher regions, but I think that was more from hearing Alley and Phyl talk than from my native sagacity.'

'So I should suppose, since you were only six years old at the utmost.'

'But Uncle Maurice always was under a cloud, wasn't he, especially at Beechcroft, where I never saw him or his wife in the holidays, except once when I believe she was not at all liked, and was thought to be very proud, and stuck-up, and pretentious.'

Digitized by Google

'But was she just nobody? not a lady?' cried Gillian. 'Aunt Emily always called her, "Poor thing."'

'Perhaps she did the same by Aunt Emily,' returned Hal.

'And I am sure I have heard Aunt Ada say that she wasn't a lady, and Aunt Jane that she had all sorts of discreditable connections.'

'Come now, Gill, if you chatter so, how is mamma to get a word in between?'

'I am afraid we have all been hard on her, poor thing!'

'There now, mamma has done it, just like Aunt Emily!'

'Anybody would be poor who got killed in a glacier!'

'No, but one doesn't say poor when people are—nice.'

'When I said poor,' now put in Lady Merrifield, 'it was not so much that I was thinking of her death as of her having come into a family where nobody welcomed her, and I really do not suppose it was her fault.'

'Moreover she seemed to do very well without a welcome,' added Hal.

'Who is interrupting now?' cried Gillian. 'But was she a lady?'

'I never saw her, you know,' said the mother; 'but from all I ever heard of her, I should think she was, and cleverer and more highly educated than any of us.'

'Yes,' said Hal, 'that was the kind of pretension that exasperated them all at Beechcroft, especially Uncle William.'

'I wonder if Dolores will have it!' said Gillian. 'I suppose she will know much more than we do.'

'Probably, being the only child of such parents, and with every advantage London can give. Maurice was always much the cleverest of us all, and with a very strong mechanical and scientific turn, so that I now think it might have been better to have let him follow his bent. But when we were young there was a good deal of mistrust of anything outside the beaten tracks of gentlemanlike professions, and my dear old father did not like what he heard of the course of study for those lines. Things were not as they are now. So Maurice went to Cambridge, and was fifth wrangler of his year, and then had to go to the bar. It somehow always gave him a thwarted, injured feeling of working against the grain, and he cultivated all these scientific pursuits to the utmost, getting more and more into opinions and society that distressed grandpapa and Uncle William. So he fell in with Mr. Hay, a professor at a German university. I can hear William's tone of utter contempt and disgust. I believe this poor man was exceedingly learned, and had made some remarkable discoveries, but he was very poor, and lived in lodgings at Bonn with his daughter in the small way people are content to do in Germany. As to his opinions, we all took it for granted that he was a freethinker; but I can't tell how that might be. Maurice lodged in the same house one year when he went to learn German and attend lectures, and he went back again every long vacation. At last came your dear grandfather's death. Maurice

Digitized by Google

hurried away from Beechcroft immediately after the funeral, and the next thing that was heard of him was that he had married Miss Hay. It was no wonder that your Uncle William was bitterly hurt and offended at the apparent disrespect to our father, and would make no move towards Maurice.'

'It was when we were at the Cape, wasn't it?' asked Hal.

'Yes, the year Gillian was born. Well, your dear Uncle Claude went to see Maurice in London, and found there was much excuse. Maurice had learnt that the old professor was dying, and his daughter had nothing, and would have had to be a governess, so that Maurice had married her in haste in order to be able to help them.'

'Then it really was very kind and noble in him!' exclaimed Gillian.

'And I believe every one would have felt it so but for his unfortunately reserved way of concealing the extent of the acquaintance, and showing that he would not be interfered with. Claude did his best to close the breach, but there had been something to forgive on both sides, and perhaps *she* was prouder than the Mohuns themselves. Oh! my dears, I hope you will never have a family quarrel among you! It is so sad to look back upon a change after the happy years when we were all together, and were laughing and making fun of one another!'

'But you were quite out of it, mamma.'

'So I was in a way, but I knew nothing of the justification till too late for any advances from us to take much effect. I am four years older than Maurice, we had never been a pair, and had never corresponded. And when I wrote to him and to his wife, I only received stiff formal answers. They were abroad when we were in London on coming home, and they would not come to see us at Dublin, so that I could never make acquaintance with her; but I believe she was an excellent wife, suiting him admirably in every way, and I expect to find this little daughter of theirs very well brought up, and much forwarder than honest old Mysie.'

'Mysie is in perfect raptures at the notion of having a cousin here exactly of her own age,' said Gillian. 'What she would wish is that the two should be so much alike as to be taken for twins. I have been trying to remember Dolores on that dreadful Sunday at the hotel, when Uncle Maurice came to see us, just when papa was setting off for Bombay, but it all seems confusion. I can think of nothing but a little black shy figure. I remember Phyllis telling me that she thought I ought to do something to entertain her, but I could not think of a word to say to her.'

'For which perhaps she was thankful,' said her brother.

'I am not sure. You are all too apt, when you are shy, to console yourself with fancying that you are doing as you would be done by. It might have worried her then perhaps, but it would have made it easier for her to begin among us now! I am very glad her father consents to my having her! I do hope we may make her happy.'

Digitized by Google

'Happy!' said Gillian. 'Anybody must be happy with such a number to play with, and with you to mother her, mamma.'

'I am afraid she will not feel me much like her own mother, poor child! But it will not be for want of the will. When I look back now I feel sorry for myself, for though we were all merry enough as children and young people, there always seems to have been a lack of something fostering and repressing. There was a kind of desolateness in our life, though we did not understand it at the time. I am thankful you have not known it, my dears.' There was a strange rush of tears nearly choking her voice, and she shook them away with a sort of laugh. 'That I should cry for *that* at this time of day!'

Gillian raised her face for a kiss, and even Harry did the same. Their hearts were very full, as the perception swept over them in one flash what their lives would have been without mamma. It seemed like the solid earth giving way under their feet!

'I am very sorry for poor Dolores,' said Gillian presently. 'It seems as if we could never be kind enough to her.'

'Yes. Indeed I hope we may do something towards supplying her with a real home, wandering sprites as we have been,' said the mother.

'But we have carried our home with us,' said Hal.

'It will be home when papa comes back, and these five years are over!' said Lady Merrifield.

'What a name it is! Dolores! It is as bad as Peter Grievous! How did she get it?' grumbled Harry.

'That I cannot tell, but I think *we* must call her Dora or Dolly, as I fancy your Aunt Jane told me she was called at home. I hope Wilfred will not get hold of it and tease her about it. You must defend her from that.'

'If we can,' said Gillian; 'but Wilfred is rather an imp.'

'Yes,' said Harry. 'I found Primrose reduced to the verge of distraction yesterday because "Willie would call her Leg of Mutton."'

'I hope you boxed his ears!' cried Gillian.

'I did give it to him well,' said Hal, laughing.

'Thank you,' said his mother. 'A big brother is more effective in such cases than any one else can be. Wilfred is the only one of you all who ever seemed to take pleasure in causing pain—and I hardly know how to meet the propensity.'

'He is the only one who is not quite certain to be nice with Dolores,' said Gillian.

'And I really don't quite see how to manage,' said the mother. 'If we show him our anxiety to shield her, it is very likely to direct his attention that way.'

'She must take her chance,' said Hal, 'and if she is any way rational, she can soon put a stop to it.'

'But, oh dear! I wish he could go to school,' said Gillian.

Digitized by Google

'So do I, my dear,' returned her mother; 'but you know the doctors say we must not risk it for another year, and I can only hope that as he grows stronger he may become more manly. Meantime we must be patient with him, and Hal can help more than any one else. There—what's that striking?'

'Three quarters.'

'Then we must make haste in, or we shall not have finished supper before ten.'

Lilias Mohun had married a soldier, and after many wanderings through military stations, the health and education of a large proportion of her family had necessitated her remaining at home with them while her husband held a command in India, taking out with him the two grown-up daughters and the second son, who was on his staff. She was established in a large house not far from a country town, for the convenience of daily governess, tutor, and masters. She herself had grown up on the old system which made education depend more on the family than on the governess, and she preferred honestly the company and training of her children to going into society in her husband's absence. Therefore she arranged her habits with a view to being constantly with them, and though exchanging calls, and occasionally accepting invitations in the neighbourhood, it was an understood thing that she went out very little. The chief exceptions were when her eldest son Harry was at home from Oxford. He was devotedly fond of her, and all the more pleased and proud to take her about with him that it had not always been possible that his holidays in his school life should be spent at home, and thus the privilege was doubly prized.

The two sisters above and one brother below him were in India with their father, and Gillian was not yet out of the school-room, though this did not cut her off from being her mother's prime companion. Then followed a school-boy at Wellington, named Jasper, two more girls, a brace of boys, and the five-year-old baby of the establishment—sufficient reasons to detain Lady Merrifield in England after more than twenty years of travels as a soldier's wife, so that scarcely three of her children had the same birthplace. She had been able to see very little of her English relations, being much tied by the number of her children while all were very young, and the expense of journeys; but she was now within easy reach of her two unmarried sisters, and after the Cape, Gibraltar, Malta, and Dublin, the homes of her elder sister and of her eldest brother did not seem very far off

Indeed Beechcroft, the home of her childhood, had always been the head-quarters of herself and her children on their rare visits to England. Her elder boys had been sure of a welcome there in the holidays, and loved it scarcely less than she did herself; and when looking for her present abode, the whole family had stayed there for three months. Her brother Maurice, however, she had scarcely seen,

Digitized by Google

and she had been much pained at being included in his persistent avoidance of the whole family, who felt that he resented their displeasure at his marriage even more since his wife's death than he had done during her lifetime, as if he felt doubly bound, for her sake, not to forgive and forget. At least so said some of the family, while others hoped that his distaste to all intercourse with them only arose from the apathy succeeding a great blow.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

'Character is the joint product of nature and nurture.'
PRESIDENT GARFIELD

CHAPTER II.

CHILDREN OF ONE FAMILY.

'The child is father of the man.'

ONE afternoon in July, nearly ten years after the events related in the last chapter, a large party of children were playing in the garden of an old-fashioned house in Chelsea—a house which now perhaps might be sought in vain among the changes produced by bricks and mortar, stucco, and the Thames Embankment; but the like of which might be seen on the river's bank, or in the quaint old streets running up from it, at any rate till a very recent period.

Whether Mr. Leighton had been attracted by the low rent of the roomy and substantial house, or Mrs. Leighton by the advantages of the big garden for the children, or whether, with a sense of 'high art' in advance of their time, they had seized on the chance of living in a real 'Queen Anne' house, Sloane House was a very happy home for the young Leightons. They believed in the 'country walks' which they took among the nursery gardens of Fulham, or up Swan Lane to the Old Brompton Road and the Kensington lanes; they liked to stand on Battersea Bridge and watch the steamboats, and admired, spite of mud and fog, the silver lights on Chelsea Reach, which Turner painted; they bought goodies at the 'Fairy Land Establishment for Delicious Sweets'—a small shed on wheels where sugar plums and cigars were alike obtainable; they were greatly interested in the red coats of the children at the Duke of York's School, and in the old pensioners at Chelsea Hospital.

They considered that the possession of a 'garden' gave them an amount of moral and social superiority over their London friends, with which no amount of riches or fashion, no smart frocks, no superiority at dancing schools or French classes could possibly compete.

Other people's mothers might have large drawing-rooms, and two horses to their carriages, but they possessed out-houses, an arbour, a shrubbery, a lawn, and a kitchen garden. They grew their own cabbages, had pies made of their own gooseberries, and a fernery round which grew real primroses, while bluebells were quite wild in the shrubbery.

Digitized by Google

The lawn in question was large and square, with the turf, now in July, burnt very brown, while the flowering trees and shrubs with which, after the manner of suburbs, the garden was prettily planted, had already acquired almost an autumnal look—the leaves of the great horse-chestnut were brown and shrivelled.

The family were engaged in playing 'ogre,' a romantic form of prisoners' base, in which violent exercise and personal contests unite with a touch of imagination to render the game attractive to various temperaments, and were now standing round the old summer-house, which formed the ogre's castle, disputing over a knotty point.

'I say, the girls ought to take turns in being ogres!' cried Fred Leighton, now a fine boy of twelve.

'There never was such a thing heard of as a girl being an ogre! It's an absolutely impossible thing!' retorted Alice, as if she were laying down a law of nature.

'That's because you girls have everything your own way. You want to get rid of us, and so you pretend we're ogres and send us away!' screamed Geoffrey at the top of his voice.

'Well,' put in Alick, as if he had found a peaceable solution, 'let's play that the girls are witches, and have good ogres.'

'Good ogres!' Every one turned on Alick in horror at the heterodoxy of this suggestion. 'Ogres can't be good, any more than demons in a pantomime. Alick is so silly!'

'Well, all I know is,' said Fred, 'that it's a girl's game altogether, and if Meadows and Palmer had come back with me, *I* shouldn't have played at it.'

'Of course, *we* only play at such a rough game to amuse you boys,' retorted Alice.

Perhaps the height of a quarrel is not a very favourable moment to describe the young Leightons; but they were a lively, contentious, sharp-tongued set, proud to find the weak points in each others' harness, and breezes were frequent.

Alice was now a slim girl of fourteen, with sharp delicate features, a bush of chestnut hair, very bright eyes, and a satirical smile. She was clever, and on a level with girls much older than herself at the classes which she attended. She was industrious too, and obedient, but not a model elder daughter and sister, for she had a faculty for setting the younger ones' tempers on edge, and of leaving behind her a sense of irritation. Fred was much more good-natured, and much more popular. He was a great sturdy boy of twelve, just promoted to Westminster from the preparatory school which he, Alick, and Geoffrey had hitherto attended together. Fred was dark, like the Leightons, but his father shook his head over the construing and arithmetic which were not quite up to the mark of his own at the same age. Still, Fred was a good boy, and much admired by his juniors. People who saw Geoffrey and Alick for the first time frequently

Digitized by Google

exclaimed, 'Why no one would think they were brothers, much less twins!' But on the other hand, no one ever doubted that Alick was brother to Fred, while Geoffrey's likeness to Alice was often commented on. Yet Alice and Fred bore to each other a likeness in unlikeness, which proved their kinship; but Mrs. Leighton never traced in Alick's round simple face the delicate lines and rather peculiar prettiness of Geoffrey's. Nor was there between them any of the exclusive attachment often so prettily shown by twin children. They did not quarrel; but the warmest spot in Alick's heart was certainly given up to Fred, and Geoffrey made a great pet of Marian, the next sister, a little laughing thing of seven, usually called May. A boy of four, named James, completed the family.

The so-called twins were both clever, Geoffrey the most so. He was also the liveliest and the most original, the least accommodating, and the most obstinate of the family circle, who were on the whole a satisfactory set of children, with good health, spirits, and dispositions. They knew, they had always known, the puzzle between the twins; but so far as Mrs. Leighton could detect, it merely lay in their minds as a dead fact, which bore for them no meaning. Nor did she ever force it on them; for in truth it had almost lost its significance for her. She no longer wished to know the truth, she never, strange as it may seem, had been able to form an opinion on it. Her unselfish effort had met with its reward, and she did equally love the two children. She taught the whole set alike to name in their prayers 'our near relation, Frank Osgood, who is far away,' and in pursuance of her resolution that there should never be any surprise, as each child grew old enough to understand the words, she repeated pretty much in the same form the explanation she had given, in the first instance, to Alice and Fred. There the matter dropped, and with each succeeding year she thought less about it.

After the first excitement passed, no word on the subject ever passed Mr. Leighton's lips. He checked his wife's occasional allusions to it, and treated the children with careful impartiality. But perhaps it was natural that his girls, his eldest boy, and again his little youngest, should attract more spontaneous attention than the unimportant intermediates.

On the present occasion, the game of 'ogre' breaking up in the dispute previously recorded, Alice strolled away with the girl friends who had joined in the game, and Fred proposed to the younger ones the delightful half-holiday occupation of 'cleaning out the guinea-pigs.'

He and Geoffrey were eagerly occupied in performing this operation while Alick and May watched the guinea-pigs, which were turned loose on the grass during their house-cleaning, when Mrs. Leighton, accompanied by a tall old gentleman with white hair and long white moustaches, came out from the house towards them.

'Oh, Fred,' cried Alick, 'the white guinea-pig's run away!'

Digitized by Google

'Now, if you've let *my* white one run away, I'll—I'll give your black one to the Salnees,' exclaimed Geoffrey, dropping an armful of hay and flying indignantly at Aleck.

'It's in the bushes,' said May.

'Shut up, Geoff, or you sha'n't have it back again,' said Fred; and into the midst of the bushes the whole party plunged, and were deaf to their mother's voice, till, with a shout of 'I've got him!' Geoffrey, covered with earth and dust, emerged from the lilac bushes with the white guinea-pig squeezed tight in his arms.

'Mamma! Alick let him escape.'

'Hush, Geoff. Don't you see I have a visitor? Put away that guinea-pig, and come and speak to General Osgood. Where is Alick?'

'Here, mamma.' And Alick, equally dishevelled, crawled out from under a rhododendron. Geoffrey shut up his guinea-pig and advanced, holding out his dirty little paw, like a well-mannered child, Alick, rather more timidly, following his example.

'Are these the children?' said General Osgood, with a grave voice that sounded formidable.

'Yes. This is Geoffrey—this is Alick.'

'So you are twins, my little boys?' said the stranger.

'Yes, sir,' said Alick, as Geoffrey stared at the speaker.

'You are not much alike.'

'I'm like Alice, Alick's like Fred,' said Geoffrey, in the loud tones which often brought him into disgrace.

'*Are* you like Alice? Where is she?' said General Osgood, looking him over and over with a glance the keenness of which annoyed the child, and awoke a pang in Mrs. Leighton's breast. Could it be that General Osgood, poor Frank's uncle, returned after a long absence in India, could trace the features of *his* family in *her* Geoffrey, as she entirely felt him to be.

'We think him like Alice,' she said, rather timidly, as her daughter came up, casting a glance of reproach at her exceedingly dirty little brothers.

'So he is,' said the general, briefly. 'Well, Mrs. Leighton, I am most sensible of the goodness shown by Mr. Leighton and yourself. I feel of course that the child, if identified, would have a claim on me; but I understand that you do not wish any change to be made.'

'Oh no; we have long forgotten that we ever thought the perplexity a misfortune,' returned Mrs. Leighton, hurriedly.

These remarks were exchanged in an undertone, but now General Osgood turned to the children, patted the twins on the head, and dropped a sovereign into the hand of each.

'You go to school? A little school-boy tip for you,' he said, as he turned away with Mrs. Leighton.

'Oh, I say!' exclaimed Fred. 'To think of you little shavers getting all that! Here's a go!'

Digitized by Google

'Why, don't you know,' said Alice, 'what it's for? He thinks one of them belongs to him. He's their uncle.'

'Oh, shut up, Alice!' said Fred, colouring; 'never mind all that nonsense.'

'It's not nonsense,' said Alice. 'You all know it as well as I do, only we never think about it.'

'What do you mean?' said Geoffrey, with scarlet cheeks.

'Why,' said Alice, lightly, 'you know quite well mamma has always told you that one of you is not really her little boy, not our brother at all, only no one knows which. Cousin Lettice was his mother, and cousin Frank Osgood his father, *I* know, and I used to hear Emma talk about it. Which is it, I wonder? Fred, which do you think is the right one? I think it is rather fine to guess.'

'Oh, shut up, Alice!' said Fred again, with an angry sense of dislike of the mystery.

'Well,' persisted Alice, 'anyway they are not *each other's brothers*, we know that.'

'*I am* everybody's brother!' cried Alick, bursting suddenly into a roar and thumping Alice. 'You are a nasty—unkind—girl—Alice.'

'I can't help it,' said Alice. 'What does it signify? It is all the same now.'

'Well, don't make a row about it then,' said Fred, running off to escape from the awkward subject, as Alice, herself a little uncomfortable, turned towards the house.

Alick sat on the grass, still crying; Geoffrey stood quite still by his side, and an utter silence fell on them. There came upon them, each towards the other, a curious sense of reserve and shyness; they were tongue-tied, they could not speak. The idea, now for the first time brought home to them, was too mysterious, too dreadful, to be discussed. Unconsciously, they felt the delicacy and difficulty of their position towards each other, and neither could be the first to speak a word. They were afraid of each other.

After a minute or two Alick jumped up and ran into the house, while Geoffrey, left alone, crept into the corner behind the guinea-pigs' house and wept far harder tears. He could not speak, he could not have explained; but he felt as if all the foundations of his life were slipping away from him.

But Alick ran to his well-known refuge, and, finding his mother in the drawing-room, hid his face in her arms.

'Mamma, I am your little boy—I am!' he sobbed out, finding voice at last.

'Yes, my boy; I have got two little boys, that is all,' she said, kissing him.

'But, mamma, that old man—Alice said he belonged to *the other of us*.'

'You knew that before, Alick dear,' said Mrs. Leighton. 'It is

Digitized by Google

quite true. My little boys have a strange thing in their lives; but they must not mind, because we all love them just alike.'

'But Alice said Geoff and I *certainly* weren't—weren't——'

'Geoff and you must try to make up to each other for any strange feelings that may come across you. It is the same for both of you, so you must be very kind to each other. But you have only to be good children and not trouble about it.'

'Won't it make any difference, mamma?'

'No, my darling, never, in our love.'

'Then I don't mind. Mamma, mamma, my very *own* mamma,' said Alick, clinging closer and closer.

'My own little boy! But where is Geoff?'

'In the garden. I—I didn't like to speak to Geoff.'

'Go and call him.'

But Geoffrey was nowhere to be found, till, the tea bell ringing, he emerged from the nursery, clean, and looking much as usual,

Alick had quite recovered his spirits, and began to talk presently about his sovereign.

'Mamma must take care of such a quantity of money,' he said.

'Yes, I think so,' said his mother. 'Where's yours, Geoffrey, dear?'

'I threw it down the well,' said Geoffrey loudly. 'I won't have it.'

'That was rather foolish,' said Mrs. Leighton, gravely, 'because, you see, it will give Robert a good deal of trouble in getting it out.'

Geoffrey said nothing, and May said that there were black-beetles in the well, which gave rise to speculations on its depth, which was inconsiderable.

Mrs. Leighton caught Geoffrey to smooth his rough hair and give him a special kiss, but he wriggled out of her arms, and she was afraid to force his confidence.

All the children joined in an unusually noisy game of hide-and-seek after tea, with entirely recovered spirits.

But at bed-time Alick said to Geoffrey—

'Geoff, if you like I'll give you half my black guinea pig, and you shall give me half your white one.'

'Why?' said Geoffrey.

'I thought it would be nice to have them between us.'

Geoffrey gave him an odd look, almost as of an elder seeing through the childish expedient.

'Well,' he said, rather gruffly, 'if you like.'

Alick said his prayers, and having put the painful subject away from him, repeated Frank Osgood's name, with no more thought than usual.

But Geoffrey, from that day forward, left it out.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER III.

MOTHER AND SONS.

'A rosebud set in little wilful thorns.'

GENERAL OSGOOD'S visit passed, and was never repeated, nor was it often, if ever, referred to by the children. For it did not prove possible to carry out Mrs. Leighton's original notion, and let the puzzle be regarded as an open and commonplace fact of no moment to any one, easily discussed and freely commented on. It was painful and mysterious, and she felt that it must be let drop, especially as allusions to it always made Alick tearful and Geoffrey savage. So, rather against her own previous instincts, she desired Alice never to tease her brothers by referring to it, and it really could hardly be said to be known to May and Jem. She had not meant it to be a bugbear, but a bugbear it was to herself and to the children. She felt a certain sense of it in the occasional extra warmth of Alick's caresses, and fancied that the recollection of it was not absent, from a peculiar absorbed sullen look that now and then clouded Geoffrey's very pretty and attractive countenance, though he was ordinarily a merry, high-spirited child, and though violent-tempered and very rough in his ways, was somehow the mainspring of the children's life, the inventor of games, and the planner of adventures. Another fact also became evident as the twins approached their teens, namely, that he was by very much the cleverer and more industrious, the one likely to follow the father's footsteps, and shine in the world of school and college. This Fred never would do, and Alick, though bright enough in his way, was lazy and dawdling, with a wonderful faculty for getting into school scrapes. He was a very big boy, with a heavy, plain-featured face; redeemed by a pair of great, soft, dark eyes, and a sweet voice and gentle manners; while Geoffrey, in curious contrast to his refined and delicate looks, was loud-voiced and rough.

All these little peculiarities were noted in the twins, as they never were in the other children; and though Mrs. Leighton made a principle of abstaining from remarks, she knew exactly how far Geoffrey, in common with Alice and the baby Jem, retained the sharp Leighton features and her own auburn tinting; while the other three, so people said, were Barlows all over, but for their father's complexion. And yet she often said to herself that imagination must not lead her astray, as, sometimes in one lad and sometimes in the other, she believed herself to see strange traits, unfamiliar characteristics.

As for the two boys themselves, they recollected, as is often the case with children, the strange fact about themselves much oftener than any one guessed; but Alick pushed away the thought, turned to the undoubted affection by which he was surrounded, and troubled but

Digitized by Google

little about it. Nor did it give Geoffrey active pain, but the idea possessed an uncomfortable fascination for him, and his attention being always awake, he acquired much more information about the Osgood family than any one imagined.

Cousin Letty's photograph had retained its place among the family portraits, and Geoffrey studied it till he felt sure that the soft round contour was quite unlike his own. But what was that Frank Osgood like, whose name Geoffrey regarded with an intense, though silent aversion? Geoffrey entertained a strong suspicion, how acquired he could not say, that a certain old daguerrotype, which he had found tumbling about in a drawer, represented this 'near relation.' It certainly was the portrait of a handsome young man, with an aquiline nose and a bright lively expression. Geoffrey thought the nose was like his own when he felt up and down the bridge of it. But then he did not feel sure, and he could not ask whether the portrait was not 'only papa' after all. Another opinion held by Geoffrey at this time, for which he could have given no reason, was that 'papa knew.' Mamma, he felt sure, was as ignorant as they were, but he was convinced that papa knew.

He also found out that the General Osgood who had visited them was the elder brother of Frank Osgood's long dead father, that he had four sons and two daughters of his own, had been for many years in India, had a place in the country, and that altogether the Osgoods were a family of some consideration, and, if any thing, a little above the mark of the Leightons themselves. This information had been picked up by chance words of the Leighton and Barlow relations, especially on the annual Christmas visit to Granby Rectory, where Mrs. Leighton's parents still lived, and where, by the way, Geoffrey himself was a great favourite, and privately regarded as the true grandson.

This was all very well; but a London schoolboy, living in the midst of clever and lively discussion of newspapers, novels, and plays, was not so ignorant of the world as to regard the absolute silence in which Frank Osgood's fate was wrapped as insignificant. He longed to ask whether he was known to be alive, and all sorts of theories, some dangerously near the truth, were worked out in his mind.

Mrs. Leighton had never intended to conceal the facts; but she did not imagine them likely to have occurred to the children, and she never found a fitting time to speak of them.

In the third spring after General Osgood's visit, when the pair were between twelve and thirteen, Rose Barlow, the daughter of Mrs. Leighton's eldest brother, a clergyman in the north of England, came up to London to stay with her aunt, and to see a little of London society.

Rose was just eighteen, and she was the prettiest and most charming creature the Leighton children had ever seen. Alice swore eternal

Digitized by Google

friendship with her on the spot, little May was for ever at her side and the three boys all fell victims to her at once. 'Grown up' and 'come out' as Rose might be, she would play games in the garden, take long straggling walks by the river, where she would learn the names of all the steamers and the difference between 'citizens' and 'iron boats,' or up Walnut Tree Walk and the Kensington lanes, or out by Walham Green and Fulham, which she could not think so delightfully rural as did her cousins.

'Cabbages and dusty hedges!' she said mischievously one day on her return. 'Where are your wild flowers?'

'Cousin Rosie, I found a real bit of hawthorn in flower last month,' cried May. 'And there are buttercups, and milk-maids, Rosie, there are indeed!'

'It is much better than streets for the children,' said Alice, grandly.

'Children indeed!' exclaimed Geoffrey. 'Oh, *you're* come out, I suppose, and *your* frocks are made long, and *you* go to dinner-parties like Rosie, don't you?'

'She will go soon, won't you, Alice?' said Rosie.

'Oh I dare say,' returned Geoffrey; 'but it's the principle I object to. It's so mean to pretend to be bigger than you are. I don't pretend to be as big as Fred!'

'Precious little use if you did, a little whipper-snapper like you,' said Fred, comfortably.

'Geoffrey'll never grow big, he's always in a hurry,' said Alick.

'I'm not such a lazy-bones as you,' retorted Geoffrey.

'Geoff,' suddenly said Mr. Leighton's voice behind the group, 'don't use such a tone of voice to your brothers. You must not be so rough. Wherever I am I always hear *you*. You shout like a costermonger. Alick and Fred together don't equal you.'

The reproof was perfectly just, and very good-humouredly given, but Geoffrey looked as black as thunder, and Rosie, by way of making peace, said kindly—

'People are different, you know.'

'Well,' said Alice with some petulance, '*I* think Geoff *is* different from all of us. *Very* different.'

'Hush, hush, Alice,' said Alick, with a violent blush; while Geoffrey, anger breaking through his reserve, exclaimed—

'Grandmamma says I'm your very image!'

Mr. Leighton was wont to say that it was a pity that Rose with all her beauty and all her good nature was after all an inveterate goose, and perhaps she proved the fact now, for with a little eager gesture she exclaimed excitedly—

'Ah, now that is what I want to hear of! Don't quarrel, but *do* tell me all about that interesting story. How exciting and amusing not to know quite which is which.'

Digitized by Google

'We never bother about it,' said Fred, sturdily.

'I don't see why Geoff should be in a passion about it,' said Alice.

'Oh, but I should be always trying to find out! I should like it. I think Geoff is like Alice. Don't you feel a sort of instinct? I do like anything romantic.'

'It's—it's all *rot*,' said Geoffrey, furiously.

'Oh never mind, Geoffrey,' said Rosie, trying to improve matters. 'You'll find out some day, no doubt. Perhaps Mr. Osgood will come home and know which of you is his son.'

'Oh, he can't come home,' said Alice, thoughtlessly. 'He would be punished if he did. Why, he absconded!'

Even the heedless Alice flushed at her own words as she saw Rose look much shocked, while Fred said sternly—

'Hush, Alice; we're all his cousins, anyway.'

'Oh, we won't talk about it, come and dress,' said Rose, getting up from the grass where she had been sitting, and Alice, a little afraid of the look in Geoffrey's eyes, followed her.

'Come now, you two,' said Fred, after a pause. 'Never you mind about it. It can't be both of you, and it's nothing to either.'

Alick, who looked the most shocked and startled of the two, flung himself towards Fred and whispered—

'*Did* he?'

'Yes, with a lot of money. Never mind. It don't matter.'

Alick was too big now to cry comfortably, so he lay still, face downward, on the grass.

'I should like to kill him!' suddenly said Geoff.

'Oh! I—I wouldn't say that, Geoff, if I were you,' said Fred, in mild reproof.

'Yes,' said Geoffrey, 'if you were me—you would.'

'They can't have two papas, can they?' ejaculated May, who had been listening open-mouthed to this discussion.

'No,' said Fred, 'and remember no one here is to talk about it any more.'

So the subject was pushed still further back from the surface, and became a *bête noir* to all the family.

The next event after Rose Barlow's visit was over that occurred in the Leighton family was that all the children, most inconveniently caught the measles just as they ought to have been going away for their summer outing. Geoffrey was not very ill, but he was very troublesome, and most of the extra attention he received, beyond the necessary precautions, consisted in orders not to make such a noise, to mind what the nurses said to him, and not to be rude to Alice, who, recovering fast, tried to help her mother with the younger ones. He did not see much of his mother, and by and by he gathered that Alick, who had been put into another room, was much more ill than the rest, and that there was some anxiety about him. Geoffrey did not at all

Digitized by Google

realise the idea of losing his brother, but the odd notions that crossed his mind, as he thought of himself as 'the only one of the two,' would baffle description. He did not like to see Fred cry when he heard that Alick was worse, nor to think how every one was taken up with him.

The alarm, however, soon passed over, and was chiefly memorable as leading to a long conversation between Alick and his mother on the forbidden topic. When light-headed he had recurred to Rosie's thoughtless words, and had woke, crying out that he had lost mamma, he didn't belong to mamma, in a way that had distressed her much, and when he was getting better, she thought it well to talk the whole matter out with him, and, if possible, to extract the sting.

Alick seemed surprised, and said, simply: 'But I don't think much about it when I'm well, mamma. Geoff minds it a great deal more.'

'Does he? Does he ever talk about it?'

'Oh, no. *We* couldn't talk about it,' said Alick, oddly enough.

'Well,' said Mrs. Leighton, 'have you anything on your mind about it? Would you like to ask me any questions?'

Alick considered a little, and then said: 'Do you think it possible that we shall ever find out?'

'Not positively, and therefore I should advise you not to try to look out for trifling indications.'

'We should go on living just the same; we shouldn't have to—to be any one else if you did find out, mother?'

'No, Alick; nothing would make any difference. You will always bear our name; you are our children. I want you to feel the *certainty* of the family love around you, and not to dwell on this doubtful matter.'

'Well then, mother, I don't think we ought to mind it much. I do mind it somehow, but I sha'n't care so much now.'

'My darling, indeed you must not.'

'It's very good of you and of father,' said Alick, presently.

'No, dear, we can't help loving our little boys.'

'Mamma, there are two things about it I don't like.'

'What are they?'

'Why, mamma, you see, I *know* Geoff isn't my own brother.'

'Well, Alick, there *is* a very real tie between you and Geoff—for you both have the same burden to bear.'

'Yes, so we have. No one else can feel just as we do. And mamma, do—do you think that—that other man will ever come back, and then—what—what? We ought not to want him to stay away and die wicked?'

The difficulty with which Alick got out these words showed that here was the core of the trouble, and Mrs. Leighton could not talk it away.

'We know nothing about it,' she said. 'But remember this, my

Digitized by Google

boy—if God should ever lay a heavy burden on you and Geoffrey, He has given you all our love to help you to bear it. Now do not talk or think about it any more.'

'I won't,' said Alick; and with a long sigh of relief he put away all the bitterness of his lot, though deep down in his mind remained the grave sense of an especial trial.

Mrs. Leighton felt it much more difficult to talk to Geoffrey, but she resolved to make the attempt, longing for the confidence which Alick gave so freely.

She found Fred, who disliked books, making the best of the situation, and comfortably reading the *Tower of London;* while Geoffrey, who usually devoured stories of all kinds, was throwing a ball about the room, as the only possible way of making a disturbance.

'Hurray! Mother, here you are! How's Alick?' said Fred.

'Oh, much better. Well, Geoff, are you very tired of being a prisoner?'

'I hate it!' said Geoffrey.

'Well, I am going to let you out. Come into my room for a little.'

Geoffrey was so delighted at the change, and in such spirits, that she felt it an unpropitious moment; but after he had subsided a little she began—

'My dear, Alick has been troubling himself a good deal about some remarks made by Rosie, but I think I have set his mind at rest. I should be very sorry if you let any puzzles trouble you, Geoff. Shall we talk it over?'

Geoffrey fixed his eyes on her with a curious, half-frightened look, and then suddenly daring his fate, jerked out—

'Do you know which it is?'

'No, Geoffrey, I don't wish to know.'

'Do you *think* it's me?'

'I don't think about it. As I told Alick, you and he must rest sure of our love. You *know* we love you both as our own. Never mind what is doubtful. It is not a pleasant thought; but there is no need to dwell on it.'

'I think it's very hard,' said Geoffrey, frowning.

'Well, Geoff, if it is, you must both try to be all the braver and truer, and to bear it well.'

A light came into Geoffrey's eyes for a moment, but he was evidently struggling with tears.

'I *am* like Alice,' he said, fiercely; 'and I'm much cleverer than Alick—much more like papa.'

'Geoff, I don't like to see you make comparisons. Try to be kind and loving all round, and forget this grievance. Give me a kiss now, my boy. I want one.'

Then Geoffrey did come slowly near and lay his head down on her

Digitized by Google

shoulder, but the resentment in his mind was unsubdued. After all nothing that any one *said* could make any difference.

When Mrs. Leighton reported these two conversations to her husband, he said—

'I shall send them both away to school. There shall be a break in the home life, and new associations will be good for both of them. Besides, Geoffrey at least will soon outstrip Fred, and a different school will be best.'

And so, country air being also considered good for Alick, who needed change after his illness, the boys were sent to a recently modernised and very popular grammar school at Oxley, a large country town within easy distance of London.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

CLAUDE DE ST. ANGE.

A STORY OF THE CAMISARD WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VIVIA GREY,' ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

'The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.'

'There is no friend like a sister.'
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

'Grim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front.'
SHAKESPEARE.

LITTLE more did either Beatriz or Isabelle learn of what had taken place that night than what they heard from the sergeant. Raymond, when he entered the hospital, was so faint and exhausted with pain and loss of blood (though fortunately his wounds were only flesh ones) that both the girls forbore to ask him any questions, as they skilfully attended to his hurts, and as soon as they had finished the lieutenant left the room. No one came near the two maidens till their time had expired, when they were relieved by Janet and Teresa (the countess's Scotch, and Beatriz's Spanish, attendants), and these two neither offered nor were asked for any explanations. The next morning, however, just as the two girls had risen, the countess entered their room.

'I did not wish you to hear much last night,' she said, after receiving their morning greetings, 'because I know good news is sometimes worse than bad news for spoiling one's rest, but I now can tell you that I have very good news indeed.'

'Of the very best,' said Isabelle, embracing her mother again, 'is it not?'

'Yes, of the very best. You know that Claude has returned, but you do not know that we are now almost safe; that the Camisards have retired, and that by to-morrow evening eight hundred of the king's soldiers will be in the Cevennes.'

'Thank God!' said both the hearers at once, and Isabelle's eyes filled with tears of joy as she added, with clasped hands, 'Oh, mother, what news! How good, how very good of God to grant us this deliverance. I cannot realise it yet; all this cruel time over, and Claude safe, quite safe, and with us again! Have you seen him? Does he look much altered?'

'Hardly,' said the countess; 'just for a moment,' in answer to Isabelle's question. 'He does look altered, Isa. He has gone through

Digitized by Google

perhaps more than we have. He has been wounded, and a prisoner in the enemy's camp for weeks and weeks.'

'And now is safe,' said Isabelle. 'Mother, shall we ever be thankful enough?'

'No, Isa,' said her mother, kissing her, 'never thankful enough; but, Isa and Beatriz, shall we kneel together now, and give thanks?'

'Yes,' said Isabelle; but Beatriz rose and said quietly—

'I have promised to help Sister Louise at the hospital this morning, and she will be expecting me now, so I must not stay here,' and without more ado she hastened from the room, leaving the countess somewhat astonished at this abrupt movement on her part. She looked at Isabelle, as if to ask the reason of this proceeding, but Isabelle looked so dismayed and sad that the countess said, almost sharply—

'Isa, what is the meaning of it? Why does she always avoid me? Answer me; you can tell.'

'Has my father said nothing to you about her?' answered Isabelle, somewhat evasively.

'No. What does it all mean? Don't look so frightened, my Isa; I am not angry with you.'

'Do you really wish to know?' said Isabelle, kneeling at her mother's feet and lifting her face with a beseeching look. 'I wish you would ask papa.'

'I want *you* to tell me. I cannot tease your father about Beatriz now.'

'Mother,' said Isabelle, 'you will not be angry with Beatriz, but you know she was always very religious, and—and she thinks, she has been taught by some one, that she ought not to join in prayer with any one who—who is not a Catholic,' said the poor girl at last, using the mildest term she could.

The countess was silent some time and covered her face with her hands; at last she said, in a tolerably calm voice—

'You were right to tell me of this, dear Isa. I know whom you mean; but you, my darling—she has not poisoned your mind against me; you will not refuse to pray with your mother?'

A tender kiss and loving embrace were the only answer Isabelle could give.

When the inmates, both new and old, of the castle met at their noon-day meal, it may well be imagined that conversation did not flag. Till this time neither Isabelle nor Beatriz had seen Claude, and the rest of the females had barely seen him. But now all made up for lost time, and experiences were pretty freely exchanged, and all the more freely because, for the first time since the eventful midsummer day, all within the castle felt that they could converse in peace without the possibility of an assault rudely interrupting them. The glad news was true. Villars was on the march from Paris at the head of sixty thousand of the best soldiers in France, and would arrive in the

Digitized by Google

Cevennes ere many days. Montreveil had roused himself, and determined to deal Cavalier a crushing blow ere he was superseded, while not a red-coat from England had yet landed; and, what more nearly touched the garrison of St. Ange, the beleaguering bands of Roland and Castanet had retreated from their position at the head of the valley and had evidently retired into the more mountainous part of the Cevennes, and Francis Grey was expected at latest by the evening of the next day, to reach St. Ange at the head of eight hundred men, both horse and foot—an army which would not only defeat any assault, but render such an attempt impracticable. No wonder that all who gathered round the table seemed as if a great load had been taken off their minds.

'Who is this Colonel Grey, Claude?' asked the count of his son; 'one of the exiled Scottish gentlemen, I suppose?'

'I believe he is an Englishman, but Captain O'Neale can tell you more about him than I can.'

'Yes,' said O'Neale. 'Colonel Grey is an Englishman, but he was born in Scotland, and has been nearly all his life in France. He joined the Scottish guards when quite young.'

'Have you known him long?' said the countess.

'I met him first, madame, at the passage of the Boyne, under rather untoward circumstances. I was covering the retreat of my own tenants.'

'Alone?' said Raymond.

'Yes, worse luck, and exposed to a raking fire from a company of Dutch musketeers.'

'Were you wounded?' said Isabelle.

'No, mademoiselle; they tried hard to hit me, but not one bullet found its mark. Well, as I was defending the rear, Colonel Grey came up to my assistance with some forty horsemen, and effectually stopped the fire of the Dutch by cutting them to pieces; but it was too late, my regiment was all over the place by that time, poor boys. I don't blame them; they had not more than a dozen muskets among them, and of these barely six would go off.'

'Then what were they armed with?'

'Pikes, and thick sticks shod with iron mostly; a few had scythes and pitchforks, and one fellow had a flail.'

'And do you mean to say that men armed in that fashion faced the English?' asked Raymond, incredulously.

'No, they did not face them, that's just what I told you; but barring the musket balls which they could not abide, they would have made their sticks ring on the Saxon skulls I'll be bound.'

Every one by this time was on the verge of laughter, but the count, fearing that offence might be given, put in hastily—

'Well, Captain O'Neale, Lord Clare brought out a splendid body of soldiers from your land in 1691.'

Digitized by Google

'He did, and I was one of them,' answered the gallant captain in the most innocent manner, whereat the count had recourse to his snuff-box, and Annette laughed outright; but, no way disconcerted, O'Neale continued—

'But it was Colonel Grey you were asking after, madame?'

'Yes,' said the countess, 'what is his Christian name?'

'Is it his Christian name you want? Francis it is.'

'Francis! Was his father a clergyman?'

'Of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, yes.'

'I too am a member of the Scottish Communion,' said the countess, 'and twelve years ago—no, sixteen it must be now—my father, Sir Nigel Hamilton, was entertained by a clergyman, Ralph Grey his name was, at a little village in the west. I remember him perfectly, and I know he told me his son Francis was then in the Scottish Guards. You remember the clergyman, *mon ami*?'

'Yes,' said the count. 'I had been invited to Edinburgh that year, and I took my wife and my daughter Isabelle with me. Do you recollect our visit, Isa?'

'Yes, though I was but a child, I remember Mr. Grey well, and his daughter too.'

'Did you know Mistress Vivia Grey?' said O'Neale, in so strangely altered a tone that all were moved with wonder.

'Vivia, yes, that was her name. I remember I asked her whether she was named after the Martyr Saint Vivia Perpetua. I recollect her answer, that she hoped to be worthy of her name.'

'Poor thing,' said O'Neale sadly, in a low voice as if talking to himself, 'how strangely that wish was accomplished.'

'Why, what became of her?' said Isabelle.

'I wish you had not asked me that question,' answered O'Neale, 'for her fate was a dreadful one; she suffered at the stake on a false charge of sorcery,* and may I perish when I forget her wrongs,' he added in a low bitter tone.

There was a universal exclamation of horror at this terrible recital. Poor Isabelle turned quite white, and the countess thought for a moment that she was going to faint, and inwardly wished the loquacious captain safe again in his own land, but the girl recovered herself with a strong effort, and, looking earnestly at O'Neale, said—

'How could they do such a thing. Who was it did it?'

'The Presbyterians, the Scotch Huguenots, Mademoiselle; she was accused of having bewitched one of their ministers?'

'And was she burnt alive?'

'No, the wretches strangled her first.'

'Really, Captain O'Neale,' said the countess, 'you must remember all we have gone through of late, and not tell us such horrible stories.'

* See story entitled 'Vivia Grey,' in the *Churchman's Companion*, 1875, vol. i.

Digitized by Google

'Forgive me, madame, you are right. I have lived too long in the camp, I am afraid.'

'It was my fault for asking you,' said Isabelle, but her lip quivered as she spoke, and O'Neale began inwardly to curse his Irish habit of blundering into unfortunate topics on all occasions, when fortunately Raymond came to the rescue.

'How soon is Marshal Villars expected at Nismes?'

'In a few weeks now,' answered O'Neale relieved, 'and then the war will end.'

'Are you sure of that?' said Claude, who had hitherto scarcely spoken.

'Why,' answered O'Neale, 'you know what Villars is, he will be merciful enough to conciliate, and firm enough to repress.'

'I know Roland, if not Cavalier, will fight to the last, and it will take a long time to exterminate these mountaineers in their strongholds in the Upper Cevennes; but so far you are right, Captain O'Neale, if any man can put an end to the war it is Villars.'

'And God grant he may!' said the countess.

'But, Claude,' said Annette, 'we have heard nothing about your adventures last night, nor yours either M. Deslys.'

'I have little to relate, mademoiselle,' said Raymond, 'save that Colbert and I got separated in the dark, and that I lost my way, and after wandering up and down was seen by a picquet, challenged, pursued, and fired at, and followed by two men to the verge of the moat who turned out to be your brother and Captain O'Neale—much to my relief, for I was just preparing to sell my life dearly.'

'Yes,' put in O'Neale, 'and the chevalier and I, mademoiselle, had been crouching under a furze bush for nearly an hour, afraid to stir because of that same picquet, when, just as I was beginning to feel stiff, the whole picquet set off up the valley after Lieutenant Deslys, and we slipped by and then joined in the pursuit, singing psalms so vigorously that one of the foremost pursuers stopped and bade me go on alone saying "Good luck have thou. . . . ride on, and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things," which I hope it may do. So nothing loath we pursued M. Deslys to the verge of the moat.'

'The psalm singing was mostly on your part, my friend,' said Claude laughing, 'but your singing was nothing to your prophesying when we were stopped by some of Catinat's horse.'

'Saul among the prophets!' said O'Neale. 'Well, I did my best, I do think.'

After they had risen, Claude walked with his father on to the ramparts to look at the defences.

'How many efficient soldiers have we?' said Claude, when the inspection was over.

'About sixty fighting men, including some of the invalids,' said the count, 'but barely twenty-five soldiers. Foresters, lackeys, scullions, equerries, and peasants make up the rest.'

Digitized by Google

'Who, however, are fairly well disciplined and armed,' put in Raymond; '*à propos*, M. le Comte, what shall you do when the expected succours arrive?'

'As soon as possible, I hope to send the females of the château to Nismes. I don't know about myself, I suppose I am too old to fight, and must follow them.'

After supper that evening the whole of the young people off duty, consisting of Edouard, Claude, Raymond, O'Neale, Beatriz, Annette, and Isabelle, went into the garden to enjoy the cool air, and sat down together in a small pavilion or summer-house near the lake at the foot of St. Agnes's rock. The air was cool, the twilight pale and serene, a few stars shone in the sky, and on the tops of the far western hills the sunset still glowed; altogether the scene favoured converse of a subdued sort, and so the little party found.

'What a fine rock that is,' said O'Neale, gazing at the rock of St. Agnes, 'that one in front of us I mean.'

'Oh, the rock of St. Agnes,' said Isabelle, 'yes, it is a grand object. There used to be a convent on the crest just overlooking our garden, but the Huguenots burnt the place.'

'And the nuns in it,' said Annette, 'all except one.'

'That Carmelite sister who sat by Senorita da Scala, I suppose, was the only survivor?'

'Yes,' said Beatriz.

'And she wishes she had been burnt too,' remarked Annette.

'Why?' said O'Neale.

'Oh, the Carmelites hurt themselves so much, as a rule, that burning would have been a trifle—besides she would have been a martyr, and have become Saint Louise instead of remaining merely Sister Louise. Don't look angry, Beatriz, you know it is true.'

'I don't know it,' retorted Beatriz; but O'Neale put in hastily—

'I am attached to the Carmelites, Mademoiselle de St. Ange; my only sister, Lucia, belongs to a convent of their order. But was the convent dedicated to St. Agnes, and is the rock named after her for that reason?'

'Oh, no,' said Isabelle, 'the rock was called St. Agnes's rock for hundreds of years before the convent was built. If you look at it you will see it resembles a female head; besides, St. Agnes is said to have appeared to a shepherd's daughter one day as she was sitting on the hill with her sheep.'

'Indeed!' said O'Neale; 'I almost forget the story of St. Agnes.'

'Isa can tell you,' said Annette. 'St. Agnes is her patroness; Isabelle Agnes, you know, is her name. Can't you sing the legend of St. Agnes, Isa?'

'I had rather not do so now,' said Isabelle, in a low voice.

'No,' answered Annette, in the same tone; 'you are so devout, Isa, you do not like to sing such things except on your knees; but,' she

Digitized by Google

added, kissing her sister, 'I ought not to talk so; you are so good, Isa, not to be cross.'

'Nonsense,' answered Isabelle, with a smile, 'I have no intention of kneeling on this wet grass, you may be sure, but,' she added, raising her voice, 'you must know the story of St. Agnes, Captain O'Neale.'

'It is terrible heresy,' remarked Edouard, 'in Isa's opinion, not to know it.'

'Nevertheless, I *have* forgotten it. I could tell you the legend of S. Patrick, mademoiselle.'

Isabelle smiled.

'I have no doubt you could,' she answered; 'is he your patron?'

'Patrick is my name,' said O'Neale, 'at least one of my names. 'You should see my country, mademoiselle.'

'Are your mountains like the Cevennes?'

'Oh, no, far more lovely: and we have beautiful lakes.'

'I should like to see Ireland; Scotland I do know a little.'

'Isa is getting quite fascinated,' remarked Edouard, *sotto voce*, to Claude; '*quel preux chevalier cet Irlandais?*'

'She might do worse,' answered Claude; 'Captain O'Neal is a grand fellow, but there are very few men fit to match with Isabelle.'

'Our Saint Isabelle, *je le crois bien*,' replied Edouard; 'but come, can we not have one song? M. Deslys, let us have a Norman ballad.'

'After Captain O'Neale,' said Raymond.

'Sure, are ye asking me to sing—but my songs are all of battles.'

'Well, then, Beatriz, will you sing us the *Crusader's Grave?*'

'A melancholy subject,' suggested Raymond.

'I will sing if Isa will,' said Beatriz.

'Will not Captain O'Neale favour us?' asked Annette.

'If you wish it,' said O'Neale, bowing; 'I will sing a crusader's song.'

'Bravo!' said Edouard.

Silence having been established, O'Neale began—

'Ho! champions of the blood-red sign,
The foeman's camp survey!
Behold the Soldan's battle line,
The Paynim's dark array!
Swift o'er the sand the squadrons ride,
And loud is the cymbals' ring:
To-day is Christ the Lord defied,
And the heathen gather on every side
Against the Christian's King.

'Ho! soldiers of the temple!
Ho! knights of good St. John!
Lay low the spears that may not rise
Till the victory is won.

Digitized by Google

'Charge for the cross and crown to-day!
Charge for the thrones of light!
What foemen shall your onset stay?
Though stern and dark in dense array
Proud Islam waits the fight.

'On to the shock! The spears are red,
The dogs of Islam yield:
Each Paynim turns his charger's head
Before the red-cross shield.
But vain would they seek o'er the plain to fly,
Vain may the boldest turn and die,
Loud is the Templars' rallying cry,
Shout of St. John's brave chivalry,
Over the gory field.

'The strife is past, the conflict done,
And o'er the stricken plain
Gleams red and bright the sinking sun
As each champion draws his rein:
On helm and crest the sunlight glows,
And o'er the dead a radiance throws,
Type of God's deathless light, on those
Who ne'er may fight again.'

Now, M. Deslys, we must ask you,' said O'Neale, 'or will Mademoiselle Isabelle favour us. If you could sing us the legend of St. Agnes I should be charmed.'

Isabelle blushed, and turning to Edouard, said in a low voice—

'Do you mind? Would it be wrong?'

'Wrong! Hardly that, my dear child; indeed, though our immediate dangers are past, we may well be glad to fortify ourselves with a story of the triumphs of the saints.'

'If mademoiselle would rather not sing,' began O'Neale courteously; but Edouard interrupted.

'Your pardon, Captain O'Neale, but I am sure Isa will not disappoint us; and I am also sure Claude will like to hear his old favourite.'

Thus adjured, Isabelle began in a sweet, though trembling voice—

I.

*'"Bring me no pearls to bind my hair,
No jewels bring to me.
Dearer by far the Crown of Thorns
Of Him who died for me.

II.

"Oh, were I worthy round my brow
To twine *that* diadem,
Nought would I reck of pearls below
Or earthly bridal gem.

III.

'"A crown of thorns! A crown indeed
For a maiden's forehead meet—
The crown that made my Saviour bleed
To Agnes' brow were sweet.

* See for first line a short ballad in Mrs. H. B. Stowe's *Agnes of Sorrento*.

Digitized by Google

IV.

'"Yet think not I can ere forget
Thy vows to me to-day,
That thou mayest know thy Saviour yet
Will Agnes ever pray."

V.

'She ceased, and on the tempter fell
Remorseless fury came;
A whisper from the lowest hell
Turned love to anger's flame.

VI.

'"And durst thou, maiden, spurn my love,
A Roman's suit defy?
Win, if thou canst, thy spouse above—
Follow thy Lord and die."

VII.

'They dragged her to the judgment seat,
The lictors closed her round,
With cruel cords her tender feet
And little hands they bound.

VIII.

'But vain was the eagle's pride that day,
Vain the stern prefect's will,
The savage torturer's fierce display
With fear that young heart to fill.

IX.

'E'en when upon the pile she stood
The flames were backward driven,
And vainly raged the multitude
Against the child of Heaven.

X.

'Till the maiden martyr raised her eyes
And clasped her hands to pray,
"Father, accept the sacrifice
Of a virgin life to-day."

XI.

'Then the keen sword flashed in the sunlit air,
"The work of death was done,"
And angels bore the spirit fair
To the rest beneath the Throne.

XII.

'And God's own hand shall still defend
His children when they kneel
For grace to keep their souls unstained
'Neath the pure spirit's seal.

XIII.

'Then glory be to Him whose power
Still quells each ghostly foe,
Yes, grant us all in danger's hour
St. Agnes' faith to show.'*

* In case the members of any Guild dedicated to St. Agnes should care to make use of this ballad they are heartily welcome to do so.

Digitized by Google

'Thank you, indeed, mademoiselle,' said, O'Neale, whose eyes were filled with tears (for, like most of his countrymen, he was excessively emotional), 'I remember now the tale of St. Agnes. By whom was the ballad written?'

'I am afraid,' said Isabelle, 'you must ask Beatriz.'

Beatriz blushed crimson.

'I did write it, but only because Sister Agathe asked me.'

'Oh, here is mamma,' remarked Annette, as the countess made her appearance on the lawn. 'We have kept a seat for you,' she added, addressing her mother.

'Where, Annette?' said the countess, with a smile, as she approached the little group.

'Between Claude and Isa,' answered Annette.

'Can you make room?' said the countess; then, as she took her place, she continued, 'it is like old times to see you girls in the garden again.'

'With no fear of Huguenot bullets,' answered Annette. 'Isa, can't you fancy a Camisard crouching behind the ruins up there, ready to send a ball right among us?'

'Don't, Netta,' said Isabelle, glancing round her in a timid manner, 'they are all gone, I trust. Mamma, who is in the salon?'

'Sister Louise and Cecile. I have arranged that you shall have no night duty, you want a good rest, and Beatriz, too, would be the better for a quiet night.'

'Well,' said Claude, rising, 'I must go on guard; just hand me my carabine, Annette; it is not loaded, so don't be afraid; *à propos*, Deslys, you relieve me.'

'Hold,' said O'Neale, 'I mean to take my turn, I can assure you. I'll take the watch now, if you like.'

'Well, I don't mind. I will just accompany you to the main guard.'

'What a strange gentleman that Captain O'Neale is,' remarked Annette, as soon as the individual she spoke of was out of hearing; 'he seems very fond of hearing his own voice.'

'You are severe, Netta,' said her mother. 'I thought you were so anxious always to meet a stranger. I like Captain O'Neale, but I wish he would not talk as he does about some things.'

'About poor Vivia Grey?' said Isabelle. 'O mamma, I cannot bear to think of it. I wonder whether Captain O'Neale ever saw her?'

'I fancy not,' answered the countess; 'he is a great friend of her brother Francis, whom we all hope to see to-morrow; but I do not think he ever saw Vivia.'

'I almost wish I had not,' said Isabelle.

'I don't know, Isa, that you ought to say that; it is a great thing to have known those who walk in white before the Throne.'

Digitized by Google

'Ah yes,' said Raymond; 'I would sooner have ten friends in heaven than one on earth.'

'And they can do so much more for you there,' remarked Beatrix.

'I did not mean that only,' answered Raymond. 'It is of them, not myself, I would think; in heaven they are, what they cannot be on earth—safe.'

'Well,' said the countess, rising, 'I must go in; and it is getting late for you to sit out. I want you, Beatriz, to help me for an hour or so; and, Netta, you may come too. Isabelle——'

'Isabelle is going to take a stroll with me,' said Claude, who had just returned.

'Very well,' said the countess; 'don't stay out late. And, Edouard, shall I send Urbain to wheel you in?'

'I will do that,' said Raymond.

'Thank you,' said Edouard; 'and then you must sit with me a little, and talk about Dante.'

'That will do very well,' said the countess; 'and perhaps I may join you presently.'

'Don't you think, Claude,' said Isabelle, as they walked up and down beside the water, 'that it will tire you to walk about before going on guard?'

'No,' said Claude. 'It won't hurt me, Isa; and I have had very little exercise to-day.'

'But last night?'

'Oh, as to that, I am an old campaigner; besides, O'Neale and I rode nearly the whole way in a cart which we borrowed of a peasant.'

'Borrowed, Claude?' said Isabelle, looking amused.

'Well, he was taking supplies to the Camisards, so we turned him and them out and got in, but we did not hurt the man; on the contrary, O'Neale gave him a louis d'or to console him. I am glad you like Captain O'Neale, Isa. He has been a good friend to me.'

'He is very amusing,' said Isabelle; 'besides, one always has an interest in those who are exiles for the faith. I wonder whether all danger is over, Claude?'

'Why should you doubt it?'

'I don't know, but I feel to-night as if something would happen. Beatriz says we deserve to suffer.'

'Well, certainly the soldiers of the most Christian King have not been famous for leniency.'

'O Claude, Beatriz means that they have been too lenient, and those Huguenots *must* be very wicked men.'

'Some of them are, doubtless; and no wonder, after the way they have been treated, that they are not very mild in their measures.'

'They meant to kill you, did they not?'

'I believe if I had stopped another day among them, they would have done so, Isa.'

Digitized by Google

'Thank God you are safe then with us! Claude, it seems like a horrid dream, this dreadful siege. I do hope Marshal Villars will crush the revolt.'

'If he does, it will be by unsparing bloodshed. Isa, do you know that the Camisards, both men and women, are hunted down and destroyed like wolves when caught by our soldiers.'

'And are they not rebels and murderers?'

'If they are, one ought not to hate them, and treat them like vermin.'

'But rebellion must be put down, and murder punished, surely?'

'Yes, it must; but these measures need not have been resorted to, if justice had been done at first. Why should not these men have been allowed to worship God in their own way?'

'I cannot argue with you, Claude; but heresy is a fearful sin, and then it spreads. Oh, Claude,' she added, taking his hand in both hers, and looking up in his face, 'you are not a heretic, are you?'

'Why do you ask, Isa? But I am *not* a Huguenot.'

'Then my prayers are answered, and you are still a Catholic.'

'A Catholic! Yes, I suppose I am a Catholic, but few would own me as one.'

'Why not? You believe still, as you always did, in our Saviour, do you not?'

'Yes, Isabelle,' he answered, with an emphasis that made her start, 'I do believe in HIM from the bottom of my heart.'

'Then surely you are a Catholic. One cannot believe in Christ and be a Protestant, can one?'

'It depends on what one means by belief; but of this be assured, I am no Protestant, and never can be one.'

'Then I ought to be satisfied. If not a Protestant, you must be a Catholic.'

'Does that follow, Isa?'

'Yes,' she said, looking surprised. 'Mamma is a Catholic, at least, Father Maurice used to say so; and our great bishop, Monseigneur de Meaux, holds that the Church of England is Catholic in a sense, and that her priests are like ours; for, Claude,' she continued, 'in that Church they have Bishops, and they confirm as we do, and mamma says that many of their clergymen hear confessions, and they reverence the Holy Sacraments, though not so much as we do; in fact, I heard Father Maurice say that he thought in some ways that the Churches of England and Scotland and that in the East were more like the Church of the Holy Apostles than our own Church.'

'Why, what a theologian you are, Isabelle,' said Claude. 'And so you think that I may be a Catholic without believing everything that priests say?'

'Why not? they do not all speak alike. M. de St. Etienne was not like Father Maurice, and yet they were both priests. And, Claude,' she continued, in a lower voice, 'M. de St. Etienne once told me I

Digitized by Google

ought to pray to our dear Lady and St. Agnes every day; and I asked Father Maurice at my next confession, and he said that the Church only taught her children to pray to God and the Saviour, but that there was no harm in asking the blessed Virgin, or my own dear St. Agnes, to pray for me, just as I might ask you, but that the Church held that all power, save of prayer, was in God alone; and so I ask our Lady and St. Agnes to pray for me, but I do not pray to them.'

'I remember hearing Monseigneur de Meaux say the same, Isa, in a sermon at Versailles once; but I have heard other priests talk differently.'

'It is a pity they do not all say the same,' said Isabelle, so simply that Claude could not but smile. 'But, Claude, you pray to the Saviour, do you not?'

'Yes.'

'But the Huguenots do not believe in Him; they do not kneel when they see the Host; they only adore their Bibles.'

'But, Isa, what is the Bible?'

'The Word of God.'

'Well, I have been reading it in French lately.'

'I wish I could. I have read a great deal in the Latin, but I wish I had a French translation. Beatriz had a Spanish one, but M. de St. Etienne took it away from her; he said it was not right to read anything but the Vulgate.'

'But, Isa, the Huguenots read the Bible a great deal.'

'I know they do, but I wonder how much they understand it. Have you ever talked to them about it, Claude?'

'Constantly, Isa. They admit that their faith is different from the faith of the first age of the Church. The question, in my mind, is not what the Church teaches now, but what she taught then. I cannot understand the Bible, and the Huguenots cannot—at least they cannot make sense out of it, and much that they say seems contrary to it.'

'But surely the Word of God can have but one meaning. Father Maurice told me that the Huguenots make it mean whatever they like, but that the Church in all ages has interpreted it after the mind of the Apostles. He always approved of people reading the Bible, you know.'

'Yes, I know he did. I have read the whole of the New Testament lately.'

'Oh, I wish I could read it all. I *should* like to know all my Saviour said when on earth; but, Claude, you should talk over these things with Edouard, he really is a theologian. I know so little. But I am glad that you are with us—and Claude, that reminds me, I must go to Edouard soon. I see that he and M. Deslys have gone in.'

'And I must go on guard. I am glad we have had this talk, Isa; we may not have many more on earth.'

Digitized by Google

'Why? do you fear any particular danger?'

'No, but I shall soon be on another campaign, I suppose, and you, I believe, will accompany my mother to Scotland soon; that is what I believe my father means you to do. You would sooner go with her than to a convent at Nismes?'

'Much sooner. I don't much like convents.'

'I understand Beatriz intends to take the veil at the convent of the Carmelites of the White Sword as soon as the siege is over.'

'Then she has settled finally,' and the tears came into Isabelle's eyes as she spoke. 'I ought not to mind it, but we have been such close companions, Claude, all our lives; still she will think of and pray for me there. What is to become of Annette?'

'She will go with my father to Paris, and Edouard is going to be a guest at the Benedictine Priory where he used to study; his old friend Bernardin S. Croix is Prior now, and he has long wished to pay him a visit.'

'I don't like Edouard to go there alone; but they would hardly allow me to enter a monastery.'

'No, I fear the reverend fathers would stare if they saw a young lady within their walls; but the priory will be a comfortable home and he will have the best medical treatment there, much better than he gets here; I won't say better nursing, lest I should hurt your feelings, Isa.'

'And so the old home will be left desolate,' said Isabelle, mournfully.

'Not desolate, it will be filled with soldiers. Courage, Isa, it will not be for long; and after all, dearest, we all look to a home not made with hands. There, perhaps, we two shall talk of these things again, but knowing as we are known. And now I must go on guard. Where will you be when M. Deslys relieves me?'

'With Edouard, probably, in his room.'

'Well, *au revoir* till then.'

Claude, as he paced up and down the rampart with his carabine on his shoulder, had plenty to occupy his thoughts. He had scarcely realised the existence in the Church of other and milder forms of belief, than those which hounded the civil power against heresy. So long had he been away from the provinces either on campaigns or at the capital, where Jesuit policy triumphed, that he had accredited the Gallican Church with being committed to the extremes alike of belief and practice put forward by the followers of Loyola. And it had now dawned on him that the Church was far larger and wider, at its worst, than the Calvinistic sect arrayed against it, and that after all his refuge might be still in the faith of his childhood. In fact, the truth that there was no resting place between Catholicism at least of some sort, and Socinianism became more evident, since in the Church of his own land there were many who could not tolerate what

Digitized by Google

had first roused his resentment against her, and as to his dream of a religion without priests of some sort, what was that but Socinianism? Besides, what could he do? He had been rejected by the Huguenots while the Church opened her arms to him, and if she said things which he found not in the Scriptures, did not Calvinism run into the other extreme and pare down the very Scriptures themselves to a few mutilated epistles. Perhaps after all his best plan would be to seek out some priest of known piety and knowledge, and lay bare all his doubts and distress of mind, there were those in the Church who would not turn away from one who knocked at the door, which is ever opened to suppliants. And if his mind were torn by doubts and anguish, he could pray still; neither priest nor minister was needed to present his prayers to God. But stay, was there not, even in prayer, one man standing betwixt the soul and its God, the Man Christ Jesus, and did not priestly hands present the prayers of saints, namely, those of the four-and-twenty elders seated round the Throne. (So much for Socinianism, and those who unknowingly aid it by seeking to eliminate the sacerdotal element from religion if the Bible be true.) But Claude, as these texts flashed through his mind, still felt that it made no difference to him by whom his prayers were received and presented, he could pray all the same. And pray he would, night and day, he vowed inwardly, for he felt he could do nothing else, and he also considered that those he knew and loved best prayed most; was prayer the cause or the effect of their holiness? Both, they were holy because they prayed, and they prayed because they were holy.

On Raymond's arrival to relieve him, Claude ceased his formal walk up and down the ramparts; but, ere he returned into the castle, he took a turn with his lieutenant, with whom he had scarcely exchanged a dozen words, save on business, since his return to St. Ange. Claude noticed that the young lieutenant seemed somewhat gloomy and depressed, and that his replies were short, as they talked; only once his face lighted up, as Claude said something which showed him that his friend's loyalty was restored, and at last Claude, fearing that the memory of his behaviour, the last night they had been together, might yet be fresh in his friend's mind, said frankly—

'Deslys, I have long wished to ask you to forgive me my cruel remarks to you that last night we were together.'

Raymond turned with a smile.

'My dear Chevalier, I hoped you had forgotten it; nor was I entirely blameless in the matter?'

'But you forgive me?'

'*Celà va sans dire*,' answered Raymond. 'Ah, Chevalier, to have you back again *with* us is more than I dared hope.'

'I trust the war is well-nigh over, and that our swords may be drawn next in a foreign strife; but, to tell you the truth, I doubt if Roland has really given up all hope of the castle. The only reason I

Digitized by Google

can bring forward for his retreat, is that he has gone to reinforce Cavalier, who is likely to be hard-pressed by Montreveil; but even then Cavalier will probably fall back towards St. Ange, and I suspect that Roland has marched to the hills just north of Nismes, or he may have heard of Grey's movements, and be watching him.'

'Where is Cavalier!'

'In the plain near Nismes I believe.'

'And you think Roland may have made up his mind to intercept Grey and the dragoons? The Scottish horse will fight hard.'

'Yes, I should not be surprised if they cut their way through Roland's troops, and gained St. Ange after all; but I must go in now.'

'Who relieves me?'

'Duvernois.'

'Right. *Au revoir.*'

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

THREE LITTLE DOGS.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

CHAPTER II.

DODO.

'One, to this world's wine, honey and corn;
The other, like Colchester natives, born
To its vinegar, only, and pepper.'
T. HOOD.

WE had a very comfortable cup of tea; just as I like it, hot and strong. I am old enough to care very much for the condition of my cup of tea. The girl was very kind; she brought me a stool and an easy chair, and went to the kitchen herself, carrying back a plate of toast for more butter. She brought me a rose from the garden. One's heart must warm to a pleasant young face, modest, and eager to show attention. I was almost reconciled to one of the bloodhounds who came running in and laid a black muzzle on the table. He was told he was naughty; but I am sure he could not have entered the house without connivance, and I inwardly vowed that our new purchase should be kept in better order.

When tea was over, my brother had not returned. Miss Haywood sent at my request to ask if he wished me to wait for him; in fact, I was growing embarrassed at my position in a stranger's house, though goodness knows how I could have reached home alone, the station being three miles away. He returned a hastily written line, 'A crisis; probably I can leave in an hour's time; wait for me if possible.'

'And you know it is *quite* convenient and a great pleasure, Miss Lennox,' said my young hostess. 'Would you like to take a little walk this fine evening?'

Eventually we *did* take a little walk.

'We passed a very fine old house as we came,' I said. 'It seemed empty. I am fond of old houses. Could we see it?'

'You mean the Bartons—a brick Elizabethan building?'

'Yes; it seemed desolate, as if it had been uninhabited for years. And yet it is just the place a city man of wealth might be proud of.'

'It is said to be haunted; and no doubt it is—by rats. People leave within a month, invariably. It has only stood empty now for a few days. Some very strange people have been there lately; a Major Sandall, with an enormous family. They say he had sunstroke in

Digitized by Google

India, poor man. Let us hope he had. He never paid a bill. They say he owed thirty pounds to the baker and twenty to the washerwoman; and people cannot afford to lose money like that, can they?' she added, with a quaint, housewifely severity. 'And last Wednesday he ran away in the night to avoid an execution. Oh, isn't it dreadful to live like that? How I pity his poor wife and children. They had such nice little funny faces.'

Presently we reached the Bartons. It lay in a garden surrounded by a wall of fine old brick toned to exquisite tints by time, roughened with lichen and wall rue, and fringed with wallflower and yellow snapdragon. A fine iron gate, with a cipher worked in its tracery, opened rustily to admit us to a grass-grown walk between spaces of old, ill-kept turf. A cedar spread its 'dark-green layers of shade,' making bars of gloom upon the sun-illumined grass. A few pale roses, phlox and golden rod, reared themselves with good-humoured obstinacy here and there among ragged shrubs.

'No one cares for us,' they seemed to say; 'the day is past in which we were tenderly nurtured. But we repay former care, and revive old memories by a cheerful resignation.'

The house seemed like a battered antique bust, with its blind eyes, its shuttered windows. Straws and fragments of paper lay collected about the cracked doorsteps. It had a noble front; heraldic bearings—dragons and swans—curled their wild tails and wings in stone above the lintel. An oriel projected overhead, a graceful casement, where a silken curtain fluttering, and a studious lady dimly seen in profile would have seemed in place. There was no creature there now. On our road, my young hostess had provided herself with the key at a shop, whose owner was to some extent the appointed guardian of the Bartons. He had brought it out to her, solemnly shaking his head over the evil ways of the last inhabitants.

The key creaked in the lock. A smell as of a mouldy cellar lay strong behind that door. The old cracked marble pavement struck chill to our feet. It was a pleasure to me to wander through the large, dim, panelled rooms, in some of which hung tattered canvases in broken frames, worthless souvenirs of faces that had once enlivened those solitudes. The signs of the runaways were less picturesque; here, a straw chair broken down, there, a footstool half emptied of its stuffing, a rag of carpet, a decrepit table, a torn shoe, a child's toy-battered and broken. I took up the last. It was a drum; there was a hole in the parchment at one end. I beat a little tattoo with my fingers on the other.

'How sad,' I said, 'to think of the children of a family such as these who have lived here. Poor little exiles, condemned to wandering and disgrace from infancy by no fault of their own. I wonder where the owner of this toy is now!'

By no means so far away as we imagined. Hardly had I spoken

Digitized by Google

when the sound of a child's voice made us start. It was a strong, determined cry, such a one as we know well if we have 'little tempers' to deal with; a cry without tears, raised for the purpose of getting the small owner's will. By its sound it came from an upper room, but it re-echoed strongly through the hollow chambers.

Miss Haywood and I gazed at each other with startled faces. Presently she broke into a genial laugh.

'If that is one of the ghosts, it cannot be a very shadowy one,' she said. 'But a poor little child alone here!'

'What can it mean?'

'Let us run and find it.'

We scampered up stairs. The voice screamed on; we tried one empty room after another. At last, in an attic smelling strongly of apples, and where some of those fruits, more or less rotten, still lay on beds of straw, we found the small cause of the disturbance.

He stood in the centre of the chamber, and screamed at us with all the power of excellent lungs. He was about four years old; sturdy, cross, and in a nice condition of dirt. He appeared to have set up his outcry because he desired our help, and to be now continuing it from dread at our appearance. He stamped and fought as the young girl knelt down and put her arms round him.

'Poor little lamb!' she said, half laughing and half crying. 'Poor little lion, rather, all alone here in this dreary place. What do you want, my pet? Are you hungry?'

No answer came; the screams continued. She put her hand in her pocket.

'I always have bits of biscuit and cake about me for my pets,' she said. 'Here, little one.'

'Ah, ha! that was the matter,' said I. 'Poor little fellow; he was famished.'

It was pitiful to see the child fall upon the bit of cake she offered him. He stopped crying at once, took the piece in his two small brown hands, and literally gnawed it, regarding us the while with a fearless defiant gaze from two big black eyes.

Now that he was quiet, we saw what a handsome child he was. Pale; that was natural.

'He must have fasted four days!' cried the girl. 'It is now Monday, and the people left on Wednesday night. Poor darling!'

'No, no; he would have been starved to death. He has certainly had food, if only apples.'

'Well, perhaps he will talk when he has eaten. Can they have left him behind, the wretches?'

'Never, intentionally.'

'But you cannot leave a child without knowing it?'

'I am not in the habit of running away at night, and I don't know what one may do under the circumstances.'

Digitized by Google

'Oh! poor lamb!' and at thought of the troubles he might have endured she was on the verge of tears again.

'What shall be done with him?' I asked, as we watched him finish the last crumbs, with an expression of countenance which led us to suspect he meant shortly to scream for more.

'I shall take him home,' she answered, 'and my brother will decide what we are to do next.'

The relics were gone; the small face began to pucker. I nerved myself and prepared to put my fingers in my ears. Miss Haywood was equal to the occasion.

'Look here, little boy,' she said, holding him firmly, as he seemed disposed to renew his kicks, 'if you are good and tell us your name, you shall come home with me and have nice supper—nice supper,' she repeated, emphatically.

A visible effect was produced. The black orbs eyed her very keenly, as if suspicion had already been bred in the young brain and the child were calculating the chances of the promise being fulfilled.

'Tell me, what is your name?'

No reply; the scrutiny continued.

'If little boy does not tell his name, he can have no nice supper.'

One admires, but cannot understand—cannot remember the reason of—the solemn sudden silence of young children. What doubts are the small minds turning to and fro? After several vain appeals, Miss Haywood, with one of the feints resorted to by people who have to manage children, turned to go away.

'Oh! very well. If little boy will not speak, little boy must stay here.'

She pulled me with her.

'I hope to goodness he will speak,' she whispered. 'One knows by animals how bad it is to let oneself be mastered at the outset; and I want to take the poor child home. But he *must* mind me, or he will worry my brother.'

We had not reached the door, when a voice behind us said, bravely yet humbly—

'I'se a dsolly 'ittle dod.'

'What is that?' said the girl, turning round with an appearance of disdainful attention.

'I'se a dsolly 'ittle dod.'

'Come along then you jolly little dog,' she cried, catching him up in her arms and covering the grimy little cheeks with kisses. 'You could not have a better plea for a refuge in *our* house. One more among twenty; what is that?'

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCVII.

1624—1626.

THE FRENCH ALLIANCE.

THE Palatinate was lost to King James's daughter, and the Spanish marriage had failed for his son; the King was angered, and Buckingham, who had resumed all his ascendency, was still more set against the whole House of Austria. The Privy Council, especially the Lord Treasurer Cranfield and the Lord Keeper Williams, who had hoped to overthrow the duke in his absence, were obliged to make the best apologies in their power. Williams went so far as to beg the favourite to receive his soul in gage and pawn; and obtained the haughty answer, 'I will not seek your ruin, though I shall cease to study your fortune.'

The nation was, as usual, eager to sustain the cause of their princess, and as this was impossible without supplies, James ventured again to summon a Parliament. The duke had taken a Puritan chaplain named Preston, and through him came to an understanding with the chief lords of that party, Southampton, Saye and Sele, and some of the Commons, and it was agreed that the duke should surrender some of his dependants whose rapacity had angered the country, and that he should join the war party, while the Commons assured him that supplies should be granted.

The meeting of Parliament was postponed for a week by the sudden death of the Lord Steward, the Duke of Richmond, who, as Lennox, had been the King's friend and companion from his youth up. Williams preached his funeral sermon, with the text—'Zabul, the son of Nathan, was principal officer and the king's friend.'

The session began with a speech from the throne, in which James related, from his own point of view, all his negotiations concerning his son-in-law's domains and his son's marriage, declaring that, though he had sometimes permitted relaxation of the penal statutes, he had never dispensed with any, nor intended to alter any, that concerned religion. He ended by bidding the members follow S. Paul's advice to beware of genealogies and curious questions, nor let any stir them up to law questions, debates, quirks, tricks, and jerks. Lord Keeper Williams then followed—'A Lacedæmonian being invited to hear a man that could counterfeit very well the notes of a nightingale, put him off with these words, αυτης ηκουσα, "I have heard the nightingale herself." And why should you be troubled with the

Digitized by Google

croaking of a Chancellor that have heard the words of a most eloquent King!'

After more of the same style of compliment he bade the Commons choose a Speaker, when they elected Serjeant Crowe. Numerous petitions were presented by the Commons against the Lords Treasurer and Keeper, but they were not followed up, and Buckingham told the story of the Spanish match in his own way, not venturing to allude to despatches, lest they should be called for and found to contradict him. He made out that it was all the fault of the Spaniard's double-dealing that the affair had been broken off, and that public spirit had taken himself and the prince to Madrid, as the only means of discovering the real design of the Spanish court, and that they returned when it proved that there was no chance of obtaining the restitution of the Palatinate, or indeed anything but false professions. The prince vouched for his accuracy, and Lord Bristol, who might have explained the matter in an inconvenient manner, was confined to his house by an order from the council.

The Spanish ambassadors were, however, greatly offended, and declared that if one of their own countrymen had so spoken of a great king at amity with their sovereign, he would have paid the forfeit with his head. The two houses of Parliament, however, defended the duke, declaring that his speech denounced the acts of the ministers of the King of Spain, not himself. Sir Edward Coke called Buckingham the saviour of his country, and the people hooted the Spanish ambassadors, and lit bonfires for joy at the breaking off of the treaty with the nation whom they hated.

The Parliament declared that the negotiations with Spain could not be continued with honour, and the whole cry of the nation was for war; but James was still unwilling. He had loved and followed peace all his days; he viewed the quietness of his reign as one of his resemblances to Solomon, and dreaded war with so powerful a nation with all the nervous timidity of his character.

The Spaniards laughed the war to scorn, for they believed, on Gondomar's authority, that it would be revolt of mice against cats, for there were no men in England, the King was timid, and the prince weak and inexperienced.

However, James told the Commons that the war should begin if they would grant him supplies, for his treasury was empty, his navy decayed, his allies poor; and he added that the sums raised should be entrusted to commissioners appointed by themselves, so that they should be satisfied that all was rightly applied.

Yet, when Archbishop Abbot brought him an address promising the grant, and congratulating him on having his eyes opened to the Spanish insincerity, he broke in, declaring that he had expressed no opinion. Buckingham had made a narration from which they might judge, but he had not declared what he thought of it. In fact he wanted to be

Digitized by Google

able, in case of need, to protest that he had been forced unwillingly into the war, and he must have known, at the bottom of his heart, that Buckingham was the last person who should have complained of Spanish double-dealing.

Still, the ambassadors had not left England, though they could not succeed in having a private interview with the King. Just as a Crusade always began with a persecution of the Jews, so a war with Spain was sure to lead to severities on the Romanists, and with more reason, since every Papist was assumed to be naturally on the side of the enemy, and though many were loyal and patriotic, it was really by an inconsistency on their part. The mission priests were banished on pain of death, the Lord Mayor was charged to arrest all persons coming from mass in the houses of the ambassadors, and James consulted his Bishops on the means of educating the children of Roman families in the Anglican doctrine. The Commons proceeded to draw up lists of all the persons holding office in their several towns and counties whom they suspected of Popery, thirty-six in number, and drew up a petition for their removal. But the Lords objected that this petition condemned the persons named without evidence, and therefore they could not concur in it, so it was only given privately to the Prince to lay before the King, and no more was heard of it.

Besides this, the Parliament wished to impeach the Lord Keeper, Bishop Williams, and Lionel Cranfield, the Lord Treasurer, now Earl of Middlesex, both of whom Buckingham held to have poisoned the King's ear against him during his absence in Spain. Williams had made his peace, but Middlesex was to be surrendered. The King was unwilling to consent, but was drawn on by the Prince and Duke. Middlesex was tried without being permitted counsel, and being found guilty, his sentence was pronounced by his late associate Williams. It was the forfeiture of all his offices, banishment from court, and a fine of 50,000*l*. The King, when the sentence was reported to him, told Buckingham that he was furnishing a rod for his own back, and the prince that he would have his bellyful of impeachments. Williams, however, conferred a benefit on all future state prisoners, by inducing the Lords to pass a resolution that they should henceforward be allowed counsel to plead for them, and have copies of the depositions against them.

Williams and Buckingham were soon making common cause again. One of the Spanish ambassadors named Ynojosa, brother-in-law to the Count Duke of Olivares, contrived at an audience to give the King a little billet, which James slipped into his pocket, and which told him that he was a prisoner in his own palace, and that François Carandolet, Archdeacon of Cambrai, the Flemish secretary, had much to reveal to him, only it must be in private.

Accordingly Carandolet was smuggled into the palace while the Prince and the favourite were out, and James was pathetically warned of the

Digitized by Google

ruin they were bringing on him. After several visits of this kind, the Fleming brought a paper, telling James that he was no more free than King John of France had been in London, or Francis I. at Madrid, and that the ambassadors knew that he was soon to be shut up in a country house while the government was put into other hands. The Duke, having reconciled himself to the country party, intended to marry his daughter to the young heir of the Palatinate who stood next in the succession after Charles, and the country was now governed by a triumvirate, whereof Buckingham was the chief member, Charles the second, and James the last, all looking towards *solem orientem*. The King was therefore advised to show himself, as he really was, the oldest and wisest monarch in Christendom, by cutting off such a dangerous affecter of popularity.

James was very loth to believe such things of Baby Charles and Steenie, though he allowed that Buckingham had changed since his journey to Spain, and seemed to have he knew not how many devils in him; but finally he declared that if the Spaniards could find any definite charge, the Duke should be proceeded against.

His manner, however, betrayed his uneasiness, and the prince and duke were very anxious, especially when James suddenly set off to Windsor, taking his son with him, but forbidding Buckingham to follow, though the favourite knelt at the coach door and implored to be told his offence, and then withdrew to Wallingford House, where he lay like one stupefied. Thus he was found by the Lord Keeper, who gave him some hope.

Meanwhile, James wept all the way to Windsor, complaining that he was forsaken and betrayed by those nearest and dearest to him. The Prince could not discover much of what thus affected his Majesty, but what he did perceive made him ride back to London in the morning, and finding Williams at the House of Lords before prayers, took him aside, acknowledged his past services, and said, 'You may receive greater thanks of us both if you will spread open that black contrivance which hath lost him the good opinion of my father, and I myself am in little better condition.'

'The curtain of privacy is drawn before the picture, so that I cannot guess at the colours,' returned the Lord Keeper.

'Well, my Lord Keeper,' said the Prince, 'I expected better service from you, for if *that* (probably meaning the House of Lords) is the picture drawer's shop, no councillor in the kingdom is better acquainted than yourself with the works and workmen.'

'I might have been,' said the Keeper, 'and I am in pangs to know what misshapen creature they are drawing.'

He then disclosed that he knew that Carandolet had seen the King in private, and let Charles know that he had discovered that the secretary was in the habit of visiting a lady in Mark Lane, clever and witty, but ready on the bribe of a piece of plate to disclose all the

Digitized by Google

intelligence she could worm out of Carandolet to the emissaries of Bishop Williams. But as it was doubtful whether all could be extracted by these means, Williams next caused to be arrested a Roman Catholic priest, one of those who only existed in England on sufferance, and whom he knew to be an intimate friend of Carandolet. This brought the secretary to intercede for the prisoner, and the cunning Bishop made the price of release the explanation of all the secret dealings with the King.

Armed with this confession, and with a paper in which he had given an answer to all the charges, Williams repaired to the Prince, and advised that he and the Duke should take care that the King was never left to himself, but that one or other of them should always be with him.

They watched their opportunity and gave him the memorial, which he read deliberately saying, 'Weel, vera weel,' at every pause, and at last he embraced both of them, lamenting that he had lent an ear to foreign misrepresentations; but he bade them tell him who was their 'engineer that struck the sparks out of the flint to light the candle?'

Charles would not speak, but stood by while the Duke disclaimed all knowledge of the author of the paper. 'Weel,' said the King, 'I have a good nostril and will answer mine ain question. The Lord Keeper had the main finger in it. I dare swear he bolted the flour and made it up into paste.'

James then seemed satisfied, but Charles learnt that he intended to make further interrogations, and wrote a note to 'Steenie' warning him how best to deal with them. 'I cannot think,' he says, 'that any man is so mad as to call his own head in question by making a lie against you, when all the world knows me to be your true friend.' He therefore advised the Duke not to oppose the King, since in this lay the only real danger.

The King actually appeared on Sunday in the Council Chamber with a Bible in his hand, made all take an oath on it to answer him truly, and then examined them as to whether they knew of any designs of the Duke. They all declared themselves perfectly ignorant of any conspiracy, and Buckingham showed himself extremely hurt, and took to his bed; while the King was very unhappy and called on the Spanish embassy to produce the names of those who had slandered his son and his most faithful servant.

Ynojosa declared that he would only do this in a private interview with the King, but when the Prince and Duke prevented such a meeting, he demanded a ship to carry him home. There the English ambassador was already accusing him of intriguing and making mischief; to which he replied that Carandolet had spoken nothing but the truth, and that there were many Englishmen who could prove it if they were not afraid of Buckingham and Charles. There is reason to think that the informant of Carandolet was James's old favourite, Robert Carr, Duke

Digitized by Google

of Somerset, who would naturally look on his successor as a sort of tyrant, and the King as a captive, though he had hitherto been a perfectly willing one.

This intrigue was, however, a shock to James's confidence, and he did not like the being hurried into a war even for his daughter's sake. All the change of policy was the very contrary to the predilections of his life. He had always admired the House of Austria and disliked the German and Dutch Protestants, and here were his son, his favourite, and his Parliament dragging him into an alliance with all these detested rebels, as he regarded them in his heart, and driving him to make war with the Emperor and King of Spain.

The Dutch, too, had outraged English feeling. They were masters of the seas and had very large colonies all through the Archipelago eastward of India, in the fertile islands of Java, Sumatra, and the Moluccas, and they held the trade in the spices, after which they had named these isles, almost as a monopoly, being extremely jealous of all interference. The isle of Amboyna was regarded by them as entirely theirs, although some part of it was still held by the natives. In 1612 the English East India Company tried to form a little settlement at Cambello, on this island, but were forced to give it up. In 1619 a treaty was concluded in London by which the English held themselves permitted to trade with the natives, and a small factory was again formed in Amboyna. But the sullen Dutch vindictive spirit was roused in the local government whose centre was at Batavia, and there was great hatred and jealousy of the English. A Japanese soldier in the Dutch service chanced one evening to make close inquiries of a sentinel as to the strength of the fort, probably only following his national character for intelligent curiosity, but a Dutch officer, who heard him, took alarm lest there should be some treasonable design, and had the unhappy man tortured till he confessed whatever was put into his mouth. A Portuguese was treated in the same manner, but the English knew nothing of what was going on, until a man named Abel Price being seized and thrown into prison for some tipsy threats, saw the Japanese groaning after the torture, and was told that unless he himself made full confession of the wicked English plans the man had disclosed, worse suffering were reserved for him. The wretch in his terror, hoping to escape the rack, assented to all the questions asked him. There were twenty Englishmen and about thirty Japanese in the island, and these, it was said, meant to murder the 200 Dutch soldiers in their strong fort, besides the sturdy settlers, and seize the island. Price actually allowed the truth of this story, whereupon all the English in the factory were called into the town. They came, unsuspecting, and were instantly put into irons, while all their goods, chests, and papers were seized.

Then one by one they were put to a frightful torture, first by the rack, then being drenched with water to almost absolute bursting. If

Digitized by Google

this did not overcome them fire was applied to their hands and feet. One, named Colson, held out till he was believed to say something, but he was past uttering clearly. Another, called Griggs, agreed to everything, asking forgiveness from Heaven the moment he was released, but most of them seem to have endured till their senses forsook them. Thereupon the whole were declared guilty, and beheaded, except four, who were spared at the intercession of some Dutch merchants.

The news reaching Jacatra in Java, where there was a strong English settlement under an agent named Welden, he immediately went to Amboyna, where he was joined by the few remaining English. He obtained an account of the dying protestations of the tortured and murdered men, and then demanded an explanation from the Dutch Governor-General at Batavia, who of course justified his countryman, declaring him to have full powers from the States, and to have thus acted from mere necessity. This nobody believed, and it may be remarked that though the Dutch seized all the papers and accounts of the unfortunate factory, they never published a single one giving the slightest intimation of the alleged plot. Everybody knew that the deed had been done to frighten the English merchants away from the Spice islands. When the truth was known in England, James heartily abused the Dutch, and no doubt hoped he should be freed from his distasteful allies, but the States did not want to quarrel with England, they made promises of redress, and indeed actions done in the colonies seldom had much effect on home policy. However, the massacre of Amboyna remained a proverb of horror among English seamen. It is referred to by Defoe in *Robinson Crusoe* full half a century later, and it did much towards changing the old enthusiasm for the Dutch into fierce animosity.

At the present time, however, the Dutch were looked on as the friends of the Palatinate, and an alliance was formed with Holland, Sweden, Denmark, and the Protestant league in Germany against Austria and Spain. France, Venice, and Savoy all took up the same cause, though less openly, since they could not profess to support Protestantism against the great Catholic power.

Meanwhile, poor Elizabeth at the Hague was in doleful trouble for money. She begged, on hearing that her father was going to send her a pearl necklace, that she might have its value. She could not pay her house rent, and even more piteously declared, when her little son Louis died that she knew not where to bury him. She had almost sent him to be laid by his grandmother in Westminster Abbey, but he finally found a resting-place at Delft among the Princes of Orange. Her knight, Christian of Brunswick, too, was suspected of a deed of which she was much ashamed. Two of his officers snapped up a rich citizen of Hamburg, whom they carried off to East Friesland, and forced to give them an order for 9,000 rix dollars on his brother at Amsterdam. Elizabeth had just been begging that, to make up for the loss of his

Digitized by Google

Bishopric, Christian might receive the Order of the Garter and half the pension which had been granted to her son, but she now begged that election to the Most Noble Order should be deferred till he had cleared himself of all share in the free-booting transaction. Her letter came too late; he was already elected, and he scarcely thought it worth while to take notice of such a trifle as fleecing a fat merchant, though he made some slight apology.

Her other hero, Count Mansfeldt, went first to France and then to England. He was wrecked on the passage and escaped in the long-boat. King James was not very willing to receive him, but he obtained a promise of 20,000*l.* a month, and raised 12,000 men to join his army of French and German mercenaries. Not being allowed to pass through France, he took them all to Zeeland, where the crowded state of the marshy spot generated disease, and 5,000 men died in a very few weeks before he could lead them to the Rhine, where he could only remain on the defensive.

King James was distressed at the war, well knowing that it could only succeed by means of a great European alliance with France and Holland. The Duke of Buckingham had been bent on the scheme of wedding Charles to a French princess ever since the rupture of the Spanish courtship. The glimpse that the prince had had of the young 'Madame,' as she was called, had pleased him, and her sister, the Queen of Spain, had further spoken of her to him. He had been bred up so as not to share his brother Henry's scruples as to a Roman Catholic marriage, and was eager for the match. So Henry Rich, Lord Kensington, was despatched to demand the young princess's hand.

Henriette Marie de Bourbon had been born on the 25th of November, 1609, and was only five months' old when her father was murdered. She was carried by her nurse, Madame de Montglat, to the funeral, and made to sprinkle holy water on the corpse, and at ten months old she was held in the arms of the beautiful young Princess of Condé at the coronation of her brother, Louis XIII.

She was brought up chiefly at Blois and Fontainebleau under the care of Madame de Montglat, and her religious instruction was chiefly guided by a Carmelite nun called Mère Magdelaine, but very little attention was paid to solid education. Learning had gone out of fashion at Court; it was too serious, too like the Calvinists, and Henriette was only taught to be very accomplished, and to sing and dance to perfection. Her appearance is well known. She was delicately featured, dark-eyed, dark-haired, with a small, slight figure, well-made hands, and great ease, grace, and vivacity, and the new simple mode of wearing the head uncovered, with little curls on the brow, suited her admirably.

She was only fifteen when Lord Kensington arrived with the proposal of marriage. While the preliminaries to the formal offer were being gone through, everybody questioned the ambassador about his

Digitized by Google

Prince, and all the ladies begged for a sight of the minature worn on ribbon round the ambassador's neck, every one at least except 'Madame,' who complained of the etiquette which forbade her even to mention the name of the Prince of Wales, or ask for a glimpse of his picture before the offer was formally made. At last she begged the lady in whose house he lodged to borrow the likeness as if for herself. Then shutting herself up alone, as Lord Kensington writes to his prince, 'She kept it an hour in her hands, and when she returned it gave many praises of your person. Sir, this is a business so fit for secrecy as I know it shall travel no further than unto the King your father, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, and my Lord of Carlisle's knowledge. A tenderness in this is honourable, for I would rather die a thousand times than it should be published, since I am by the young princess trusted, who is for beauty and goodness an angel.'

'My Lord of Carlisle' was Robert Hay, a new Scottish favourite, who might perhaps have developed into another Somerset if more time had been granted him, for he had already contrived to wear a dress worth 40,000*l*. He was sent as ambassador extraordinary to make formal proposals for the princess, bringing letters from both King and Prince to the young lady herself, together with a portrait, which she was now allowed to receive, and put into her bosom. Kensington was permitted to have a private interview with her, and the two young people appear to have been thoroughly in love with the portraits and descriptions of one another.

There were, however, great difficulties in the way. Pope Urban VIII., of the house of Barberini, was in the interest of Spain, and was reluctant to grant dispensation, believing that either the bride must feel herself and her friends persecuted, or else join her husband's Church; and that if, on the other hand, she influenced him even to tolerate her fellow Romanists it would lead to the overthrow of his throne. Philip of Spain likewise tried to dissuade his brother-in-law, Louis XIII., from permitting the match, but Marie de Medicis wished to see another daughter a queen, and what was of more importance Richelieu was bent on the alliance, seeing in it the means of continuing that French policy which had been almost uniform since the days of François I. of an alliance with England and even with German Protestantism and Dutch independence for the depression of the three branches of the House of Austria in Germany, Spain, and the Low Countries.

Nor was true Gallicanism by any means so alien to the English Church as was Romanism pure and simple; but Richelieu, while sending his own confidant and confessor, the Capuchin Père Joseph and the excellent Bérulle, founder of the Oratory, to argue in favour of the dispensation, could not but stipulate that Henriette should have full exercise of her religion together with all her suite, and that chapels,

Digitized by Google

chaplains, and oratories should be provided; also that she should have the entire charge of all her children till their thirteenth year, and that the members of her communion should have perfect liberty of conscience. The marriage was to take place by proxy in France with the same ceremonies as had been observed at that of Henri IV. and Marguerite de Valois, and on the bride's arrival was to be ratified without a religious ceremony. Her portion was to be 600,000 crowns, half paid before, and half after, the marriage.

This toleration, clenched by the liberation of all the imprisoned Romanists, was absolutely insisted on. James and Charles did not see their way to granting it in the face of the parliament before which they had sworn to destroy Romanism; and, on the other hand, Richelieu held it derogatory to the honour of the French crown to be content with less than had been granted to Spain, while Urban refused the dispensation unless it were purchased by such a concession. The King and Prince on this swore by a secret article that though it was impossible for them to revoke the penal laws, they would never put them in force against persons who lived as good and loyal subjects, and with this Richelieu professed to be satisfied, and Urban sent his Nuncio, Spada to France with the letter of dispensation, forbidding him, however, to publish it unless some better guarantee could be extorted from the English. The French Government offered a dispensation by their own Bishops, but James refused this, lest the validity of the marriage should be called in question; and at last the Pope professed himself satisfied with an oath taken by Louis XIII. that he and his successors would use all their power to force the English to practice toleration.

The dispensation was granted on the 21st of March, 1625, but by this time James was dying. Never strong, he had injured his health with over-eating, and constant sipping of sweet wines, and he came back after a hunting match to Theobald's with what was called a tertian ague. He was told it was a healthy complaint, to which he answered 'that was a saying for a young king.' Gout in the stomach seems to have come on. Lady Villiers, mother of Buckingham, arrived with a plaster and a potion which were held as sovereign remedies for ague in her own home at Essex; but these did no good. On the eleventh day of his illness he received his last Communion with great devotion. Three days later he suddenly ordered his son to be called, but by the time Charles arrived, his power of speech had failed, and he died on the 27th of March, 1625.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES LOWDER.'

Una. You have been reading all the afternoon, and wasting the little time we have for talking.

Aimar. Not quite wasting time, I hope. Anything bearing upon the subject of parish schools and school-teachers is welcome to a parson's wife, and I have read this new book carefully and with much interest. I know that your fashion is to hover over a book like a humming-bird moth, extracting its sweetness on the wing; but you must not growl at a humdrum working bee, with business-like habits, and whose chief object is to collect honey for her own hive.

Una. Let me see the flower in which you have been buried for hours. *Christian Brothers—Jean Baptiste de la Salle.** I never heard of him, though, of course, I know the Christian Brothers in Ireland. Who was their founder?

Aimar. A certain Canon of Rheims, Monsieur de la Salle, born in 1651, of noble family, who gave up an ecclesiastical position, from which he would probably have risen to high honours in the French Church, to put himself at the head of a small band of uneducated men, and to train them into efficient and religious village schoolmasters. Mrs. Wilson tells us that 'he may be said to have been the first to reduce to a scientific system, elementary school-teaching; and by making it a rule that none of his community should learn Latin, he prevented schools designed for the poor from being gradually transformed into colleges or higher class schools.'

Una. And he was really the founder of the Christian Brothers? How is it, that when their work is so large and so well-known that every one has heard of them, their founder's name should be so little known?

Aimar. I cannot tell; unless it be that, excellent, holy, and devoted as he was, he lacked that indescribable something which makes a man himself infinitely more interesting than any work, however important or lasting, which he may have originated. In the lonely church at Bologna where Dominic sleeps, in the Umbrian valleys where Francis of Assisi prayed and taught, it is the image, as of a well-known friend, that rises up before us. Such men shine like planets, each with its own particular light, through the clouds of centuries, casting

* *The Christian Brothers: their Origin and Work. With a Sketch of the Life of their Founder, the Venerable Jean Baptiste de la Salle.* By Mrs. R. F. Wilson. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883. Price, 6*s*.

Digitized by Google

bright rays along the forward paths which they were the first to open. Their light is undimmed either by brilliancy or darkness in the history of their Orders. Even in his highest dream the Florentine poet hears, in the converse of Paradise, the story of the nuptials of St. Francis with his chosen bride, the Lady Poverty, and recognises his glorified form amid the splendours of the mystic rose.

Una. I think that is true; and that the kind of intimate and loving acquaintance which we seem to possess with some men of old is not due to the romance and poetry and legend of the Middle Ages, but rather to their own vivid human personality. We cannot think of the Jesuits, with their immense work and influence for good or for ill, apart from their founder. 'The sons of Ignatius Loyola' is the name which seems to suit them best, and the story of his character and life, of his virtues and his faults, is still the greatest and the most interesting in the annals of his Order. And the whole Carmelite Order is illuminated by the genius of the bright Spanish girl, fascinating to old age, who became its second founder.

Aimar. Just the contrary strikes me as to the history of the Christian Brothers and of their founder, in this little book. It may be that Monsieur de la Salle was unfortunate in his French biographer, from whose account Mrs. Wilson's is taken, but to me the great interest of the book lies in the account of the *work* begun and carried out by the *ci-devant* Canon of Rheims, and in its bearing on the question of religious and secular education. The facts told us by the author are notable and most worthy of consideration. Probably few amongst us know that there are now in France over eleven thousand 'Christian Brothers,' trained at no expense to the state as schoolmasters, and who spend their lives in educating the children of the poor, *free of cost.* The excellence of the secular education given by them is shown by the fact that out of 1,445 exhibitions gained during the thirty years from 1847 to 1877, by scholars in primary schools, giving a right of free education in higher class schools, 1,148 were adjudged to boys from the Christian Brothers' schools. And during the last seven years, in spite of strenuous efforts and large outlay on the part of government to increase the efficiency of secular schools, 364 exhibitions out of 490 were won by pupils of the Brothers. These exhibitions (*bourses*) are given by the city of Paris, and until the last few months competition was open to all elementary schools; the judges being a committee nominated by the Prefect of the Seine. In consequence of the immense success of the Brothers' pupils, they are now forbidden to compete with the secular schools, the fierce antagonism to Christianity in France being unable to endure the marked success of Christian teachers.

Una. Have they many schools in France?

Aimar. We are told that in 1878 they had 1,249 establishments, and 390,607 scholars. Since then, in consequence of the anti-clerical

Digitized by Google

agitation in France, they have been driven from their schools, and all public support has been withdrawn from them. Mrs. Wilson does not tell us the result in country parts, but in Paris the 'disestablishment,' as we may call it, of the Brothers, has only increased their influence; before it took place they had 56,000 children under their care in Paris, and now they have 60,000. Rich and poor have united cordially and liberally to build and support fresh schools in the place of those in which, at enormous increased cost to the State, secular schoolmasters have taken the place of the Brothers.

Una. If Monsieur de la Salle did not possess that poetic genius which makes the founders of some orders interesting to all sorts of men, I think his work being so considerable and lasting is all the more instructive; since genius falls to the lot of few, but we may all learn a lesson from industry, perseverance, and self-sacrifice, and I imagine he must have been eminent in these qualities. Tell me a little of what you have read about him to-day.

Aimar. He was drawn into his special work without at all seeking it himself. There is a terrible account, in the fifth chapter, of French village schoolmasters in the seventeenth century. The acts of a Synod of the Diocese of Toul in 1686 are mentioned, in which the bishop speaks of them as 'gamesters, drunkards, profligates, ignorant, and brutal,' and we are told that Monsieur Bourdoise, a friend of S. Vincent de Paul, formed an association for intercessory prayer, 'that Almighty God would be pleased to grant to France the blessing of Christian teachers for the poor.' Monsieur de la Salle's work began by his taking an interest in an attempt made by a good layman to begin a free school for little boys at Rheims. Gradually the Canon's advice and superintendence were more and more sought for the training of a new body of masters, and at last he found that if his notion of what they ought to be was to be realised, he must give up all other work, and devote himself to these rough and unpromising youths. And so, in 1681, he received them as inmates of his house. Then he gave them a rule of life, in which he took part, having first given up his canonry, with its emoluments, and spent the whole of his private fortune in relieving the poor during a time of dearth. His schoolmasters were soon sought for in many parts of France; but I advise you to read, in the book itself, the story of his various trials and difficulties, and of the gradual development of his institute, which at his death consisted of 274 Brothers, and twenty-seven houses. The last four chapters, relating the history of the institute after its founder's death, are by far the most interesting; indeed it is evident that the author moves with greater ease and *verve* when freed from the trammels of biography. You must read the short notice of the Brothers during the Revolution, the revival of their institute under Napoleon (who recognised its value), after it had apparently perished, Monsieur Guizot's encouragement and assistance,

Digitized by Google

when Minister of Public Instruction; the work of the Brothers in prisons, at the request of the minister of the interior; and, above all, their ambulance work during the Prussian war and the Commune in 1870 and 1871, when, it is said 'they stood fire as if they had been used to it all their lives.' I think the prettiest thing in the book is the story of the lieutenant who fell mortally wounded on the bloody field of Champigny. 'Ah!' he said, when he saw the Brothers hastening to his aid, 'here are the good Brothers; they brought me up, and now they are come to help me on the field of battle.' They raised him on their shoulders to carry him to the surgeons, and on the way told him that a priest was in sight. 'Call him,' he said, 'I want to make my confession.' The bearers did not pause in their march, and the priest, walking by the side of the young soldier, heard his last words of penitence, and gave him absolution as he lay dying on the shoulders of those who had trained him in childhood. At the end of the war a prize of two thousand francs was given by the city of Boston, in America, to be adjudged by the French Academy to whomever it deemed most deserving on account of services during the siege and in presence of the enemy. Our author tells us that public opinion fully endorsed the decision of the Academy, in giving the prize to 'the community which, during the whole time of the war, had sent 500 infirmarians into the battle-fields,' one of whom had fallen at Bourget, under Prussian fire. A cross of honour was also presented to the superior by the government, and it was fastened to his cassock in the great hall of the mother house by 'the eminent Dr. Ricord, who had been an eye-witness of the devotion of the Brothers.' Considering that he was assured there was nothing personal in the honour, and that he was only asked to wear it as the representative of the society, it is impossible not to feel that it would have been more simple and truly humble if he had frankly consented to wear the token of his country's gratitude. His refusal to do so strikes one as a little touch of the somewhat aggressive humility, if one may use such a word, which occasionally appears in the account of his founder's ways, though very probably this is only due to the well-meant efforts of French religious biographers, who are apt to paint with a loaded brush, and to spoil the effect which they wish to give.

Una. Is there nothing in the book about the work of Christian Brothers in other countries besides France?

Aimar. I think nothing; and the title of the book would certainly be more accurate if it stood as 'The Christian Brothers *in France*.' Tell me something of what you know of them in Ireland. Are they connected with the French institute?

Una. Not at all; I have not inquired much into their organisation in Ireland; what I know is chiefly their practical work as schoolmasters. But this much I can tell you, that the 'Institute of the Christian Brothers' in Ireland was founded in 1802 by a rich merchant

Digitized by Google

and influential citizen of Waterford, Edmond Ignatius Rice. Towards the close of the last century he resolved to retire from business for the purpose of devoting himself to spiritual concerns. At first he intended to go to Rome, and there lead a life of seclusion. One day, however, as he was walking in the suburbs of Waterford, he observed a group of boys playing by the road-side, and their rude expressions led him to question them. He found that they were ignorant of the first truths of religion, and that there was no suitable school for them in the city, the operation of the penal laws then in force having closed every place of instruction for Roman Catholics save the 'hedge-side.' This was the turning-point in Mr. Rice's life, and gave him the first notion of founding a religious congregation of Christian Brothers in Ireland. He at once gave up his Roman project, and devoted all his energies to the education of the poor at home; his bishop, Dr. Hussey (the well-known friend of Edmund Burke), encouraged and assisted him; a good site was bought on the south side of Waterford, and there the parent house of the institute was built. The schools were opened in 1804, the founder beginning with only two associates, but they soon gained such a high reputation that branch establishments were called for in Carrick, Dungarvan, and other adjacent towns. The Cork schools were opened in 1811; and the following year, at the request of Archbishop Murray, the Brothers opened their first school in Dublin. In 1820 Pope Pius VII. confirmed the newly-formed institute by an 'apostolic brief.'

Aimar. Sixty-four years ago. Have the Brothers' schools prospered in Ireland?

Una. Very remarkably so; and they have increased as rapidly as those under M. de la Salle. There are now forty-two Christian Brothers' schools in Dublin, attended by 6,680 children; and the whole number of these schools throughout Ireland is 210, with 28,710 children under instruction. Besides this, the Irish institute has several branch houses in the colonies. At Gibraltar it has seven schools, attended by 550 children; at Melbourne, ten schools, with 1,090 children; four schools in Newfoundland, and others in New Zealand and Queensland, and at Adelaide, Ballarat, and Geelong. There! am I not unusually strong in statistics? The truth is, that hearing you were crazy on the subject of the Christian Brothers, I made a note of the above numbers for your benefit. They are taken from Ellis's *Irish Education Directory for* 1883. Lord Charlemont's place, Marino, near Dublin, has been taken by the institute as a training school for the Brothers, and I have had a note from my friend Mr. Grace, the superior, in which he tells me 'that the institute of the Irish Christian Brothers, though similar in aim and object to that of the *Frères Chrétiens* in France, is, by its constitution, quite independent, having been so established by a papal brief.' He adds: 'The number of our fraternity is about 500. Our rules, in the main,

Digitized by Google

are the same as those of the French institute, differing only in some minor details to suit this country.' I do not know whether in France there is the same antagonism as there is in Ireland between the Christian Brothers and the priests, but there is no doubt that it exists in our island. A friend, employed as examiner under the Intermediate Education Act, told me that last year he had to do with two schools in the same town—one of about sixty children, kept by Brothers; the other of about 120, kept by priests. He spoke very highly of the education given in both schools, but said that their respective teachers made no secret of their mutual dislike. My friend could not account for it, except by the old jealousy between 'regulars' and 'seculars,' since the schools in question were for different classes of boys, and in no way likely to interfere with each other. But certainly the priests in Ireland do not like the Christian Brothers.

Aimar. Have they not charge of some large schools under government?

Una. You mean industrial schools. Yes, there are four under their care, at Artane near Dublin, Limerick, Galway, and Tralee. I think the care of these industrial schools must be one of their best works. National and other schools give a good education to children living in their own homes, but very exceptional care and wisdom must be needed for the training of the poor little waifs 'committed' to industrial schools. How I wish you could see the grand establishment at Artane, with its 700 boys. It is under strict government inspection, and a certain sum per week is paid by the state for each boy, but this does not at all cover the outlay made by the Brothers for their benefit. Besides an excellent general education, they are taught all kinds of trades. When we visited Artane in 1880, we found fifty-five boys in the tailor's shop, and fifty-five in the shoemaker's; besides these, there were harness-makers, cabinet-makers, engine-fitters, plumbers, weavers, painters, carpenters, blacksmiths, bakers, masons, and gardeners. One hundred of the lads were preparing, under good instructors, to be clerks in public offices. Music, I remember, was carefully taught, and the performance, both of the bands and singing classes, was very remarkable.

Aimar. There seems no doubt as to the success of the secular education given by Christian Brothers both in France and Ireland. Do you know anything of the results of their religious teaching? It is a question which Mrs. Wilson does not ask, and about which she gives us no information.

Una. Alas! alas! my poor Irish people, what can I say? With all their real faith and devotion, I know too sadly how they have made themselves a scandal to all Europe. Whether it be the fault of their religious training or not I cannot say. In Ireland the peasants keep their faith, but seem destitute of any sense of the sacredness of life—of the duty of keeping the sixth commandment. Never shall I forget

Digitized by Google

the scene described to me by the officer in command of a detachment on guard near the house of Brady, the murderer of Lord Frederick Cavendish, at the time of his execution. The crowds of people, some kneeling around, in apparently deep devotion, others drunken, both men and women, thronging the public houses; and then, at the moment when the fatal signal appeared above the walls of the prison, a black flag run up over the murderer's house, inscribed with the words, 'Joe Brady died for Ireland.'

Aimar. But the papers described him as devoutly receiving the last sacraments, and attended by priests to the last.

Una. That is the very thing which is worse than perplexing. To my own knowledge it has so scandalised some in Ireland who were inclined to Romanism, as to cause an entire revulsion in their feelings. Every sense of right must revolt against the morality involved in the fact that no public satisfaction is required by their spiritual guides from men whose crimes have been public, but who are permitted, on the contrary, to *pose* as patriot martyrs to the last. Those who know the Irish will understand what this must convey to their minds. However, as far as the Christian Brothers are concerned, of course 28,000 is a very small proportion of the children of Ireland; let us hope that none of the late devout murderers were among their scholars.

Aimar. A far larger proportion of the French peasant children have been taught by them. We could only estimate the results of their religious teaching by knowing what proportion of their scholars, amongst the boys, remain believing and God-fearing Christians. Are they an exception to the sorrowful rule amongst men in France—that country which seems full of the plagues which follow those who add to the faith no less than those who take from it?

Una. We have fallen into mournful talk:—

> 'Yet along the Church's sky
> Stars are scattered, pure and high;
> Yet her faded gardens bear
> Autumn violets, sweet and rare.'

Have you read this beautiful story of a Florentine peasant girl? *

Aimar. No, tell me about it.

Una. I think it so lovely that I hardly know how to speak of it. As a work of art it seems to me almost perfect; I cannot describe to you the pure calm lines in which the portrait of Ida is drawn, both with pencil and pen. The book is somehow unlike any other I ever read; you may lay it down with the feeling of having been in a shrine full of angelic presences; but a shrine open to mountain air and sun.

Aimar. Is it a novel?

* *The Story of Ida.* By Francesca. Second Edition. George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. Price, 3*s.*

Digitized by Google

Una. No; a perfectly unadorned record of a young girl's life and death, with almost severe truth shining in every page. Oh, how beautiful Paradise must be, if it is full of such souls as that of Ida! Rarely has a more touching picture been drawn than in this little book, growing in beauty from the time when first the lovely child of sixteen enters Francesca's studio, till the day when, three years later, she is carried to Santa Caterina, where all the dead of Florence are laid for one night, followed by the artist who had long wished to take her portrait, and who drew her likeness by lamp-light, while the servants 'gathered about her, wondering at her beauty.' God had proved her, and found her worthy for Himself: she too, with her Leader, had to 'conquer in the fight.' I think the most striking thing in her story is that her real peace and even joy are untouched by a sorrow which kills her body—a sacrifice to duty at the cost of her life. She is unruffled throughout. 'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith;' and that is the description of Ida. Dying in her poor little attic, racked by a wearisome cough, and worn by weakness, she says to a friend who speaks of the need of suffering in this world: 'That *is* my trouble; I *ought*, I suppose, to suffer a little, but I do not. *I lie here in the midst of pleasure.*' At this time she was so ill that she could not lie down, but was supported by pillows day and night, sitting upright in her bed. 'I never knew any other person so perfectly peaceful and happy as she was then,' Francesca writes—'when others asked her how she was able to have so much patience, she always answered simply "God gives it to me."'

Aimar. I must read the book. Shall I care for it as much as you do?

Una. I do not know. Yet it is hard to me to imagine any one not fascinated by the story of Ida, and not feeling her image a real possession, and one for which to thank God. I do not know who 'Francesca' is; but I have a kind of fancy that she might be the Hilda of Hawthorne's *Transformation*. Whoever she may be, it is a great gain to have a book written with such absolute and exquisite simplicity. No extracts can give you any notion of it; one might almost as well extract a few bars from one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. And now I know you must go to the *festa* for the school-children for whom you care as much as ever did Christian Brothers. Yet let me first read you this little bit about Ida's last *festa* on earth. 'Christmas Day came, her last Christmas in this world, and Ida and I arranged between us to have a little party in her room. Of course it was very little and quiet, because she was so weak then. There were only the old people, Luisa, and her little sister, Filomena, and myself. But the room looked very pretty; Ida said it was the *festa del Gesù Bambino*, and she had her little picture of the Gesù Bambino taken down from the wall and placed on the table beside her, all surrounded with flowers and green branches. I arranged

Digitized by Google

all under her superintendence, and then set the table for breakfast close to her bed, that the family might eat with her once more. How pleased and happy she was while all this was going on! She was a child to the last in her enjoyment of little things. Then they came in; but before breakfast she would have me read S. Luke's story of the Nativity, and sing the old Christmas hymn—

'Mira, cuor mio durissimo,
Il bel Bambino Gesù
Che in quel presepe asprissimo,
Or lo fai nascer tu!'

Then we all ate together; even Ida's tame ring-dove, her constant companion during her illness, who was standing on the pillow, close to her cheek, had his meal with the rest.

And after that came a great surprise; Ida put her hand under the sheet, and drew out one by one a little present for each of the family. But this was a little too much, being so unexpected; and when she gave her father his present, which consisted of some linen handkerchiefs, the poor old man, after vainly trying once or twice to speak, dropped his head with an uncontrollable burst of sobs, and was obliged, in a few minutes, to leave the room; and so ended Ida's last *festa*.

Digitized by Google

HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS AND OCCASIONS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, AUTHOR OF 'THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION,' ETC.

II.

HYMN FOR THE FATHERLESS.

[*Written, by request, for 'The Church of England Central Home for Waifs and Strays.'*

The object of this scheme is to enable the clergy and laity of the National Church to deal with the cases of destitute and orphan children coming under their notice.]

(*Tune:* AURELIA.)

'*Thy will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven.*'—S. Matt. vi. 10.

How can we praise Thee, FATHER,
Do as *They* do above?
How can we praise Thee, SAVIOUR,
O Depth and Height of Love?
How praise Thee, HOLY SPIRIT,
Lord of our life and power?
How praise Thee, GODHEAD Trinal,
By year, by day, by hour?

By Eucharist we praise Thee,
By Morn and Even-Song,
By incense of heart worship
Sent up the whole day long:
Yet these we may not offer,
These cannot Heavenward go,
Unless for Thee we honour
The lowest of the low.

Lost children of our cities!
Strays of a selfish time,
The hard world's fallen plunder,
Waifs of the streets of crime.
Lowest who need our mercy,
Not knowing what they need!
Lowest who plead for pity
Undone by others' deed.

Thou pointest to them, FATHER,
These are our fruit of sin;
O SAVIOUR, these the weakest,
These Thou wouldst have us win;
SPIRIT, the souls' great Healer,
By Siloah's gracious wave
These to our care Thou givest,
For Thee to heal and save.

Digitized by Google

To tend, to teach, to win them,
  This is true work for Thee:
This is such praise Thou lovest,
  Thine ordered piety!
Thy children, the world's orphans,
  To win from woe and shame—
So work we as Thine angels,
  So hallow we Thy Name.

Bright is the light that shineth
  In our Redeemer's face:
Sweetly His Church is singing
  The story of His grace:
And for the blind who see not,
  The deaf who cannot hear,
To us He gives commission
  To open eye and ear.

Who comes not when He calleth?
  Who goes not when He sends?
These poorest are His treasures,
  These friendless are His friends:
Oh, let us seek them, find them,
  Bring them to light and rest,
HIM worship in their winning,
  Be in their blessing blest!

Come to His light and music
  Waifs to our Master dear!
Strays whom His tender pity
  Is calling to draw near;
Out of the dim drear city,
  Dark alley, crowded street;
We in His sacred waters
  Will wash your weary feet.

FATHER, and LORD, and LEADER,
  Such praise to Thee we bring!
So would we work and worship,
  So would we serve and sing:
Not for their saving only,
  Not only for reward,
But to Thy greater honour
  And for Thy Love, O LORD!

Amen.

Digitized by Google

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

II.

THE CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION.

Aunt Anne. How did you get on with your pupil teachers?

Susan. Very well. They took great interest in tracing out the portions of the service fulfilling the words of the exhortation. Now comes the confession. You said that was formerly used at Prime and Compline.

A. But not the same form of confession or absolution. The confession was mutual, between the officiating priest and the rest of the choir. He said, 'I confess to God, the blessed Mary, and all the saints, and to *you*' (looking at the others in the choir), that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, by my own fault. I beseech, holy Mary, and all the saints, and you to pray for me.' The choir replied, 'Almighty God have mercy on you, forgive you all your sins, deliver you from all evil, preserve and strengthen you in all goodness, and bring you to everlasting life.'

S. That is almost the same as the absolution in our own Communion service.

A. But it does not, like it, contain the actual word absolve. The choir then used the same words of confession, and the priest replied, 'The Almighty and merciful Lord grant you absolution and remission of all your sins, space for repentance, amendment of life, and the grace and consolation of the holy spirit. Amen.'

S. I see his is more definite absolution; the choir only say, 'May God forgive you.'

A. In right of the royal priesthood of all Christians they say so, but the priest absolves in right of his special commission as given in John xx. 23.

A. These were the old forms, but it would seem that the need of something of the kind was felt when all the seven services had been reduced to matins and evensong, beginning as these former did, with the Lord's Prayer. Moreover, private confessions were discouraged, and therefore the general confession and absolution were drawn up to suit the wants, not of a monastic community, but of a mixed congregation. Thus the confession was made much more comprehensive, and the absolution contains the conditions of the pardon, in order to prevent people from supposing it could avail them without real penitence and faith.

S. They were meant to take the place of the private shrift.

Digitized by Google

A. Of the compulsory shrift. It gives the opportunity of receiving priestly absolution, while the confession is made aloud in general terms, but inwardly to God alone, but in cases where the conscience requires more particular confession and release from special burthens the opportunity for the private confession is given.

S. And you think it is as real and true a release from sin as the private absolution, such as that in the office for the visitation of the sick.

A. I do. I know it is now disputed. I know people refer to the mutual confession of the old Hours. But there the priest does actually absolve the people, though they do not absolve him. They also say that the form is indefinite, not like the distinct 'I absolve thee' of the visitation. But that is necessary, because there may be many present who are not fulfilling the conditions, whereas before the private absolution the priest can, humanly speaking, judge of their faith and penitence, and distinctly address the individual.

S. It is the real message of pardon to those who confess their sins to God, repenting and believing.

A. So I entirely believe. We will not enter now into the cases for private absolution. They belong to another branch of the subject, and I will only say that Bishop Cosin, Bishop Sparrow, and all our old great Anglican divines fully believed in the efficacy of this absolution.

S. I suppose it was that which George Herbert meant when he said to the church-goer—

> 'Stay not for the other pin. Why, thou hast lost
> A prize for it worth worlds.'

A. And, as Mr. Keble says—

> 'Each morn and eve, the Golden Keys
> Are lifted in the Sacred Hand,
> To show the sinner on his knees
> Where Heaven's bright doors wide open stand.'

S. The keys that were given to the ministry to bind and loose, when our Lord spoke to S. Peter after the great confession of faith.

A. The keys being the emblem of opening, as in the Revelation our Blessed Lord in glory declares Himself to have the keys of hell and death.

S. And now let me go over the lines of the lesson I am to give historically. There always was a public confession and absolution somewhere in the service, and our own forms were drawn up in 1552, when matins and evensong were made to open with an act of penitence.

A. There mark the principle. There must be cleansing ere we dare to approach the throne. Refer to the washing of the priest's hands and feet (Ex. xl. 30–32), followed up by 'I will wash my hands in innocency, and so will I go to Thine altar' (Ps. xxvi. 6). And again, to our Lord's figurative action and words, 'He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit' (John xiii. 10).

Digitized by Google

S. But does not all that relate to self-examination before Holy Communion?

A. In its fulness it does, but these daily or weekly cleansings, after the one washing of baptism, are the preparations for Communion specially to the young not yet admitted to be communicants; and you can safely teach them so to regard these opportunities.

S. The need of repentance has been shown in the 'sundry places,' where the 'Scripture moveth us.'

A. Then call on your pupils to observe the significance of the position—*all* devoutly kneeling. Bishop Cosin added the word *all* in 1662, because of the bad habits of sitting that had come in with the Puritan times.

S. And, alas! have gone on ever since!

A. Then come the words of the Confession, so framed that the imperfect saint and the repentant criminal find voice in them together, and can make them express the 'things whereof their conscience is afraid.'

S. 'Erred and strayed like lost sheep.' I suppose I should refer to the ninety-fifth Psalm and Isaiah liii. 6?

A. Adding the beautiful promise in Ezek. xxxiv. 11-12, and completing with the Parable of the Lost Sheep from S. Luke xv., so as to point out that our confession of wandering like sheep is an appeal to the Good Shepherd to bring us home.

S. Then comes the way we went astray by following the devices and desires of our own heart.

A. Following too *much*. The device or desire may not be evil in itself—nay, it may be praiseworthy. You may wish to do some beneficent work, but if you let it lead you from home duties you follow it *too much*.

S. Or if I am self-willed about the way of doing it. Yes, I did feel those words come home to me that time when all my plans for the children's singing were upset.

A. Thus, in one way or the other, this following our own schemes and wishes leads to offence against God's holy laws, in one or other of the ways, here marked in those simple words, 'done, and left undone.'

S. It is like the clause in the Litany praying for pardon for our sins, negligences, and ignorances, 'And there is no health in us.'

A. Even the best and holiest can own himself spiritually to be in the state of a person of frail health, always liable to disease. And, assuredly, if we saw our own souls truly, we should find 'the whole head sick, the whole heart faint,' and all as in the state described in Isaiah i. 5-6. Thus we sum up our state, and complete what is really and strictly our confession.

S. Yes; then follows our entreaty for pardon.

A. Nearly in the words of the Publican, who smote upon his

Digitized by Google

breast, saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' Our Church makes us use his words. Must we not earnestly try to keep our hearts from the spirit of the Pharisee?

S. Yes. And it is a moment when we are apt to be distracted by looking up to see who is coming late into church, and that is the very temper of 'I thank Thee that I am not as other men are.' What more is there to dwell on in this prayer portion of the Confession?

A. 'Restore thou them that are penitent, according to Thy promises.' Consider what promises.

S. Well, there are those in the Sentences.

A. Here we go a little further than those expressly do. They are the promises revealed *in* Christ Jesus our Saviour. What are they?

S. Such as 'If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, JESUS CHRIST, the righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins' (John ii. 11). And 'The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins' (Matt. ix. 6).

A. Thus we throw ourselves at our Saviour's feet, and then express our resolution to try to avoid the former sins—not in our own strength, but praying for power.

S. 'To lead a godly, righteous, and sober life.'

A. Godly—pointing to our duty to God; righteous—to justice to our fellow-men; sober—meaning self-restrained. Doing our duty to God, man, and self.

S. Then comes the Absolution.

A. Only to be pronounced by the priest.

S. Standing, and turning towards the people, who remain kneeling.

A. He joined in the Confession as one of them, but now he stands and turns towards them as the ambassador and representative of Christ. And first he rehearses his credentials, as coming from Him who is most unwilling to see a sinner perish. Find the authority for that assurance of mercy.

S. Is it not 'For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth'? (Ezek. xviii. 32.) And, again, 'It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish' (Matt. xviii. 14).

A. The most dear and blessed Lord, unwilling that any should die eternally, hath given power to His ministers.

S. As we said before, when He gave the mystic keys to S. Peter, and when He said to the eleven, 'Whose soever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them' (John xx. 23).

A. Refer to the Ordination of Priests, and see how that authority is handed on.

S. It is given with the laying on of the Bishop's hands. 'Whose sins Thou dost forgive, they are forgiven.'

A. Having, then, this power to speak as the messenger of Christ

Digitized by Google

Who hath borne the penalty, the priest declares—but only to the penitent—the full forgiveness of their sins.

S. 'Those who truly repent and unfeignedly believe His holy Gospel.' I suppose that especially means the good tidings of the great Atonement?

A. That Christ died for our sins, and rose for our justification, the very heart of the Gospel, as we find it expressed in the first verses of 1 Cor. xv.

S. May we only be of those!

A. It is well to say within ourselves something like what Bishop Wilson recommends at the Absolution in the Communion service, 'Lord, let this pardon rest on my soul, and bring me to eternal life.'

S. I hope I shall remember to do so. Then follows the exhortation part, calling on us to pray for repentance and the Holy Spirit, 'that those things may please Him which we do at this present.' That means, I suppose, that the worship we are beginning may be acceptable?

A. Certainly. Then, that our after life may be pure and holy—and thus that we may come to the eternal joy. Thus each Confession and Absolution may be a stepping-stone upward.

Digitized by Google

S. DOROTHEA, V.M.

I.

THEY have brought her from the dungeon,
The maiden martyr fair,
Before her stalks the headsman,
His weapon keen and bare;
And on each side the lictors march,
Stern yeomen strong and tall,
Who stand around the curule chair
In the high judgment hall.

II.

A motley crowd is gathered there
To see the Christian die;
And jest and scoff are heard around,
And ribald mockery.
Grim Roman, scoffing Hebrew,
And lithe and supple Greek
Throng round her dying footsteps,
That maiden martyr meek.

III.

She goeth to her passion
With fixed and steadfast eyes,
Mute as a lamb by shepherds led
To sylvan sacrifice:
Her hands are tied, but her spirit
From earthly bond is free,
As she moveth on serenely
Christ's sacrifice to be.

IV.

When, lo! a voice of bitter scorn
From out the gazing crowd
Is heard above their brutal jests,
And oaths, and laughing loud:
'Ho, whither goest, fair maiden?
The Malefactor's bride,
What boots thee now allegiance
To the Scorned and Crucified?'

Digitized by Google

v.

She looked upon the speaker,
And the mocking crowd grew dumb.
'I go, my lord Theophilus,
Unto my Father's home:
There, midst the radiant bowers
My Saviour shall I see,
And oh, amidst those garlands fair
Is a wreath prepared for thee.

VI.

'And for a certain token,
"To witness if I lie,"
I promise thee that glorious wreath
Of the flowers that bloom on high.
Yea, angel hands shall bring my gift
Ere yon golden sun goes down,
And thou shalt win, Theophilus,
Ere long, the martyr's crown.'

VII.

She ceased, and on the speaker
Once more her eyes she cast,
While a look of radiant beauty
Over her features past.
Then she knelt serene and fearless
Upon the sun-burnt sod,
And the sword flashed clear in the bright blue air,
And her spirit went to God.

VIII.

Within his lonely chamber
The persecutor sate,
His features wore a sullen scowl,
And a grin of bitter hate.
When lo, the door is opened
Suddenly by unseen hands,
And before the grim Theophilus
A 'herald angel' stands.

IX.

'From God's "eternal bowers,"
Where angels are her friends,
To you these heavenly flowers
Saint Dorothea sends.'

Digitized by Google

He gazes on the garland:
Then looks bewildered round;
In vain—the heavenly messenger
Has parted with ne'er a sound.

X.

Oh, flowers that bloom in beauty
Amid God's gardens fair,
Oh, flowers that drink the sweetness
Of beatific air,
Gales of celestial freshness,
Oh, say have ye the might
To turn Christ's bitterest foeman
In His defence to fight?

XI.

For lo, once more the lictors
A martyr lead to die;
Firm and serene he presses on
To no earthly victory.
Fair * 'gift of God,' thy promise
Right well has been sustained,
For a martyr's persecutor
A martyr's crown has gained.

R. F. JUPP.

* The meaning of the name Dorothea is 'gift of God.'

Digitized by Google

PICTURES FROM THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

'THOUGH our familie be neither ancient nor greate, my father, for aught I can find, being the first knight of the name, unless the Sheriff in Richard II. his tyme, or the governor of Wisbech Castle, were knighted, as was not usual then; and I find noe thing to move me to the belief thereof; yet this being designed merely to privacie, and for acquainting my son and his descendants with the stock he and they are derived from, I have taken the pains to give them this information, which they may dispose of as they please, either to the fier, or otherwise to discourse of among themselves.'

So wrote a worthy old country gentleman, Sir John Bramston, of Skreens, in 1683, as a preface to his book of family memoirs. This volume was published by the Camden Society in 1842; but as it is now rare, and also rather wearisome to the inexperienced reader, who has to wade through pages and pages of family history, set down rather with regard to the wandering thoughts of the writer than to the convenience of the reader, perhaps a few pictures culled from its pages may not be amiss here.

Sir John's father, of the same name as himself, was Chief Justice of England in 1636, and was one of those judges who gave the famous decision about the ship-money, for which modern writers have poured so much obloquy upon their heads. It seems to have been more leniently looked upon at the time, however, since, although the Chief Justice was impeached in 1641 with the rest, we find Cromwell in 1643 pressing him more than once to resume office, which he, from loyal scruples, declined. His portrait shows an extremely stern and judicial-looking gentleman, in full robes, and an enormous ruff; but he must have been more lovable than he looks from the way in which his son throughout these memoirs speaks of him.

His mother, Bridget Moundeford, he describes as 'a beautifull, comely person, of a midle stature, virtuous and pious, a very observant wife, a carefull, tender mother; she was very charitable to the poore, kind to her neighbours, and beloved by them.' She died while her son John was a little schoolboy, and her place was filled by her mother, Mrs. Moundeford, of whom he gives the following picture:—

Mary Hill, daughter of Richard Hill, married to Dr. Moundeford, was a woman of soe great vertue, soe modest, soe devout, and soe well-grounded in relligion that she never swerved from the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England in the worst of times, though Case (a Puritan divine) tempted her often. Many of her relations bequeathed

Digitized by Google

the education of their daughters to her, as I well remember Mrs. Painter did. After the death of my uncle Stepkin, my father beinge by him left chancellor and overseer of his will, and the care of his children left to him alsoe, this Mary tooke the care off my father and the truble to her selfe, and bred up the boys with my brother Francis, and the girles with my sisters, which they very gratefully acknowledged duringe their lives, and called her grandmother, though she were allied noe otherwise than in her cares. John Stepkin, the eldest brother, after the death of his wife, would not be denied, and soe shee took his daughter Theodosia and bred her up with my sister Katharine and Mrs. Painter and Mary Randes. . . . As she was virtuous, pious, and charitable, so was she very grave and comely. She had binn very handsom in her younger days, very straight and upright, but not tall. She had wrought with her needle a sett of chairs and stooles, couch and cushons, which shee gave me; a like suite which she gave my brother. She made for, and gave to every grandchild some peece of her worke. She could read without spectacles, and walk in the house without a staff to her last sickness, soe that she was not at all decrepit, yet tooke shee so much greife at the remembrance of the decease of her friends that she would often say she could not esteeme long life a blessing.

Mrs. Moundeford had come of a family which had suffered in the Marian persecution, and she was not the sort of woman to let her family traditions drop. Her mother, Elizabeth Lock, was the daughter of Sir William Lock, alderman and Lord Mayor, who was mercer to Henry VIII., and who won the king's favour by taking down a copy of the interdict against England, which was set up in Dunkèrk, where he happened to be at the time. For this he was knighted, and made a gentleman of the privy chamber. This might have proved him either a courtier or a staunch Protestant; but presumption is strong that the worthy mercer was swayed rather by his religious opinions than by the desire of court favour, for his family were all strong upon the reforming side. Two of his daughters, Rose and Elizabeth, with their respective husbands, dared the perils of exile for their belief when Queen Mary changed the whole heart of the English nation by the fires of Smithfield.

She tells this storie (I meane Rose that wrote the memoires): she says that in the tyme of her first husband, Anthony Hickman, after the death of Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary changinge the relligion, her husband and her eldest brother, Thomas Lock, being merchants and partners, they lived togeather, and sheltred manie of the godlie preachers in theire house; but the Queene enjoyninge all to come to mass, and persecuting the refusers, they were forced to let the preachers goe, and let them goe, giving them monie; she mentions Hooper, Fox, Knox, and one Reinger, for which her husband and brother being

Digitized by Google

questioned before the commissioners were committed close prisoners to the Fleete; and then shee tells how they gott out. After this her husband went to Antwerp, and took a house there at 40 pounds rent. She was to follow him after the arrival of an expected baby, which in due time appeared. She says she went to Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridlie, prisoners then in Oxford, to know whether she might christen her child in the Popish manner. They answered her, that baptisme was the least corrupted in that church, and therefore she might, but sayd she should have gone away before. (Poor Rose!) The child was baptised by a Popish priest, but she says she put sugar instead of salt into the handkercher, which was to be delivered to the priest, after which she went to Antwerpe to her husband; left 2 houses of her husband's well furnished, one in London, another at Rumford, taking nothing but one feather bed. After a hard passage (they were 5 dayes at sea) she arrived. She says the governor was kind to them, and would say, though he did barke, yet he did not bite. Whilst she was in Antwerpe she had another child, which with great care she procured to be baptised after the reformed manner by a Protestant minister, which was done thus. The fashion was to hange a piece of lawn out of the window where a child was to be baptised; and her house havinge two dores into two streetes, she hunge lawne out at each dore, soe the neighbours of each side, thinckinge the child was caried out of the other dore, inquired no further: the hasard she rann was great, for she sayes that in the hatred which was borne by the townsmen to the Anabaptists, the magistrates used to come at midnight into houses where any children were suspected to be kept unbaptised, and if they found any such, they used to putt them into a sack and throw them into the sea to drown them, which crueltie to avoid she did, as is before said, hange out the lawne, and there being a secret congregation of Protestants in the towne, she procured her child to be carried thither when it was baptised, she not knowing who were godfathers and godmothers.

At the queen's death Mistress Rose Hickman returned to England, where it must have been a comfort to her to have her other babies baptised in an orderly way, with no need of circumventing the priest by surreptitious administration of sugar, or of lawn ensigns flying from two doors.

Elizabeth Hill, Mrs. Moundeford's mother, accompanied Rose on her wanderings, leaving some of her babies at home. Mary was not born until all the troubles were over, in 1562.

Now for Sir John's own history of his childhood:—

I was borne at Whitechapell, in Middlesex, in a large, and as the tymes then were, a handsome, if not a stately house, where my father then lived, the inheritance from his ancestors. I was baptised in that

Digitized by Google

church, the xjth day of September, 1611, of virtuous parents, which hath been accounted in all ages honourable. They carefully educated me in the true Reformed relligion, established by law, and taught by the Church of England, to which I have constantly adhered, never inclining to Poperie, but holding with my mother the Church in all points wherein the Church of Rome differeth from her, whatever libellers have sayd to the contrarie. At first I had one Andrew Walmsly for my schoolmaster, from 8 to 13 or 14 yeares of my age, when I removed from him to Mr. Farnabie. My first master was a popular preacher, vicar of Blackmore, in Essex, within fower miles of Margetinge, the place where my mother was in summer with her children. The scituation and conveniencie of neighbourhood weighed downe all other considerations, and biassed my mother, she being tender if not fond of her eldest sonn, myselfe being younge and not sturdie. My master prepared for me a present to my father, by way of a New Yeare's guift, in Latin, which at the tyme I presented he caused me to read it in presence of my grandfather; which, when I had done, my grandfather sayd, 'Faith, boy, I am glad thy master cann doe soe well.' Indeed, he was a very meane, superficial schollar, and I believe did his best. He putt me forward in bookes; I learnt Virgill and Isocrates, and although he would bragg very much of me and my bed-fellow, Mr. John Vernon, yet had he not grounded us in grammar (nor indeed was he able, I am persuaded), the want whereof was a great miserie to me ever after. But the sending me with the epistle, and another thing which happened, were very happie accidents to me, and my brother Moundeford especially. I meene a cruelty he used to him, who was come thither but lately, upon the death of my mother, and was no higher than the accidence. He called to him one morning to say his lesson (he had sent me and my cousen Vernon with our dinners and our task, into his grounds, lying at a distance from his house, to see that his catle trespassed noe bodie, nor that any bodie trespassed him). My brother failed of saying his lesson; our master whipt him so severely with an elme rod, that at night when my cousen and myselfe returned, the boyes met us and told us how my brother had been used, and for what fault. The man was indeed of a temper very unfitt for a scholemaster, very passionate, and beinge over angrie with any one he was like a furie to wife, children, servants, scholars, all the house. His wife had some wayes displeased him that morninge, and being in a passion my brother had the luck to have the first effects of his anger, to whome he gave 50 blows with the great rod (as the boyes told me). Then my cosen John Vernon and myselfe came in at night, and had given account of our dayes work and taske he had sett us, he sayd to me, 'Your brother hath binn a very naughtie boy, and I was forct to correct him a litle.' I made no replie, but I wrote that night a letter to my father, how my brother had binn used, what his fault was. My father hereupon tooke resolution to remove us both.

Digitized by Google

This master was a greatly-followed preacher, lecturinge at Ongar and other places, a great pretender to sanctitie and religion, but yet he suffered his boyes to rob ponds, and kill in snow and frost the pidgeons of his neighbours, which wee did by making a thrap with corne under a dore, which we tooke off the hinges and propt it with a stick, to which we fastened a line which we putt through a lattice in a lower rome, where one held the line, and we were out of sight; and when the pidgeons were under the dore, we gave a pull, and the stick coming away, the dore fell on the pidgeons, soe we culled at a pull a dosen or more at a fall, and soe we did often. He at first seemed angrie, but the pidgeons were baked and we ate them, and his wife commended us, and we followed the trick till we had destroyed all the pidgeons in Smyth's Hall dove house. I could tell stories how we rob the neighbours' ponds; but this shall suffice as an argument of his hypocrasie.

From him I went to Mr. Farnabie, whoe taught schoole in a garden house in Goldsmyth's allie, a fine airie place; he had joyned two or three gardens and houses together, and had a great manie boarders and town schollers, soe manie that he had two, sometimes three, ushers besides himselfe. I boarded with him, though my father lived then in Phillip Lane, very near the schoole. The first day I came he tooke me into his studie, and after he had inquired what bookes I learnt, he gave me pen, ink and paper, and bid me make a theame on 'Ex argillâ quidois imitaberis udâ.' I sayd I used to have a weeke's tyme to make a theame. 'I do not desire much,' says he, 'but let me see what thou canst doe.' I sett myself to it, and did as well as I could. He came at xi. of the clock to see what I had done; and reading it cried out, 'Oh heavens! where hast thou binn bred?' Soe in the afternoone he placed me in a forme under those that reade Vergil, which yet was too high for me, but I thinck he was unwillinge to discourage me too much. With him I stayd more than two, nay, full three yeares. At parttinge, he showed me my first and last theames and sayde, 'Thus you came, and thus you goe. God speed you!'

When John Bramston was grown up, and had begun to practise law on his own account, his father married a second time, which appears to have been the occasion of the only adventurous travelling the worthy Essex squire ever indulged in. Dame Elizabeth Brereton was the daughter of Lord Brabazon. Another of the daughters of the said Lord Brabazon was maried to Mr. Aylmer of Monden Hall, in Hatfield in Essex, and with her the said Elizabeth lived some tyme, where through neighbourhood at first, Roger Bramston at that tyme dwelling in Boreham Parsonage, there grew acquaintance between them, I meane my father and the said Elizabeth, friendship and kindness and a proposall of marriage; but her father not likeing thereof sent for her away, and she went into Ireland, where as I have sayd, she maried twice, and he maried and had manie children (she had

Digitized by Google

never any child). They had never met after she went from Monden Hall but once, and that manie yeares befor their intermarryinge, nor did he applie to her by letters and renew his acquaintance, love, and friendship to her, until about a yeare before he went into Ireland and was maried to her.

In August that yeare he appointed me to come in his coach from London to Hill in Bedfordshire, the house of my brother and sister Palmer, when he appointed to meete me (the assise at Elie being ended too). Accordingly I came, not knowinge my father's intention nor suspecting anythinge, but one morninge my brother Palmer sayd, 'What if your father bee goeing to fetch a wife; how will you like it?' I replied, 'Whatever my father does shall please me; but where is she?' 'Will you goe with your father into Ireland for her?' I sayd, 'Aye, or without him if hee command me.'

When my father came we begann our journey next day, and came to West Chester, where we lay a weeke, expecting a wind. It beinge known my father was there, manie gentlemen came to visit him. We lay in an inn, the Red Lion, the master of the house at that tyme mayor of the citie; and on the market day came a great many knights and ladies, and dined at an ordinarie, the best and cheapest that ever I have seen. Wallie, so was our host's name, told my father the best and speediest passage was from Holiehead, but his coach could not goe thither, but his best way was to ride thither and leave his coach at Chester; so away we went next day.

One Mr. Fountain and Sir Thomas Cary went alonge with us, and passinge over the mountains, Pen Men Maure, in the narrow passage we met a gentleman of whome Mr. Fountain and Sir Thomas inquired how the tyde was, whoe told them we might pass well if wee made hast; soe they putt on, we followinge, not knowinge what had passed. Soe soone as they were downe the mountaine, they fell to gallopinge. Neither my father nor myselfe understood at first the meaninge; but findinge the water grow deeper, for it came in rills, we suspected the sea might be comeing in, as it was, and soe I desired my father to gallop too. The sands, save only in those rills, were carpet wayes. At last we came to the place where they were (I meane Sir Thomas and Mr. Fountain), expecting the ferrie boat, which was at Beaumaris, and the ferrimen drinkinge. Wee all made as loud a call as we could. We did see some fisher-boats, and beinge in great perplexitie and feare, we all rode on [brest up the streame, purposeinge to try if our horses, the worst coming to the worst, would carrie us over. I askt my father if he could swim; he sayde when he was younge he could. Sayd I, wee will keepe up the tyde, and with the helpe of our horses, and by swimminge, we may either gett over, or else some of the boates may take us in. At last the ferrimen sett out, and came to us, tellinge us we were in noe dainger, but by such tyme as we and our horses were on board, a ship might have rode

Digitized by Google

between us, and the shoare behind us, and all was covered with water where wee stood long before wee got to Beaumaris.

There we lay that night, and the next morninge we rode to Holliehead, where we stayd expectinge a wind, and the Welch-parson putt himselfe to the truble to prepare an English sermon against Sunday; but the winde being fair on Sunday morninge we went on board, and left our host, black Hugh, and the parson to eat what was prepared for dinner. When we were out of the harbour the pilot laid himselfe all alonge on the deck on his back, and tolde us, wee should want noe winde, which proved true; for we had soe fresh a gale that in the eveninge, or litle in the night, we came to anchor under the head of Hoath in Ireland. But in the night the wind changed, and we were forced, to prevent running against the rock, to putt to sea againe, and the next day landed at Bullock, six miles from Dublin, where we hired garrons to carrie us to the citie. Mr. Fountaine lent my father his owne nagg, which he carried with him out of England, he goinge, as did Sir Thomas Cary, to reside in that kingdome; but we had only pads under us and halters, noe bridles; and every man that lent a horse sent one to bring him back, who putt off his breeches, trussed up his shirt, and rann on the roade before us.

We came to Dublin to our lodgings. . . . My father went that day to visit the lady, and next day he carried me with him. When I see her I confess I wondered at my father's love. She was low, fatt, red-faced; her dress, too, was a hatt and ruff, which though she never changed to her death. But my father, I believe, seeinge me change countenance, told me it was not beautie, but virtue, he courted. I believe she had binn handsome in her youth; she had a delicate fine hand, white and plumpe, and indeed proved a good wife and mother-in-law too.

My father was to make use of his tyme, and speede his busines, that wee might returne before the Michaelmas Rigg, as they call it, those seas beinge very dangerous about Michaelmas, never faile of stormes a fortnight before or a fortnight after Michaelmas; wherefore within a day or two he wayted on the lady to Kilrotherie to her brother, the Earle of Meathe, and matters beinge agreed, the writings were drawn and ingrossed, and the mariage followed soone after. We returned againe, intending to land at Holliehead, where were the horses, but the winds would not permitt; but we had put ashore between Hollyhead and Beaumaris, sent for the horses, and came to bed at Beaumaris. From thence we ferried over, takinge our tyde better. As shee rode over the sands behind me, and pulling off her glove, her wedding ringe fell off, and sunck instantly. She caused her man to alight; she sate still behind me, and kept her eye on the place. Directed her man, but he not guessinge well, she leaped off, saying she would not stirr without her ringe, it beinge the most unfortunate thinge that could befall any one to loose the weddinge ringe

Digitized by Google

made the man thrust his hand into the sands (the nature of which is not to bear any weight but passinge); he pulled up sand, but not the ringe. She made him strip his arm and put it deeper into the sand, and pulled up the ringe; and this tyme he and shee, and all that stood still, were sunck almost to the knees, but wee were all pleased that the ringe was found. Gott up to horse againe, and arived at the great hill, she beinge behinde me. As wee rode, her feete hunge as it were over the rocke into the sea, and by degrees wee came so high that shee was not able to sitt any longer, she was so affrighted; and the way was no narrow that she was taken backward off the horse from behind, and soe shee walked as we all did over the hill, the rock beinge extream high both from our feete to the sea and above our heads too, so that we rode and walked as in the midle of the rock. Soe we came to Conway and there we lay, and from thence to Chester.

In that part of the autobiography which relates the outbreak of the war we find a few curious pictures of the times. It appears that in 1642, Charles being at York, sent for the chief justice, now an elderly man, with perhaps a trifle more consideration for the interests of his family than the more ardent Royalists and the King himself considered right. He was under impeachment with the rest of the judges, and had given security for his appearance when called on. He asked leave of the House of Lords, who had given leave to some of his friends in the like case, and this leave was refused. Accordingly he sent his sons to the king to bear his excuses, which indeed seem to have some point in them, for he was not able to ride, and it was next to impossible for him to travel by coach unobserved through four or five counties occupied by parliamentary troops. 'The kinge replyde, Why would your father ask leave? He might be sure they would denie him, for they would doe him (the king) noe good, but all the mischeif they could. Addinge, Your father is not soe old but he may indure the journey well; his presence is necessarie for my service and he must come. I will grant him my protection, and come againe to-morrow morning and you shall have it.' On the way back the two young Bramstons nearly fell into the hands of Cromwell, and made up their mind that it would be entirely impossible for their father to escape. Accordingly the old man wrote to excuse himself finally, and in the next year his patent was cancelled, and he retired into private life. He had some difficulty in remaining in it, as the Parliament and Cromwell made more than one attempt at persuading him to resume his office, which his loyal scruples forbade him to do.

'My father . . . kept himself as private as he could, not stirringe out unles to church, and indeed not often thither, only sometymes he went to Lincoln's Inn to heare the Archbishop of Armagh, whoe was enter-

Digitized by Google

tained by that society to preach there, until by accident wandringe about to find a more orderly and convenient place to heare and worship God, I one Sunday morninge stept into Milk Streete Church. I had usually frequented Saint Gregorie's, Dr. Mossam's, Dr. Wild's, Dr. Gunnige, or some other congregations where the orthodox clergie preacht and administered the sacraments; but the soldiers often disturbing those congregations, it was not soe convenient for my father to appeare there. And I comeinge as I sayd into Milk Streete Church, there was rome enough, very few in it; but there I did see Mr. Robinson, whoe lived in the parish, to whome I was well known. . . he helped me to a seate, and there I heard Mr. Farringdon, that excellent scholar and preacher. It fell out it was his first day, and he came thither on this occasion as Mr. Robinson told me. Mr. Case had binn there (placed by the committee upon the removall of Mr. Jones whom they had sequestered) for some years; but was now (as they then termed it in their cantinge language) *called* to St. Gyles in the Feilds, which made a much louder call indeed, beinge three times more than Milke Streete. He beinge gone, the parishioners were divided about a successor; some would have an Independent, some a Presbiterian, and severall meetings and competitions were, but no agreement, nor like to be; whereupon Mr. Robinson desired he might putt one into the pulpitt till they could agree of a choice, and sayd they should choose whether they would pay him or not. And soe he gott the pulpitt, and putt Mr. Farringdon into it, which he kept two or three yeares. I went home, and told my father I had found a church where he might safely goe, where was roome enough, and where he might heare a most excellent orthodox preacher. My grandmother Mrs. Moundeford then dwelt in that parish; so the next Sunday my father and my selfe went thither and Mr. Farringdon preached againe. My father's coach standing in the streete, neere the church gave occasion to some to looke in, and in a short time the congregation soe increased that it was very difficult to get a place; but Mr. Robinson being churchwarden gave us the favour of his pew, and my father continued an auditor there duringe the residue of his life, when in towne.'

The autobiographer had married in 1635; in 1642 on the outbreak of the war he had given up his practice of law, and after a while had given up his London house, and gone to live with his father at Skreens.

'I continued in privacie, without midlinge with any busines, and for the most part reading histories, and such bookes of controversie as the tymes gave occasion for writinge, expectinge still when it would please God to putt an end to the divisions. To Screenes came my brother and sister Palmer, and their children, the warr beinge sore in those parts where his estate lay. My brother, Moundeford Bramston, his wife and children were there alsoe, and all at my father's charge. But the warr continuinge my father founde himselfe not well able to

Digitized by Google

beare the charge of so great a familie (wee were above fiftie) wherefore he required us to contribute towards the table and to find oats for our horses; fier we all had for nothing, and hey and grass for our horses. Straingers or other relations came not to lodge; indeed there was but one chamber fitt to lodge a gentleman in, emptie, and yet that too after a while was filled too, for the Lord Brabason, driven out of Ireland, came with his lady thither to his aunt. My sister Porter and her husband were at Margetinge. He in a manner gave over practice too, though a very good lawyer, but loyall and therefore termed malignant—a word applyed to such as sided not with the Parliament. Thus we hearded together for the most part of the tyme after the war began; but the King's forces were weakened, and manie of his garrisons surrendered, and several had made their composition, wee began to sever, and I went to my house, but lived without employment.'

Soon afterwards his wife died, of whom he says:—'She was a virtuous and religious woman, a most carefull indulgent mother to her children, instructed in the Churche Catichisme, teachinge them the Lord's Prayer, the Commandments, and the Creede, which she heard them say constantly every morning, and some Psalmes and Chapters which she selected both in the Old and New Testament. She would daylie dress one or more of the gyrles with her own hands, and kept them cleane and neate, but cared not to have them costly clad. She was a very observant wife. I scarce ever went a journey but she wept. She lived and died a good Christian.' After his wife's death —'I putt my two eldest daughters to Hackney to schoole with Mrs. Salmon, and sent Hester Butler, my wife's mayd, with them.'

The autobiographer lived to a good old age, and died at the age of eighty-nine. The latter part of his book is less interesting than the earlier part, being somewhat overfull of his own and his relatives' maladies, and the remedies used for them. It concludes only a month before his death. The last entry is as follows:—

'I have been ill with a cold a weeke, and I was in feare I should not have been able to goe to church on Christmas day; but I thank God I went, received the Communion at the railes (this beinge the first time the Communion hath been celebrated since the table was railed in and the pulpit removed) and I praise God I have been free of the cold ever since.'

On the 4th of February, 1700, the last month of the 17th century according to the old style, the old man died.

Digitized by Google

ELEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY.

IV.

THE AUDITORY APPARATUS.

WHEN we speak of the 'hearing of the ear' we are propounding a fallacy. It is not the ear which hears. That organ is but a channel which conducts the sound to the auditory nerve by a complicated and beautiful arrangement which we will endeavour to describe, and if the nerve be diseased, little or no sound will penetrate to the brain of the would-be hearer, however intact and perfect the ear formed to convey it.

Sound may be conducted through a variety of media: through solid bodies, fluid bodies, or gases. It is much attenuated by transmission through the latter, while it derives intensity from a passage through solid bodies or through water. In saying this, however, we do not mean to suggest that Pyramus and Thisbe could have discoursed more easily and pleasantly through a wall *without* a chink. A solid body will only conduct sound when the vibrating body is placed in contact with it. For instance, every one knows how the sound of a tuning-fork is increased if it is placed upright on a pianoforte directly it is struck, and many have made the experiment of placing a musical box on a tumbler to 'make it play louder.' But if the tuning-fork or musical-box were placed upon a solid block of wood the effect would not be the same, for the conducting power of solid bodies is concentrated by the pressure of atmospheric air all round them, the air serving to prevent a diversion of sound in this case, although it is in itself a good conductor when placed in direct contact with the vibrating body.

Sound may be transmitted in three ways: by *reciprocation*, by *resonance*, and by *conduction*, and these three methods of transmission are united in the human ear.

I. *Reciprocation.*—All sonorous bodies have a fundamental note. If the fundamental note of a sonorous body be sounded in its proximity, a similar note is given out by the body itself. Thus, if two strings of the same length and tension are placed side by side, and one of them is sounded with a violin bow, the other is thrown into reciprocal vibration. The same result may be obtained by sounding the note with a flute or tuning-fork.

II. *Resonance.*—Vibrations of resonance occur when a sounding body is placed in connection with any other of which one or more parts may be thrown into reciprocal vibration, even though the tone

Digitized by Google

of the whole be different, or it be not capable of producing a definite tone at all. Thus a dog barking or howling near a pianoforte will often cause its strings to vibrate and sound, in sympathy—or otherwise—although the instrument is closed and nobody is touching it.* Similarly certain notes of the instrument sometimes produce a jarring, buzzing noise, which is subsequently traced to some small ornament about the room.

III. *Conduction.*—Vibrations of conduction are the only ones by which sounds can be strictly said to be propagated. As we have said, sounds may be conducted through any medium, solid, liquid, or gaseous, a vacuum being the only space through which it cannot—or, to speak more correctly, could not—pass.

Sonorous vibrations are not only imparted from water to solid bodies with definite surfaces which are in contact with the water, but are also returned with increased intensity by these bodies to the water; so that the sound is heard loudly in the vicinity of those bodies in situations where, if it had its origin in the conducting power of the water alone, it would be faint.

Thin membranes conduct sound in water without any loss of its intensity, whether they be tense or lax.

The transition of sonorous vibrations from air to water is attended with great difficulty unless there is an intervening membrane. A small solid body, fixed in an opening by means of a border of membrane, so as to be movable, communicates sonorous vibrations from air on one side to water on the other much better than solid media not so constructed. The propagation of sound to the fluid is rendered more perfect still if the solid conductor thus occupying the opening is prolonged on to the middle of a membrane which has atmospheric air on both sides.

It will be seen later on that these acoustic principles are very necessary to the proper understanding of the auditory apparatus, which contains both air, water, and solid bodies, together with intervening membranes.

What is usually understood by an "ear" is really only the *external* ear. There are also a *middle* and an *internal* ear.

The external ear consists of two parts: the *auricle* and the *external auditory canal.* The auricle serves as a reflector of sound, for sound, like light, may be reflected, which fact accounts for the familiar phenomenon of the echo. This part of the ear is concave and slightly inclined forwards, and its crumpled shape is so disposed as to catch sonorous modulations from whatever direction they may arise, and conduct them to its source of attachment. Those elevations and depressions upon which the sound-waves fall perpendicularly will be affected by them in the most intense degree, and the varied form

* The playing of a tune upon the instrument will sometimes have a similar effect upon the dog. But this arises from other causes, and has other results.

Digitized by Google

of the inequalities of the ear is such as to ensure such a mode of contact in some parts of its extent. The use of the auricle in collecting and directing sound-waves may be inferred from the assistance often derived in hearing by placing the hand behind the ear, so as to increase its concavity. In the case of animals where it is large and fully developed, as in the horse, ass, &c., it performs the office of an acoustic instrument, and they employ it as we might expect such an instrument to be used, for the open part is directed towards the quarter whence the sound comes, and continues so directed as long as the animal appears to listen. The most important part of the auricle is the *concha*,[1] or hollow which immediately precedes the auditory canal. The concha directs the reflected modulations towards the *tragus*,[1] whence they are thrown into the auditory passage. The tragus is that little semi-circle which stands up from the cheek. It is so called from its bearing a minute tuft of hair resembling a goat's beard, the purpose of which is to keep dust and small insects from entering the ear.

The auditory canal is formed of bone and cartilage. It passes from the concha inwards for about an inch or rather more. It inclines a little forwards and is slightly bowed, so as to be higher near the middle than at either end. Its width does not equal its height, and if it be higher in the middle it is also narrower. The lining of this canal conducts sound from the external ear. The air which it contains increases the intensity of the sound by resonance, like all insulated masses of air, and this resonant action may be demonstrated by the increased power of hearing derived from inserting an artificial tube into the tube already formed by the ear itself, and thus prolonging the canal. (An ear-trumpet is, in fact, simply a magnified imitation of the concha and auditory canal.) Those modulations which directly enter the passage are carried straight on, while those which enter obliquely are reflected from side to side, and at last fall obliquely on the *membrana tympani*.

The membrana tympani divides the external from the *middle* ear, commonly called the tympanum or drum. The membrana tympani may therefore be likened to the head of a drum. It is situated at the end of the auditory canal, and placed obliquely, in consequence of the lower side of the canal being longer than the upper. It receives the vibrations conducted to it by the auditory canal, and is thrown into a state of sympathetic vibration with the vibrating body producing the sound.

The fundamental note of a small membrane rises in proportion to its tension, and no proper reciprocation can take place in it to any sound *lower* than its fundamental note. It follows therefore that if the membrana tympani were *tense*, the power of distinguishing grave

[1] *Concha*, from the Greek, a shell.

[2] *Tragus*, Greek for goat.

Digitized by Google

sounds would be lost to us. Being, as it is, scarcely on the stretch, and its fundamental note consequently very low, it is capable of repeating a great variety of sounds, for when it receives modulations of a higher tone than those to which the *whole* membrane would reciprocate, it divides itself into distinct *segments* of vibration, which are separated by lines of rest, called *nodal* lines. A *nodal* line or point, in a vibrating plate or cord, is that line or point which remains at rest while the other parts are in a state of vibration. Each of these parts or segments reciprocates the sound, so that it is many times multiplied and thus rendered more intense. This curious fact may be proved by strewing fine sand over a membrane which has been stretched over a resonant cavity, and sounding a strong musical tone near it. The sand will be violently thrown off the vibrating parts of the membrane, and settle on the nodal lines, forming a variety of strange figures.

The *tympanum*, tympanic cavity, or drum of the ear, is an irregularly shaped space lined with mucous membrane and filled with air. It is traversed by a chain of small movable bones. These are called the *malleus* or hammer, the *incus* or anvil, and the *stapes* or stirrup. The handle of the hammer is imbedded in the membrana tympani. The anvil is not unlike a molar tooth. The stirrup is fitly described by its name. It fits into a hole called the *fenestra ovalis*, or oval window, and is fastened into this window by a membrane.

The air in the tympanum renders the vibrations of the membrana tympani quite free. It also isolates the chain of bones, so that the vibrations communicated to them by the membrana tympani are not weakened by diffusion through the surrounding solid parts. A tube, called the Eustachian tube, because it was discovered by a man named Eustachius, leads from the tympanum down into the pharynx, and forms a passage for the air to pass in and out. This regulates the pressure of air upon the membrana tympani, and as the tube is placed at the back of the nostrils, where no air can reach it except that which has been previously warmed by its passage through the nose and lungs, an even temperature is preserved throughout the tympanic cavity. This is very important, for the membranes, being elastic, would otherwise be affected by atmospheric changes.

The *internal* ear or labyrinth is separated from the middle ear by a wall of bone, but communicates with it by two apertures, the *fenestra ovalis* and the *fenestra rotunda*, or round window. Both these apertures are covered with membrane.

The labyrinth consists of three cavities hidden in hard or petrous bone, called respectively the *vestibule*, the *cochlea*, and the *semi-circular canals*. The essential part of the organ of hearing is the vestibule. It contains small masses of chalky powder, called *otoconia* or ear-powder, which are apparently analagous to the *otoliths* or ear-stones found in the auditory apparatus of fishes, and which serve to increase the

Digitized by Google

intensity of the sound-waves. The cochlea is so named from a Greek word signifying a spiral snail-shell, which denotes its shape. These three cavities are lined with a membrane which is filled with a liquid called *endo-lymph*, and this membrane is separated from the bony wall of the labyrinth by another collection of liquid called *peri-lymph*.[1] Over this membrane, which is suspended, as it were, between two liquids, the auditory nerve, issuing from the *internal* auditory canal, is spread out, and the liquid, which is thrown into vibration by the tympanic apparatus, impresses the sound-waves upon it.

Sound is conveyed to the labyrinth in three ways: firstly, by the chain of bones communicating with the vestibule through the fenestra ovalis; secondly, by the air in the tympanum communicating with the cochlea through the fenestra rotunda; thirdly, through the bones of the head. In proof of this last statement it may be observed that the ticking of a watch held between the teeth is distinctly perceptible, while the vibrations of a tuning-fork are sometimes better heard when the instrument is applied to the head or forehead than when listened to in the ordinary way.

The power of hearing varies considerably among different individuals. The ordinary range of human hearing, comprised between the lowest notes of the organ and the highest known cry of insects, includes more than nine octaves, but there are cases of insensibility to certain high sounds. For instance, the piercing squeak of a bat is inaudible to some persons, while cases are known of people being unable to hear the chirping of the field-cricket, or of the common house-sparrow, their sense of sound being otherwise quite perfect. This may depend upon the size of the membrana tympani, as it is also probable that animals possessing a very large membrana tympani can hear graver sounds than man.

The sense of hearing supplies the sensations by which the voice is regulated. Those who are born deaf are also dumb; and although no defect may exist in the vocal organs of such persons, and they may be taught to speak, the sounds produced are in the highest degree discordant and unpleasing. It is well known that persons not possessing what is called 'a musical ear,' that is, not being able to discriminate the exact pitch of sounds, cannot sing in tune; but the sense of discriminating both musical sounds and others may be greatly improved by cultivation, watchfulness, and attention. Instances of this are given by musical conductors, who are able to detect and trace the slightest deviation from tune in one among a hundred instruments, and by blind persons, who are able to direct their movements in a crowded thoroughfare by the help of the auditory sense alone.

[1] *Endo* is Greek for within; *lymph*, a transparent fluid; *peri*, Greek for about or around.

Digitized by Google

In conclusion, we would observe that this curious and beautiful organ is very delicate in its construction, and requires careful and considerate handling. Many cases of deafness have occurred through the ignorance of medical practitioners; and we believe that others might be traced to the very brutal practice of knocking children about the head, a thing which should be discouraged by every available means. Deafness has also been produced by nurses screwing up the corner of a towel and forcing it into the ear, to remove, as they think, an accumulation of wax.

[The following additional notes on the subject of 'Voice and Speech,' were too late for publication in our former article:—

Besides the four voices already alluded to, *i.e.* bass and tenor, soprano and contralto, there are two others, the baritone, a male voice, which shares some of the characteristics of both bass and tenor, and the mezzo-soprano, which forms a link between the soprano and contralto. A word must also be said about the *falsetto* register. High notes may apparently be taken in two ways—either by increasing the tension of the vocal cords, or by changing the shape of the rim of the larynx. In the usual method of voice-production the outlet of the larynx enlarges as the scale ascends, and its margins expand so as to afford a complete view of the interior, but in singing falsetto the rim of the larynx suffers a progressive and marked constriction in proportion as the pitch rises, until at last only the edges of the vocal cords can be seen through the narrow orifice that remains. This orifice may be gradually narrowed until it is reduced in size to a mere pin-hole, which will perhaps account for phenomenal singers like De Amicis (Madame Lange), who could, Mozart informs us, sing *C* ′′′′ The falsetto method, however, is not desirable, or generally to be employed. It forms no part of the training of an ordinary singer, and though tenors occasionally resort to it for certain effects, it is considered inartistic to do so with any frequency, especially as the effect can be equally well produced by the simple and thoroughly artistic expedient of blowing into a key. It is a curious fact that less breath is required to sustain high notes than low ones. The purity of high notes is often impaired by the singer imagining that a great effort is required for their emission, and consequently drawing in too large a quantity of air for the purpose of sustaining them.

In a subsequent paper on the nervous system it will be seen that all the complicated mechanism of our bodies is set in motion by nerve power, and the larynx is no exception to this rule. If the inferior laryngeal nerve be cut through or destroyed through illness, the power of vocalisation ceases. In a case recently brought before the

Digitized by Google

Paris Court of Appeal, it was shown that M. Paul Bert, the physiologist, had cut the laryngeal nerve of his *watch dog*, which he said was out of consideration for his neighbours! What the use might be of a watch dog which could not bark M. Paul Bert did not reveal, but it is certain that he and M. Schiff, and other vivisectors, find the operation a convenient one to prevent the shrieks and howls which would otherwise proceed from the animals they vivisect and experiment upon.]

Digitized by Google

LETTERS ON DAILY LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

LETTER XXII.

FAIR-MINDEDNESS.

MY DEAR F——,—In thinking over what I said to you in my last letter as to the necessity there is for the government of the thoughts, I felt that I might well have added to the reasons given for it the power which it involves of encouraging fair-mindedness and checking resentment. Very possibly you do not feel this danger of resentment strongly. Young people, I think, as a rule, though they are quick in taking offence, are ready to forgive; at least I am tolerably certain that it is so in your case. You express yourself much more strongly than you feel; and probably when you go through your self-examination, though you may blame yourself for having spoken and acted hastily, you are not conscious of being really wanting in charity to any one.

No enemies—no one who is harsh or unkind to you—no one who has wilfully and knowingly done you a wrong!—where then is the occasion for resentment? But it will not be so always, and probably it will not be so long, unless you make your charitable feelings rest upon some surer foundation; for, as human beings, we are all really as liable to encourage thoughts of unjust resentment as of vanity. It is only the absence of exciting causes which is our safeguard.

I need not say to you how easily such causes for passing annoyance arise, and they may at any time become a source of settled resentment unless we carefully discipline ourselves in the exercise of fair-mindedness, a quality so rare and so precious that you must forgive me for dwelling upon it, even though at the present moment I can quite understand that you are not aware of being wanting in it.

Unfair judgment is common to us all; not that we are wilfully unkind in our estimation of others' actions; when we are offended we really think that we have a reason for being so, but then we dwell upon this reason, and attribute motives to the person who has annoyed us, and so work ourselves up to undue resentment. In some cases we may be justified in our first conclusions. The persons we live with or meet with are, not unfrequently, selfish and unjust. Judging them by ourselves, we may be tolerably sure that they may be tempted to be so, and I am not saying now that we are bound to think those in the right who are really in the wrong, but what I do very earnestly contend for is a fair judgment, and it is in this that the government of the thoughts, of which I wrote to you lately, is so needed. I speak from self-knowledge—in fact, I can

Digitized by Google

speak from nothing else, for there is no power which enables us to read the thoughts of others. There is a satisfaction in giving to one self a reason for the neglect or offence we have received, or imagine we have received. The first thing which suggests itself is—why did A or B do so-and-so?—why did not C speak to me?—why has D not sent me an invitation?—why has E been cold to me? And with the view of answering these questions, we begin to attribute motives—very plausible motives probably—based upon some characteristic, or some circumstances which we are aware of. Our minds rest satisfied when we have found the motive which fits into the action. We feel as though we were putting a moral dissected mass together. We say to ourselves: 'We must be right. Every one knows that A or B was wishing for the situation which my friend has obtained, and ill-will is felt because I have opposed the wish.' Or, 'C is naturally jealous, and cannot bear to see me walking with my friend X. That is why she turned without speaking to me.' Or, 'D has omitted to send me an invitation to her party because she was not invited to that family picnic where she would have been so dreadfully in the way.' Or, 'E has been cold ever since Z came into the neighbourhood, and I feel sure that Z, who is very ill-natured, has been prejudicing her against me.' Now this kind of reasoning, if one may venture to call it so, does not at first sight appear to be wrong, and I am willing to acquit both myself and my friends of any conscious unfairness in following it out. I only say that it is extremely dangerous, because it stands directly in the way of 'the charity that thinketh no evil,' and the 'righteous judgment,' which is not based upon appearances. Experience comes to us all, sooner or later, upon such a subject as this, but unfortunately it is for the most part useful only to ourselves. Prejudice, pre-judgment, judgment founded upon some fact or knowledge which, without thought and inquiry, we connect with the action that offends us, is the easiest, simplest, and therefore the most general way of solving the problems—the whys and the wherefores of the conduct of our fellow-creatures. It is only when it comes home to ourselves that we become alive to the mischief it causes. Not long ago an acquaintance of my own was called upon to decide between two candidates for an office. She made her choice, and believed that her reason for it would be so well understood that it could not be questioned. Suddenly she found that her conduct was criticised and censured, because it was attributed to circumstances which had happened between fifteen and twenty years before, and of which she was entirely ignorant. Her utter surprise was amusing. It had evidently never occurred to her before that such prejudice and unfair judgment could be possible; and yet, I venture to say, that unless her nature was angelic she must certainly have been guilty of a similar unfairness at some time or other in her life, for it is perhaps the very commonest of human failings. And the persons who thus blamed her

Digitized by Google

would probably have been equally surprised if they had been told they were wrong; for were not the facts before them? They had invented nothing. They had only put two and two together, and the result was self-evident. No doubt, if two and two were connected; but suppose two and two had no connection—what then? That was an inquiry they had omitted to make.

Now, dear F—, all this unfair judgment shows itself in our thoughts just as much as in our words and deeds, and perhaps more; only we perceive it less quickly because it does not apparently bring such grave consequences. What I want you to do, and what I want to do myself, is to watch against this secret beginning, to acknowledge facts, but to be careful in drawing conclusions from them, and never to be hasty in repeating them. One reason why it is undesirable to repeat facts which are unquestionably true, is that true facts are so often made the basis of false conclusions. Persons who pride themselves upon exactness in the facts of narration are quite as likely as others to be untrue in this respect unless they are exact also in their expressions. There is a common saying, not always used in a very refined sense, that it is right to call a spade a spade. Certainly it is right, but then let us be quite sure first that what we are speaking of is a spade. In writing I address a stranger as 'dear sir,' or 'dear madam.' The words are not true. The stranger is not dear to me, therefore I am guilty of a lie. Is it so?

But you will call this an exaggerated illustration. Yes; I give it just because it is exaggerated. We can see an object more plainly when it is magnified. And I wish to show that we have no right to apply to any act an epithet which conveys to the hearer an impression that belongs to another act. We may call prevarication, deceit in action, pretence of any kind,—lying. (I have myself heard the term so applied.) We may use a fallacious syllogism and argue that—

> Everything which is not true must be false;
> Every lie is false;
> Therefore everything which is not true is a lie.

A logician would pull our argument to pieces at once, but I will suppose that you and I are not logicians, and that it sounds right to us, and we act upon it, and denounce some offender in the plainest terms as a liar. Our words are repeated, and the person in question is stamped with the opprobrious epithet. At last some one asks—But are false and lie identical terms? Then comes the definition of a lie, involving a very difficult question of morals. We find ourselves perplexed, and fall back upon our determination not to be led astray by sophistry, but to call things by their right names (thus begging the question). At last our opponent suggests, to our surprise, that it is *we* who have told a lie—for everything which is false is not necessarily a lie; and by slow degrees we open our eyes to the fact that a

Digitized by Google

lie, and equivocation, and deceit, though springing from the same evil root, are different species of the same genus, and that in confounding them we are so far from calling a spade a spade, that we are really calling it a hatchet, and thus have been guilty not only of a false statement, but of spreading it to the injury of a fellow-creature. Remember I am not for a moment denying that there are cases in which equivocation or deceit may be as much to be reprobated as a lie; all I contend for is, that we are bound to apply to every action the epithet which by the common consent of mankind belongs to it, and that we have no right, in our eagerness to guard against the smooth excuses and fair words which the world applies to the sins that it condones, to set up a dictionary of our own in which old words have new and widened meanings.

Applying all that I have said to the subject of fair-mindedness, I think you will see that if we only keep a check upon our own thoughts, and compel ourselves to consider whether we are affixing the right name to the act which we are resenting, we shall put a stop to many hasty judgments, and when we are called upon to give our opinion in words it will probably be fair and just, and calculated to promote charity. 'Blessed are the peace-makers!' But no professed partisan can be a peace-maker.

But it may be said the world would be very dull, it might even stand still, if every one weighed words and formed judgments in the careful way which I have been urging. It is because a man has partisans—persons who will uphold him blindly—that he carries his point, and often a good point. I acknowledge this. As society is constituted, party spirit and partisanship no doubt appear to be a necessity, if we wish the wheels to turn and progress to be made. But I am not speaking of what is necessary for society. I leave that in Higher Hands. As gold is worked by the aid of alloy, so it may be that the inferior motives, and the lower principles of mankind, may be allowed by Providence to give a stimulus to human action. Those are questions which it would be impossible for me to enter upon. My answer to your difficulty at present must be an answer drawn from analogy. Offensive odours are necessary in the physical world because they give us warnings of hidden evils, and set us on the right track for correcting them. But we cannot argue from this that offensive smells are good and to be cultivated, rather, we naturally do our utmost to correct them. Party spirit and partisanship, in like manner, often work for good, and enable men to carry out schemes which a perfectly unprejudiced inquiry would have delayed until they became impracticable; but that they are in themselves good is a fallacy which human beings could never accept, if they were not misled by looking at the immediate effect, instead of the ultimate result, of their principles. And what you and I are now thinking of is the formation of personal character, not the working of society. The former is, to a great extent, in our

Digitized by Google

own power; the latter is not. If all men were perfectly fair-minded, party spirit and partisanship would cease, for they would be found to be unnecessary. In so far, then, as we ourselves individually cultivate the spirit of fairness and moderation in thought, word, and deed, we shall work to bring about that higher tone of social and political life which all must acknowledge to be the ideal of human society.

If you were to ask me what is the position I should most desire to attain, were I a man and a politician, I should say, that of Speaker of the House of Commons, simply because, according to the traditions of the House, the person who holds that office must be acknowledged by all parties to be absolutely superior to anything like unfair bias. The offer of such a post to any man, is, to my mind, the highest token of respect which can be paid to the noble uprightness of character, so inestimably precious in its influence upon the world at large. And as we all admire such a character in another, so, I think, it must be well worth our while to strive to attain to it in ourselves.

How far most of us are from such attainment I need scarcely say; but that it is within our reach I cannot doubt. There may be great impulsiveness, and irritability, and impatience in the natural disposition, and this may render the task difficult; but nothing of that kind will ultimately stand in the way of a resolute will, exercised in dependence upon God's grace. I say this to you especially, because I have heard you often acknowledge that you are impetuous and hasty in your judgment, in a tone which would lead me to think that you are inclined to look upon the character as unavoidable, and to be accepted as you accept the colour of your hair, or the length of your nose. It is not a character generally disliked. There are persons who rather prefer it to calm fair-mindedness. They make it a principle to go with their friends, and support them under all circumstances; but I don't think you are one of them. I believe you really value that right judgment which we pray for in the Collect for Whit Sunday, and that you do not desire any support which is not given conscientiously. But when you are yourself required to sacrifice your affection to your principles, and to own that you differ from your friend, a difficulty is, I think, likely to arise in your mind. Yet sympathy and affection are, in reality, perfectly compatible with difference of opinion, or even the condemnation of another's judgment. Once show that you are fair-minded, or strive to be so, and you will find that even the friend whom you oppose will, in the end, give you credit for your motives.

But it must be real fair-mindedness—the result of a full knowledge of facts, a careful weighing of evidence—not that provoking semblance of fairness which always takes the part of the accused, and which is even more difficult to deal with than actual partisanship. Years are, however, required before any of us can, in any strict sense, actually attain to right judgment; but to set it before us as an

Digitized by Google

object is very important, and as one of the best modes of cultivating it, I would say, try to judge yourself truly, learn to be fair to yourself, and fair to what others say of you. Give yourself full credit for anything which you may have done, or striven to do, well, in man's sight, but also give yourself full blame for anything in which you have failed. Self-excuse is one of the things which especially blinds our judgment. And if it should so happen that you have to intervene between others, give yourself time for consideration, and exercise patience in hearing both sides. Weigh your words, but when you have formed your opinion, express it clearly, so that you may avoid the imputation of desiring to please both parties.

And as regards the office of peace-maker. There is one thing which should be urged upon any person who undertakes it—that there are certain laws of honour which can never be transgressed with impunity, though it may seem that they stand in the way of fair judgment.

A letter marked private is, of course, private; but a letter written in implied confidence, though it may not actually have been so marked, ought also to be held sacred. Unless we can feel perfectly sure that the writer would have no objection to its being shown, we are not at liberty to make use of it, even when it may seem to us that it would help to make the case clear. And so also with facts told us in intimate and confidential intercourse. We may never safely and rightly repeat them, unless we are certain that the person who related or uttered them would have been willing to make them known.

Betrayal of confidence in small matters is considered to be the especial fault of women, and perhaps it is true that it is not uncommon, and tends to embitter their differences. And it should be remembered that even if we bring no great evil upon others by it, we do a great wrong to ourselves; for if we are once known to have thus gone beyond the strict lines of honourable and considerate feeling, we have created an impression of our principles which will cling to us when perhaps we little deserve it. We may be sorry for our want of wisdom, but sorrow can never blot out folly in the sight of man; and the person whom we have offended by our fault may outwardly forgive, but cannot be expected entirely to forget it.

There has, in fact, in such cases been a moral breach of trust, and it is trust which is the foundation-stone of all that is truly to be valued in social intercourse. Trust, not only in good intentions and good impulses, but in a clear perception of abstract right and the limitations of conflicting claims, joined with the moral courage which will declare and maintain, in all gentleness and firmness, what is held to be true.

We rest upon the judgment of persons of such a character, we turn to them in our difficulties, we act upon their advice. They may never be leaders of political opinion, but they guide and control it. No

Digitized by Google

admiring eyes may follow them, no enthusiastic devotion may wait upon them; but they, who in the sight of God strive to cultivate a fair judgment, have set their hopes and their ambition on an approval which does not belong to this world, and the praise which will follow them beyond the grave is the only praise which they value. A reward will, however, surely come to them here, though not in the form which most men seek. No one can think lightly of the value of a good judgment, and a fair and patient mind, who has realised the evils which are consequent upon hasty judgment and unfairness. When you shall have reached my age—should God grant you so long a life—and can look back upon past years, you will pronounce a very different sentence upon the working of your natural disposition. You will not be ready then to lay upon it the blame of your short-comings; you will feel that it was given you to be trained and checked by conscience and will; and that in so far as you have neglected the training you are guilty before God. Such a retrospect cannot be pleasant, for the story of each individual life as it goes on reveals the rivers of bitterness which spring from these quick springs of impulse—the sorrowful consequences of a few words embodying an unkind, or an unwise judgment. At the moment we uttered or wrote the words they seemed trifles; when we looked at them from a little distance we regretted, but scarcely repented, them. But they have done their work notwithstanding, and there it lies before us at last; misunderstanding which can never be cleared up, because those who were parties to it are lying in their graves; accusations which can never be refuted, because time has so confused memories and statements that the full truth is unattainable; estrangement which has become so complicated that it is felt to be safer to accept it outwardly than to risk further resentment by attempting to remove it. As we trace the course of these waters of Marah from their source, we feel, perhaps, that before the Tribunal of God we may stand acquitted of wilful unkindness; but the supposed innocence of intention will not have saved either ourselves or others from the consequences of our unwisdom; and when we see the wreck of happiness which they have made, or helped to make, it can be no marvel if we appeal with what may seem an exaggerated earnestness to those whose future is yet in their own power, and entreat them to check the workings of irritability and impatient judgment in the germ, as they would destroy the infant snake in the thicket.

Yours ever,

E. M. S.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

Spider Subjects.

THE World-famed Men have been answered by Terra Cotta, Clover, Coral, Hector, Kitten, Gretchen, Spectacles, March Hare, Chelsea China, Nightingale, Vogelein, A Bee, Fly. In most there is too much tendency to take English authors, such as Chaucer. Altogether, Chelsea China's are the best-considered. For faithful men, Alison chooses David, A Bee the Constant Prince, Bog Oak and Spectacles Bishop Ken, Anon Sir Thomas More. The Muffin Man's is more an example of courage than faithfulness.

THIRTY WORLD-FAMOUS AUTHORS.

'There be thirty chosen prophets
The wisest of the land.'

Authors (Prose).	*One or more works on which their fame rests.*
1. Æsop	'Fables.'
2. Herodotus	'History.'
3. Thucidides	'History.'
4. Xenophon	'Anabasis.'
5. Plato	'Phoedrus, &c.
6. Aristotle	'Ethics,' &c.
7. Cæsar	'Commentaries.'
8. Josephus	'Jewish War,' 'Antiquities of the Jews.'
9. Plutarch	'Lives.'
10. Tacitus	'History.'
11. St. Augustine of Hippo	'Confessions,' 'Retractations,' &c.
12. Thomas Aquinas	'Summa Theologiæ,' &c.
13. Boccaccio	'Decameron.'
14. Froissart	'Chronicles.'
15. Thomas à Kempis	'De Imitatione Christi.'
16. Macchiavelli.	'Poetical Treatises.'
17. Cervantes	'Don Quixote.'
18. Francis Bacon	'Essays.'
19. Linnæus	'Fundamenta Botanica,' 'Systema Naturæ.'
20. Defoe	'Robinson Crusoe.'
21. Fenelon.	'Télémaque.'
22. Sir Isaac Newton.	'Principia.'
23. Richardson	'Clarissa,' 'Sir Charles Grandison.'
24. Goldsmith	'The Vicar of Wakefield.'
25. Samuel Johnson	'Rasselas,' 'Dictionary.'
26. Gibbon.	'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.'
27. La Motte Fouqué.	'Magic Ring,' 'Sintram.'
28. Sir Walter Scott	'Waverley,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'Kenilworth.'
29. Manzoni	'I Promessi Sposi.'
30. John Stuart Mill.	'Political Economy.'

BOG-OAK.

THE MOST FAITHFUL AND TRUE PERSON IN HISTORY.

'Firm against kingly terrors in his country's free cause,
Faithful to God's anointed, *against* a world's applause.'

IT is indeed much to the honour of the loyalty of man, that when asked for the most faithful and true person, there is a great difficulty in choosing. A host of the faithful loyal hearts of every age arise

Digitized by Google

before us, men who were loyal to a failing cause, and lost all for it; men who in the cause of king or country, or both, were faithful unto death. But, perhaps, the above lines guide us to one of the few men who could faithfully rebuke one king on the ground of morals, and another for the sake of the faith, and yet remain true to both.

Thomas Ken, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, kept himself undefiled from the evil companions of Charles II., refusing them admission to his house at Winchester; and when the king was dying, he bravely rebuked him, and yet truly and tenderly led him to repentance. How he resisted the unlawful commands of James II., believing them the beginning of an attack on his beloved Church, is well known. Having the highest views of kingly prerogative, he yet faithfully dared to resist at the right time. And for this same king, to whom he personally owed so little, he cheerfully gave up his bishopric, and lived to the last in comparative poverty, sooner than stain his soul by an oath to the usurper. His words to James II., 'Sir, we are bound to fear God and honour the king,' were the motto of his life. Fearing God first, he never failed in truly honouring his king. And his calm, peaceful old age brings back the words, 'And yet saw I never the righteous forsaken.'

'Such calm old age as conscience pure,
And self-commanding hearts insure.'

Surely in that grave at Froome Selwood rests at least *one* of the most faithful and true persons the world has ever seen.

BOG-OAK.

'MONTHLY PACKET' BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

IN taking the Presidential Chair, which has been so ably occupied by Vertumnus I., I am happy to be able to inform the members of the M. P. B. S. that I have received so many applications for admission from past members and others, that I cannot doubt that the society can be fully revived; and I shall be glad if I can do anything to revive it, and to make it a success. But I wish to impress upon the members that the success of the society must depend much more on the members than on the president. He is only the recipient and the critic of their communications; but if the communications are few in number, or are made hastily and carelessly, his work becomes painfully light, and every member of the society suffers. While, therefore, I at once give my opinion that members who are not inclined to work had better retire, I will add that I take the chair in the hopeful expectation that all will show that they have a real interest in the object of the society by all heartily *working* together. For my part, I shall be ready to help any workers to the best of my power, not only in their monthly communications, but also by naming any plants or answering (if I can) any botanical questions they may send to me by letter. (Such letters should, of course, contain a stamped envelope or post-card for reply.)

I cannot better preserve the continuity of the society than by adopting the name that is already familiar to the members, and signing myself

VERTUMNUS II.

BITTON VICARAGE, BRISTOL, *December* 10, 1883.

Digitized by Google

The following are the subjects for the months of 1884 :—

January.—Veronica (the annual species), Draba.
February.—Tussilago, Helleborus, Galanthus.
March.—Narcissus, Vinca, Adoxa.
April.—Trifolium, Geum, Caltha.
May.—Cratægus, Prunus.
June.—Osmunda, Iris, Rosa.
July.—Marsh or Bog Plants.
August.—Clematis, Nymphæa, Helminthia.
September.—Colchicum, Erica, Aster.
October.—Ilex, Achillea.
November.—Hedera, Ulex.
December.—Any plants in flower.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

1st. Translate into French—

I have seen a dog become at once anxious and uneasy at seeing his mistress weep; and I once knew a Scotch terrier, who, under the influence of strongly moved affection, seemed gifted with a knowledge and discretion which it is very difficult to account for.

2nd. What would be the half-yearly dividend from an investment of 3,300*l.* in the 3¼ per cents., made when the stock was at ninety-one?

Digitized by Google

Notices to Correspondents.

QUOTATIONS, ETC., WANTED.

'*I*' would feel very much obliged if any correspondent of the *Monthly Packet* could tell her the address of Miss Lee's (?) Home for Destitute Girls in Paris, and if visitors are admitted.

Mrs. Henry Barnard will be much obliged for rules for a working ladies' club in the country which have been tried and found to answer well.

Could the editor of the *Monthly Packet* kindly tell *G. S. W.* where the following lines are taken from?—

'Perfect I call Thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete,
I trust what Thou shalt do.'

E. H. Y. would be greatly obliged to any of the readers of the *Monthly Packet* if they would tell her the rest of a poem, beginning—

'Cometh a stillness as of even,
Waking the soul with memories of love.'

She thinks it was composed for one of the anniversaries of the Prince Consort's death.

'The process slow of years,
The discipline of life,
Of outward woes and secret tears,
Sickness and strife.
The idols taken from thee one by one
Till thou canst dare to live with Me alone.'

L. M. F. will be very grateful if any reader of the *Monthly Packet* can tell her the author of the above lines, and where they may be found.

S. S. G. would be glad to know who is the writer or has the copyright of the hymn or 'spiritual song,' of which the first four lines are—

'Only beginning the journey,
Many a mile to go;
Little feet how they patter,
Wandering to and fro.'

It is printed anonymously in *Orthodox London*.

ANSWERS.

M. C. P.—Selections of more than a stanza or two cannot be used without permission from the owner of the copyright. The right of authorising a translation also belongs to the owner of the copyright.

Louise—The *Hints to Untrained Governesses* were published in a shorter form at the *Bazaar* Office, London, price 6*d*. *The Fisher Folks' Welcome* has not, to the editor's knowledge, been republished.

M. R. B. should apply to S. B. Merriman, Esq. (Secretary), 25, Austin Friars, London, E.C., for particulars of Huggen's College, Northfleet, Kent. The trustees grant in and out pensions to ladies and gentlemen.

Digitized by Google

UPPER HIGH STREET, LINTON, CAMBS.,
10*th December*, 1883.

In answer to *G. M. D.* *Miss Claydon* sends the following:—She does not know the author; she copied the words and music (the latter by Beueker) from a small book, *Songs for School and Home*, or a similar title, edited by G. F. Root. She has the impression it is an American work; but it is some years since she saw it She will copy the tune if *G. M. D.* wishes for it and will write to her at the above address.

THE GRAVE.

'Oh, how they softly rest
For aye, each blessed one,
Who, now on Jesu's breast
Sleeping, from us are gone.
Softly their ashes lie
Under the grassy sod;
They did not really die,
They but went home to God.

'Yet 'tis no idle rest,
No mere release from care,
What they loved here the best
They are fulfilling there,
Where they in active love
Their truest leisure find,
And worship God above,
And know His holy mind.

'Yet are they often here,
Yet do we meet again,
Our hearts they come to cheer,
In work, in joy, in pain.
And we to them are bound
In closer union still,
Whene'er, with them, we're found
Doing the Father's will.'

You gave only half the fact in the *Monthly Packet* as to the quotation, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' In that precise wording, it has not been traced beyond Sterne, but he did not invent the idea. Its first literary appearance is in the *Prémices* of Henri Estienne, the celebrated printer and scholar, published in 1594, where it stands thus: 'Dieu mésure le froid à la brebis tondue;' which George Herbert translates in his *Jacula Prudentum*, 'To the close-shorn sheep God gives cold by measure.'—*R. F L.*

S. W. T. informs *A. H. B.* that the following lines—

'All dim, all dark the future, all unknown
The path that I must tread. But not alone.
I stand upon the threshold of the year;
My hand is held by One who standeth here
With me, my Saviour; He will be my guide;
Though I know not the way, He knows, and I am satisfied,'

are by the author of *Hymns for Quiet Hours.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mrs. Fagg, Homeside, Duppas Hill Terrace, Croydon, most heartily thanks all who have so kindly responded to the appeal for sums, however small, to send a medical lady to the Chinese ladies. They are, indeed, without hope in this world and the next, and now that 1884 has

Digitized by Google

begun, may we ask that many more will send us donations for this work. The Secretary of the C. O. E. Z. M. S., Sir William Hill, K.C.S.I., will give any information required. Miss Moser, 4*s.*; Miss Barber, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Mrs. Johnson, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Miss Newton, 2*s.*; Mrs. Caust, 3*s.*; by Miss Newman, 3*s.*; Miss Seymour, 10*s.*; Miss Pugh, 1*s.* 3*d.*; Miss Andrews, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Mrs. S. E. Allnuett, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Fräulein Müller, 1*s.*; Mr. George P. Prior, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Sister Edith, 1*s.*; Miss Clarke, 1*s.* 1*d*; Miss Nicholson, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Sextus.—Daisy Chain Cot, 4*s.*

S. Monica's Home for Sick Children, Inex Road, Kilburn.

A notice of this Home appeared in the *Monthly Packet* some years ago, and the Lady Superintendent still keeps in grateful remembrance the tokens of sympathy which it called forth, but as the institution has been considerably enlarged since then, and is hoping to extend its work yet further, some account of its progress may not be without interest.

In its early days the Home only held eight little inmates, but it was soon made large enough to take in thirteen, and five years ago it was removed to a larger house in Inex Road, where—with some crowding—twenty-two patients can be received at a time. During the eight years of its existence over a hundred cases have been admitted, some of them exceedingly protracted, and requiring a great length of time for their cure. Two boys, who came with acute disease of the hip-joint, were both sent out after a year's treatment entirely cured, with no lameness whatever, and the same complete cure can be recorded in the case of twenty-nine other children, while many more have been largely benefited; but of seventeen we can only say that their incurable sufferings were alleviated, and that death came to them more gently than it might have done in their own poor homes; and there are several in the house now who have been as much as four or five years under treatment. All is done for them that can be done in the way of medical attendance and careful nursing, and such of the patients as are able to be moved and likely to derive benefit from change of air are taken to the country or the sea-side once a year, for a month or six weeks.

There are three separate wards in the Home, besides a room used as a chapel, a general dining-room, and rooms for the Lady Superintendent and her workers. The first ward—S. Augustine's—for boys only, has eight beds in it, and the patients are of various ages, the eldest being sixteen. He, poor lad! has no chance of recovery, humanly speaking, but he is very bright and cheerful all the same, amuses himself with reading, and bears his troubles in the right spirit. He has been confirmed since he came to the Home, and is a devout communicant. When on one of the fine days of the past summer all the other patients were taken as a great treat to Brondesbury Park, he, to every one's regret, was too ill to go, but he was allowed to have his mother to tea with him, and this seems to have proved ample consolation. He told his lady-nurse afterwards that it had been 'just like home.' He long had a bright neighbour at his elbow in the shape of 'Teddie,' a roguish playful boy of eight who came in a year

Digitized by Google

ago covered with abscesses, and occupied the next bed; but 'Teddie' is promoted to crutches now, will have nothing to say to bed except at bed-time, and gets out into the pleasant little back-gardens upon which the windows of the Boys' Ward look.

In the bed beyond is 'Henry,' a pretty boy of seven, who has a diseased knee-joint, which is obliged to be tied up to a cradle day and night. It is a sadly irksome position for the little fellow, but he has hope to cheer him, as it is thought he will be able to walk in time; and he amuses himself with pasting scraps on boxes, and watching the doings of the other boys.

On the same floor, but at the front of the house, is the Girls' Ward, S. Monica's, and here the senior is a girl of fifteen, who is now well enough to act as a kind of monitor to the little ones. The next to her is fourteen, and came in perfectly crippled and helpless from an accident, but has recovered sufficiently to be able to lie outside her bed, and do needlework and knit stockings. Spinal curvature seems to be the ill from which most of the other little maidens are suffering, and some of them have to be kept always lying down, but this does not prevent their getting into the garden on fine days, as wheel-chairs and couches are provided for them.

On the upper floor is a large ward devoted to very little children of both sexes, and here one finds many engaging little people, and hardly ever hears a sound of crying, except from some new-comer with whom the first strangeness has not yet worn off. There is just now a certain little 'Freddie' in this room, a dark-eyed, bright-coloured creature of four, who is so loving and so lovable that he has to be lifted up to the other cots that the little sick occupants may kiss him. When he puts his confiding hand into that of a visitor, and looks into the new face with his sweet friendly eyes, no one can help being glad that he has found a home where he may be nursed back into health, and sent out into the world by and by as strong as he is good.

Those of the children who are well enough to be up, and can use their minds without danger, are gathered into the dining-room every morning for about a couple of hours' schooling. Great pains are taken to teach them in a simple and attractive manner the truths of our holy faith, besides the elements of secular knowledge—and those who are able attend a short service in the chapel morning and evening, and join very heartily in the hymn-singing which forms part of it.

Some who have left the Home retain a very grateful recollection of the teaching they received while there, as well as of the tender nursing. A little girl the other day brought 2*l.* which she had collected for the Home since her return to her friends, and those who have joined the Guild lately started for the elder children are delighted to find that they may still belong to it even when they have gone out into the world. They value this link with the loved heads of the house and the place where they have been so happy, and it is thought that it may prove of great value in helping them to keep up those habits of daily prayer and simple well-doing which they have learned in the Home.

The parents and friends of the sick children are freely admitted to see them on Sundays and Tuesdays, and other visitors can be shown round the house any week-day afternoon between three and five. From five to six is the children's special play-hour, when within

Digitized by Google

certain limits they are allowed to make as much noise as they like, and to judge from the merriment which prevails one would scarcely suppose it to be a home for the *sick*. By eight o'clock all is quiet, blankets snugly tucked in, loving good-nights exchanged, and for the most part the little ones already asleep, though here and there is some special case which needs night-watching.

Ladies who wish to be trained in elementary surgical nursing can be received at the Home on payment of a guinea a week, and there are a good many volunteer helpers who have formed themselves into a little association for befriending the patients by personal work, or by collecting funds and so forth. The *great* need at present is a really suitable house, built with reference to the special requirements of an institution of this sort, and large enough to contain ten or twelve more patients than can now be received. The hired house now in occupation is unsuitable in many ways, and cramps the work, though it was the best that could be got under the circumstances.

A site for a new and permanent Home has been secured, and donations for the building-fund are urgently invited, and will be gratefully received, however small in amount.

Collecting-cards can be supplied to those who will undertake them. All gifts of money, whether for building or for maintenance of the patients, may be sent either to the Lady Superintendent, Miss Catherine Forster, S. Monica's Home, Inex Road, Kilburn, N.W.; or to the Treasurer, W. H. Bosanquet, Esq., 11, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; or paid in to the S. Monica's Home account at Messrs. Hoare's, 37, Fleet Street, E.C.

Gifts of game, fruit, vegetables, eggs, toys, books, &c., for the children are also very welcome, and will be thankfully received at the Home.

FLORENCE WILFORD.

Digitized by Google

The Monthly Packet.

MARCH, 1884.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER III.

GOOD-BYE.

A PASSAGE was offered to Mr. Mohun in a Queen's ship, and this hurried the preparations so much that to Dolores it appeared that there was nothing but bustle and confusion, from the day of her conversation with Maude, until she found herself in the railway carriage returning from Plymouth with her eldest uncle. Her father had intended to take her himself to Silverfold; but detentions at the office in London, and then a telegram from Plymouth, had disconcerted his plans, and when he found that his eldest brother would come and meet him at the last, he was glad to yield to his little daughter's earnest desire to be with him as long as possible.

Shy and reserved as both were, and almost incapable of finding expression for their feelings, they still clung closely together, though the only tears the girl was seen to shed came in church on the last Sunday evening, blinding and choking, and she could barely restrain her sobs. Her father would have taken her out, but she resisted, and leant against him, while he put his arm round her. After this, whenever it was possible, she crept up to him, and he held her close.

There had been no further discussion on her home. Lady Merrifield had written kindly to her, as well as to her father, but that was small consolation to one so well instructed by story books in the hypocrisy of aunts until fathers were at a distance. And her father was so manifestly gratified by the letter, that it would be of no use to say a word to him now. Her fate was determined, and, as she heroically told Maude in their last interview, she was determined to make the best of it. She would endure the unjust aunt, and jealous, silly cousins, and

Digitized by Google

be so clever, and wise, and superior, that she would force them to admire and respect her, and by and by follow her example, and be good and sensible, so that when father came home, he would find them acknowledging that they owed everything to her; she had saved two or three of their lives, nursed half of them when the other half were helpless, fainting, and hysterical, and, in short, been the Providence of the household. Then father would look at her, and say, 'My Mary again!' and he would take her home, and talk to her with the free confidence he had shown her mother, and would be comforted.

This was the hope that had carried her through the last parting, when she went on board with her uncle and saw her father's cabin, and looked with a dull kind of entertainment at all the curious arrangements of the big ship. It seemed more like sight-seeing than good-bye, when at last they were sent on shore, and hurried up to the station just in time for the train.

Uncle William was a very unapproachable person. He did not profess to understand little girls. He looked at Dolores rather anxiously, afraid, perhaps, that she was crying, and put her into the carriage, then rushed out and brought back a handful of newspapers, giving her the *Graphic*, and hiding himself in the *Times*.

She felt too dull and stunned to read, or to look at the pictures, though she held the paper in her hands, and she gazed out dreamily at the Torrs and rocks and woody ravines of Dartmoor as they flew past her, the leaves and ferns all golden brown with autumn colouring. She had had little sleep that night; her little legs had all the morning been keeping up with the two men's hasty steps, and though an excellent meal had been set before her in the ship, she had not been able to swallow much, and she was a good deal worn out. So when at last they reached Exeter, and finding there would be two hours to wait, her uncle asked whether she would come down into the town with him and see the Cathedral, she much preferred to stay where she was. He put her under the care of the woman in the waiting-room, who gave her some tea, took off her hat, and made her lie down on a couch, where she slept quite sound for more than an hour, until she was roused by some ladies coming in with a crying baby.

It was, she thought, nearly time to go on, for the gas was being lighted. She put on her hat, and went out to look for her uncle on the platform, so as to get into a better light to see the face of her mother's little Swiss watch, which her father had just made over to her. She had just made out that there was not more than a quarter of an hour to spare, when she heard an exclamation.

'By Jove! if that ain't Mary's little girl!' and, looking up, she saw Mr. Flinders' huge, bushy, light-coloured beard. 'Is your father here?' he asked.

'No; he has sailed this afternoon.'

Digitized by Google

'Always my luck! Ticket wasted! Sailed—really?'

'O yes. We did not come back till the ship was out of harbour.'

He muttered some exclamation, and asked—

'Whom are you with?'

'Uncle William. Mr. Mohun—my eldest uncle. He will be back directly.'

Mr. Flinders whistled a note of discontent.

'Going to rusticate with him, poor little mite?' he asked.

'No. I'm to live with my Aunt Lilias—Lady Merrifield.'

'Where?'

'At Silverfold Grange, near Silverfold.'

'Well, you'll get among the swells. They'll make you cut all your poor mother's connections. So there's an end of it. She was a good creature—she was!'

'I'll never forget any one that belongs to her,' said Dolores. 'Oh, there's Uncle William!' as on the top of the stairs she spied the welcome sight of his grey locks and burly figure. Before he had descended her other uncle had vanished, and she fancied she had heard something about, 'Mum about our meeting. Ta ta!'

Uncle William's eyes being less sharp than hers, he was on his way to the waiting-room before she joined him, and as he had not seen her encounter, she would not tell him. They were settled in the carriage again, and she was tolerably refreshed. Mr. Mohun fell asleep, and she, after reading by the lamp-light as long as she could find anything to read, gazed at the odd reflections in the windows till she, too, nodded and dozed, half waking at every station.

At last, she was aware of a stop in earnest, voices, and being called. There was her uncle saying, 'Well, Hal, here we are!' and she was lifted out and set on the platform, with gas all round. Her uncle was saying, 'We didn't get away in time for the express,' and a young man was answering, 'We'd better put Dolly into the waggonette at once. Then I'll see to the luggage.'

Very like a parcel, so stiff were her legs, she was bundled into the dark cavern of a closed waggonette, and, after a little lumbering, her uncle and the young man got in after her, saying something about eleven o'clock.

She was more awake now, and knew that they were driving through lighted streets, and then, after an interval, turned into darkness, upon gravel, and stopped at last before a door full of light, with figures standing up dark in it. She heard a 'Well, William!' 'Well, Lily, here we are at last!' Then there were arms embracing her, and a kiss on each cheek, as a soft voice said, 'My poor little girl! They wanted to sit up for you, but it was too late, and I dare say you had rather be quiet.'

She was led into a lamp-lit room, which dazzled her. It was spread with food, but she was too much tired to eat, and her aunt saw it, and

Digitized by Google

telling Harry to take care of his uncle, she took the hand—though it did not close on hers—and, climbing up what seemed to Dolores an endless number of stairs, she said—

'You are up high, my dear; but I thought you would like a room to yourself.'

'Poked away in an attic,' was Dolores's dreamy thought; while her aunt added, to a tall thin woman, who came out with a lamp in her hand—

'She is so tired that she had better go to bed directly, Mrs. Halfpenny. You will make her comfortable, and don't let her be disturbed in the morning till she has had her sleep out.'

Dolly found herself undressed, without many words, till it came to—'Your prayers, Miss Dora. I am sure you've need not to miss them.'

She did not like to be *told*, besides, poor child, prayers were not much more than a form to her. She did not contest the point, but knelt down and muttered something, then laid her weary head on the pillow, was tucked up by Mrs. Halfpenny, and left in the dark. It was a dreary half sleep into which she fell. The noise of the train seemed to be still in her ears, and at the same time she was always being driven up—up—up endless stairs, by tall cruel aunts; or they were shutting her up to do all their children's work, and keeping away father's letters from her. Then she awoke and told herself it was a dream, but she missed the noises of the street, and the patch of light on the wall from the gas lamps, and recollected that father was gone, and she was really in the power of one of these cruel aunts; and she felt like screaming, only then she might have been heard; and a great horrid clock went on making a noise like a church bell, and striking so many odd quarters that there was no guessing when morning was coming. And after all, why should she wish it to come? Oh, if she could but sleep the three years while father was away!

At last, however, she fell into a really calm sleep, and when she awoke, the room was full of light, but her watch had stopped; she had been too much tired to remember to wind it; and she lay a little while hearing sounds that made it clear that the world was astir, and she could see that preparations had been made for her getting up.

'They sha'n't begin by scolding me for being late,' she thought, and she began her toilette.

Just as she came to her hair, the old nurse knocked and asked whether she wanted help.

'Thank you, I've been used to dress myself,' said Dolores, rather proudly.

'I'll help you now, missy, for prayers are over, and they are all gone to breakfast, only my lady said you were not to be disturbed, and Miss Mysie will be up presently again to bring you down.'

She spoke low, and in an accent that Dolores afterwards learnt was

Digitized by Google

Scotch ; and she was a tall, thin, bony woman, with sandy hair, who looked as if she had never been young. She brushed and plaited the dark hair, in a manner that seemed to the owner more wearisome and less tender than Caroline's fashion ; and did not talk, more than to inquire into the fashion of wearing it, and to say that Miss Mohun's boxes had been sent from London, demanding the keys that they might be unpacked.

'I can do that myself,' said Dolores, who did not like any stranger to meddle with her things.

'Ye could tak them oot, nae doubt, but I must sort them. It's my lady's orders,' said Mrs. Halfpenny, with all the determination of the sergeant, her husband, and Dolores, with a sense of despair, and a sort of expectation that she should be deprived of all her treasures on one plea or another, gave up the keys.

Mrs. Halfpenny then observed that the frock which had been worn for the last two days on the railway, and evening and morning, needed a better brushing and setting to rights than she had had time to give it. She had better take out another. Which box were her frocks in?

Dolores expected her heartless relations to insist on her leaving off her mourning, and she knew she ought to struggle and shed tears over it ; but, to tell the truth, she was a good deal tired of her hot and fusty black ; and when she had followed Mrs. Halfpenny into a passage where the boxes stood uncorded ; and the first dress that came to light was a pretty fresh-looking holland that had been sent home just before the accident, she exclaimed—

'O let me put that on.'

'Bless me, miss, it has blue braid, and you in mourning for your poor mamma!'

Dolores stood abashed, but a grey alpaca, which she had always much disliked, came out next, and Mrs. Halfpenny decided that with her black ribbons that would do, though it turned out to be rather shockingly short, and to show a great display of black legs ; but as the box containing the clothes in present wear had not come to hand, this must stand for the present ; and besides, a voice was heard, saying, 'Is Dora ready?' and a young person darted up, put her arms round her neck, and kissed her before she knew what she was about. 'Mamma said I should come because I am just your age, thirteen and a half,' she said. 'I'm Mysie, though my proper name is Maria Millicent.'

Dolores looked her over. She was a good deal taller than herself, and had rich-looking shining brown hair, dark brown eyes full of merriment, and a bright rosy colour, and she danced on her active feet as if she were full of perpetual life. 'All happy and not caring,' thought Dolores.

'Now don't fash Miss Mohun, with your tricks. She has stood like

Digitized by Google

a lamb,' said Mrs. Halfpenny reprovingly. 'There, we'll not keep her to find an apron.'

'I don't wear pinafores,' said Mysie, 'but I don't mind pretty aprons like this. Why, sisters had them for tennis, before they went out to India. Come along, Dora,' grasping her hand.

'My name isn't Dora,' said the new comer, as they went down the passage.

'No,' said Mysie, in a low voice; 'but mamma told Jill—that's Gillian, and me, that we had better not tell anybody, because if the boys heard they might tease you so about it; for Wilfred is a tease, and there's no stopping him, when mamma isn't there. So she said she would call you Dora, or Dolly, whichever you liked, and you are not a bit like a Dolly.'

'They always called me Dolly,' said Dolores; 'and if I am not to have my name, I like that best; but I had rather have my proper name.'

'O very well,' said Mysie; 'it is more out of the way, only it is very long.'

By this time they had descended a long narrow flight of uncarpeted stairs, 'the back ones,' as Mysie explained, and had reached a slippery oak hall with high-backed chairs, and all the odds and ends of a family—garden hats, waterproofs, goloshes, bats, rackets, umbrellas, &c., ranged round, and a great white cockatoo upon a stand, who observed—'Mysie, Cocky wants his breakfast,' as they went by towards the door, whence proceeded a hubbub of voices and a clatter of knives and jingle of teaspoons and cups, a room that as Mysie threw open the door seemed a blaze of sunshine, pouring in at the large window, and reflected in the glass and silver. Yes, and in the bright eyes and glossy hair of the party who sat round the breakfast table, further brightened by the fire, pleasant in the early autumn.

Eyes, as it seemed to Dolores, eyes without number were levelled on her, as Mysie led her in, saying—

'Here's a place by mamma; she kept it for you, between her and uncle William.'

'No, don't all jump up at once and rush at her,' said Lady Merrifield. 'Give her a little time. Here, my dear;' and she held out her hand and drew in the stranger to her, kissing her kindly, and placing her in a chair close to herself, as she presided over the teacups—not at the end, but at the middle of the table—while all that could be desired to eat and drink found its way at once to Dolores, who had arrived at being hungry now, and was glad to have the employment for hands and eyes, instead of feeling herself gazed at. She was not so much occupied, however, as not to perceive that Uncle William's voice had a free, merry ring in it, such as she had never heard in his visits to her father, and that there was a great deal of fun and laughter going on over the thin sheets of an Indian letter, which Aunt Lily was reading aloud.

Digitized by Google

No one seemed to be attending to anything else, when Dolores ventured to cast a glance around and endeavour to count heads as she sat between her uncle and aunt. Two boys and a girl were opposite. Harry, who had come to meet them last night, was at one end of the table, a tall girl, but still a schoolroom girl, was at the other, and Mysie had been lost sight of on her own side of the table; also there was a very tiny girl on a high chair on the other side of her mamma. 'Seven,' thought Dolores with sinking heart. 'Eight oppressors!'

They were mostly brown-eyed, well-grown creatures. One boy, at the further corner, had a cast in his eye, and was thin and wizen-looking, and when he saw her eyes on him, he made up an ugly face, which he got rid of like a flash of lightning before any one else could see it, but her heart sank all the more for it. He must be Wilfred, the teaser.

Aunt Lilias was a tall, slender woman, dressed in some kind of soft grey, with a little carnation colour at her throat, and a pretty lace cap on her still rich, abundant, dark brown hair, where diligent search could only detect a very few white threads. Her complexion was always of a soft, paly, brunette tint, and though her cheeks showed signs that she was not young, her dark, soft, long-lashed eyes and sweet-looking lips made her face full of life and freshness; and the figure and long slender hands had the kind of grace that some people call willowy, but which is perhaps more like the general air of a young birch tree, or, as Hal had once said, 'Early pointed architecture reminded him of his mother.'

'How very ridiculous, affected, and fine-ladyish,' thought Dolores, whose mother had been a quick, lively little grey-eyed woman, with no turn for dress, and no pretensions to beauty.

The little one was getting restless, and two of the boys began filliping crumbs at one another.

'Wilfred! Fergus!' said the mother quite low and gently; but they stopped directly. 'We will say grace,' she said, lifting the little one down. 'Now, Primrose.'

Every one stood up, to Dolores' surprise, a pair of little fat hands were put together, a little clear voice said a few words of thanksgiving perfectly pronounced.

'You may go, if you like,' she said. 'Hal, take care of Prim.'

Up jumped the two boys and a sprite of a girl, who took the hand of little Primrose, a beautiful little maiden with rich chestnut wavy curls. They all paused at the door, the boys making a salute, the girls a little curtsey. Primrose's was as pretty a little 'bob' as ever was seen.

'I am glad you keep that custom up,' said Mr. Mohun.

'Jasper had been brought up to it, and wished it to be the habit among us; and I find it a great protection against bouncing and rudeness.'

Digitized by Google

But Dolly's blood boiled at such stupid, antiquated, military nonsense. *She* would never give in to it, if they made her live on bread and water!

The uncle and aunt, who perhaps had lengthened out their breakfast from politeness to her, had finished when she had, and the pony-chaise came to the door, in which Hal was to drive Uncle William to the station. Everybody flocked to the door to bid him good-bye, and then Aunt Lilias stooped down to ask Dolores if she were quite rested and felt quite well, Mysie standing anxiously by as if she felt her a great charge.

'Quite well, quite rested, thank you,' the girl answered in her stiff, shy way.

'There is half an hour to spare before Miss Vincent comes. The children generally spend it in feeding the creatures. I am not going to give a holiday because I think people get more pleasantly acquainted over something, than over nothing, to do, but you need not begin lessons to-day if you had rather settle your thoughts and write your letters.'

'I had rather begin at once,' said Dolores, who thought she would now establish her pre-eminence at the cost of any amount of jealousy.

'Very well, then, when you hear the gong——'

'Mamma,' said Mysie solemnly, after long waiting, 'she says she had rather not be called out of her name.'

'I thought you had been called Dolly, my dear.'

'Yes, at *home*,' with a strong emphasis.

'Well, my dear, I dare say it may be better to keep to your proper name at once. We won't take liberties with it, till you feel as if you could call this *home*,' said Lady Merrifield, looking as if she would have kissed her niece on the slightest encouragement, but no one ever looked less kissable than Dolores Mohun at that moment. Was it not cruel and hypocritical to talk of this tiresome multitude as ever making home?

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

'I remember, I remember,
How my childhood fleeted by.'

At the time[1] when Geoffrey and Alick Leighton went to school at Oxley, other stories, already recorded for such few as may have cared to read them, were working themselves out in its neighbourhood,—stories, the actors in which were destined sensibly to influence the after lives of the young Leightons. But in their early school-life they saw very little of the southern side of the town, and Redhurst village and Fordham Beeches were places only reached in an occasional holiday ramble. The ground on which the new grammar school buildings had been erected lay on a hill some way to the north of Oxley, and had been bought from the owner of Blackwood Park, Lord Lydford, while the other great house on that side was Willingham Hall, which had been purchased some ten years before by the father of General Osgood. He had not lived to enjoy it long, and the general, who had retired from the army, was now the owner of it, and made it a charming holiday home for his married sons and daughters.

The new grammar school buildings were thought very ugly by the old inhabitants of Oxley; and troops of boys in the High Street, and a large increase of villa residences in the suburbs were not regarded as adding to the charms of life; so that, though Mr. Spencer Crichton, of the Oxley Bank, had been one of the gentlemen concerned in re-organising the old foundation, his mother, to whom Redhurst House belonged, always congratulated herself that the new buildings were well away from *her* end of Oxley; and perhaps the Miss Vennings, with their well-established girls' school, were not sorry that their pretty Oxley Manor was safe on the Redhurst side also. When Alick and Geoffrey went to school, the buildings were hardly finished, and they were among the first pupils on the new footing. Mr. Leighton's attention had been directed to the school by the engagement of their pretty cousin, Rose Barlow, to Mr. Stafford, the clever young head master, who was hoping to make the school flourish, and was very glad of such a connection as Mr. Leighton's sons.

[1] See *Hugh Crichton's Romance*. Macmillan and Co.

Digitized by Google

The neighbourhood of Willingham Hall was taken into consideration, but was not regarded as an objection, as it was not thought right to withdraw the boys from the occasional notice of General Osgood, nor to make intercourse with that family markedly unusual.

Geoffrey and Alick were in the head master's house, the only one at first started; and when in due time Mr. Stafford brought home his bride, perhaps they were the only boys in the increasing school who did not lose their hearts to her; but neither had forgotten, and Geoffrey had never forgiven, Rosie Barlow's questions and comments on their story.

Among their companions were a grandson of General Osgood's, and two boys of the name of Fordham, his distant cousins, who attended the school as day-boys, and lived at Fairfield, an old brown house lying low in the meadows on the side of the grammar school away from Oxley.

Fairfield lay in the midst of undisturbed pastoral country, with green fields cut into odd and unexpected shapes by tall, untidy hedges, traversed by numerous foot-paths, which led over impossible stiles, to old-fashioned farm-houses and small villages, thickly scattered over the fields. There was no fine scenery, and few local peculiarities; it was just 'the country,' as generations of peaceful monotonous life had left it, sweet with a good store of commonplace wild flowers, and with little to distinguish it in a stranger's eyes from many another English landscape. But yet, each of those fields had individual charms. No hedge was exactly like another in the eyes of those who were growing up among them. Dulcie Fordham and her brothers knew those 'hedgerow elms and hillocks green' with a most perfect knowledge. They grew up in that large, square house, brown and dark with the stains of many winters. They played in the large rambling garden, all along the southern side of which ran a high substantial brick wall, broadening towards its base, with wide, shallow buttresses, and with a narrow ledge of bricks running along it about a foot from the top, on which, among the moss and the lichens, grew stonecrop and wallflowers, house-leek and London-pride. The inside of the wall was well covered with fruit trees, and beyond, a broad sunny meadow sloped down to the banks of the river Oxe, the slow-flowing waters of which turned and twisted the clayey banks into bays and peninsulas, beautiful with a great variety of field and water plants, and affording the boys many a chase after actual rats and mythical otters.

Captain Fordham was a retired Indian officer, who early in life had met with an accident which had forced him to leave the service, and had, of course, seriously affected his fortunes. He was attracted by the large, low-rented house, and his wife by the neighbourhood of her relations, of whom she was fond. Their means were narrow, and they led a very quiet and somewhat monotonous life. Captain Fordham's health was delicate, but he found occupation in his garden, and in

Digitized by Google

the village of Blackwood in filling the various parochial offices always pressed upon a gentleman of leisure, and in ruling his family with a certain military strictness, and on religious principles, minutely carried out. James, Edgar, and Dulcie Fordham had to conform to somewhat old-fashioned rules, and to render a very strict obedience.

It was on the long, warm evenings of early summer that Dulcie Fordham always felt that the old-fashioned system of education which consigned her to bed at eight o'clock, was a great hardship. Thirteen years old last month, and to be banished up stairs like a baby! Dulcie knelt on the window-seat and leaned out of the open window, into the cool hush of the evening. It was a large room with white painted panels, scantily and simply furnished, but the air was sweet with the scent of many flowers, great bunches of lilac westeria hung over Dulcie's head, and the first yellow roses tempted her to reach out of the window after them. Below was a pretty, inexpensively kept garden, with rougher turf and duller gravel than is to be found where money is no object; but with abundance of flowering trees and shrubs, and with old haunts of primroses and lilies of the valley that it would have been difficult to rival. Dulcie looked across a bit of pleasant lawn to a broad, straight, gravel walk, beyond which was a flower-bed, and the wall, here covered with budding roses. Beyond again were the fields and lanes, melting into the park of Willingham, where dwelt her distant cousins, whom, though she saw but seldom, she regarded as important and interesting people.

Dulcie saw it all without precisely looking at it, just as she heard without listening, the cawing of the rooks and song of the thrushes, as she smelt and fingered the nearest westeria bunch, while her large round grey eyes looked into nothing, and her thoughts floated away into dreamland.

She was a slim, angular little girl, tall for her age, with slender limbs, and a delicately-featured face, a pale though pretty complexion, full rosy lips, and large eyes half vague, half wistful, the whole set off by very curly brown hair. Dulcie was given to day-dreams; just now she hardly knew what she was thinking of, all the sweet sights and scents and sounds mingled together and filled her mind. Presently she saw her mother, and one of the grammar school masters who was spending the evening with them, come away from the lawn and walk slowly up and down the path. Dulcie drew back behind her veil of creepers, but through the still clear air she caught a few words of their talk.

'Ah, yes—there was a young Osgood who turned out very ill,' said Mrs. Fordham.

'Well, he died abroad, I believe; but he was married, and one of these boys is certainly his son. The Leightons educate them both, and they bear their name.'

'How strange! And which?'

Digitized by Google

'That is just what no one can say with certainty.'

Here Dulcie lost the thread as the speakers moved on.

She listened eagerly, and as they turned back her mother was saying—

'A great trial, which seems to have been most bravely met.'

'Yes, the Leightons are good people.'

More murmurs, and then—

'Yes, good sort of fellows both of them. Geoffrey much the most distinguished. As you know, they are called twins.' Something more inaudible, then the master's voice—

'No—no secret, I believe. Mrs. Stafford told me, she is their cousin. Of course it is not talked of in the school.'

'I knew something of it,' said Mrs. Fordham.

'Shall we go in?—it is getting chilly.'

Dulcie, when the voices died away, hurried into bed to try to piece together these fragments of mystery. She was not allowed to read novels, and consequently exercised her vivid fancy on every romance in real life that came across her path.

She knew the Leightons, who occasionally accompanied her brothers home, and though she was not allowed to join in their pursuits, or to be very intimate with them, she knew that they had been at school for more than two years, that Alick was her brother James's friend, but that Geoffrey was higher in the school, and more distinguished in the sports. It had always been a disappointment to her that twin brothers should be so unlike; but now—if that was accounted for—

As she tried to piece together the hints she had overheard, it suddenly struck her that she had not been intended to listen to them, and she blushed all over in her solitude with shame at the thought of her unintentional eavesdropping.

'I never would have listened in a room,' thought she; 'but somehow, out of doors, I never thought of it. I must tell mamma.'

With which resolution she satisfied her conscience sufficiently to go to sleep; but the subject was still on her mind when she presented herself at the early breakfast, which all the family shared before the boys went to school, and the daily governess arrived for herself.

It was a sunny, pleasant dining-room, white-panelled like nearly all the house, with three narrow windows, with a window seat in each, and carpet and curtains of the last degree of shabbiness; but with cheerful monthly roses peeping in through the little square panes. James and Edgar were nice looking boys of sixteen and seventeen, of a small wiry type. James intended to take Orders, and Edgar was to follow his father's profession. For this was a household which held the view of duty, that no sacrifice was too great to give the boys a start in life, and money had been saved for their expenses almost ever since they were born. Mrs. Fordham was young looking, pretty and graceful. She was a calm and even-tempered woman, who never failed

Digitized by Google

her children, but was always the kind and careful mother on whom they expected to fall back. Dulcie was like her, save for the wistful wondering eyes which yet hardly seemed as if they could have been inherited from the stern, precise looking father whose every action followed a rule of duty and order. Dulcie knew that her mother viewed enthusiasm of all sorts with some suspicion, and she did not know how much of it went to the formation and fulfilment of the high ideal which her father strove so hard to reach himself, and enforced so strictly on others. The young Fordhams never heard a sharp word from their parents, yet they always asked favours with some diffidence, as now, when James begged to be allowed to invite the Leightons home on that afternoon—

'They haven't been here for months, mamma,' he said.

'I have no objection,' said Mrs. Fordham. 'They seem very nice fellows.'

Dulcie was all one blush as she lingered, as the boys ran off to school.

'Mamma,' she said, 'I was looking out of the window, and I heard what you and Mr. Beaumont were talking about.'

'Did you, Dulcie? I am sorry for that, as I believe the Leightons' schoolfellows know nothing about it.'

'Oh, I won't tell any one.'

'Don't imagine that you are the solitary possessor of a secret,' said Mrs. Fordham, smiling. 'The circumstances are well known, but are better not discussed.'

'Mamma, don't you think that there'll be a family document discovered?'

'I don't see what good any document would do, and very likely the boys themselves think nothing about it.'

'But, mamma, *one* would be a kind of cousin to us!'

'It is not a connection I should wish to revive,' said Mrs. Fordham, repressively.

Dulcie said no more, but the mysterious, half-understood story seized on her active imagination, and she invented every possible way in which the secret could be discovered. She could not quite divest herself of the notion that the wrong Leighton was the villain of the piece, and yet on the whole the feeling of the advantage of belonging to the Osgoods had the upper hand, and the interesting excitement of discovering a long-lost relation.

Dulcie Fordham was a born castle builder; she possessed the perilous golden gift, and it did not need so exciting a story as that of the Leightons, to give food to her flights of fancy. She was strictly and exclusively brought up, and very regularly taught; but her lessons were old-fashioned lessons, easy in the sense that they did not strain her powers, and rather dry, as no attempt was made to make them interesting. She did them tolerably well, and was reproved when she

Digitized by Google

fell short in them; but there was no hurry in her life, and little excitement, and her mind had space to grow in its own way. She had no gymnasium or lawn tennis to occupy her play hours, only a little mild croquet, so she had leisure to wander about the old garden till she knew the bend of every branch and the colour of every stone, to swing herself up and down in the old swing in the elms, connecting all sorts of fancies with the float upwards into the sun-flecked green and down again to earth, to lie on her back on the turf and stare up at the clouds chasing each other over her head, to leave her soul open to the impressions of the things around her. For she was only thirteen, and there was nothing in her happy life of which she was afraid to let herself think.

Dulcie did not do sums so well, nor learn French grammar much better than many other girls do, yet she had in her mind a vague sense of superior powers. She produced the sense in others, and was often told how much better she might do if she tried. And yet she could not. She made brilliant remarks sometimes, and she looked intelligent; she had uncommon sensations, feelings and fancies—in short, the temperament of genius, without, as yet, having shown any special faculty above her fellows. She knew, without thinking of it, that in her there dwelt a spirit different to that of her fellows, and she rejoiced in its possession. But she was a humble and simple-minded girl, kind-hearted, in spite of the unconscious selfishness of a dreamy temperament, and quite free from self-assertion, easily crushed and rendered tearful by her little troubles, and as readily forgetting them again, but with nothing within urging her to rebellion against them, or setting her at war with her surroundings, which she took entirely for granted.

Captain Fordham trained his children on principles of military obedience, the family laws were as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and though the family standard of education was not a very extreme one, such lessons as were imposed were never excused nor delayed; the religious duties required were very simple and few as compared with modern practice, but they were never omitted; to be late for prayers was a crime, not to go to church on Sunday, unless in case of illness, an impossibility. Dress was to be very plain, and companions were scarce, and very carefully chosen. The family hardly ever went away from home, and only received a few regular visitors. Story books were few, and novels, except the *Waverleys*, forbidden. But, these rules observed, Dulcie had much time and much liberty, and no more thought of fretting at the unvarying laws than at the change of the seasons.

Her reverie on the present occasion was broken by the clock striking nine. Miss Hay would be there in a minute, and Dulcie flew up to the little white-panelled schoolroom, with its shabby furniture, and pretty window, half covered with creepers. Roses, and ink, French

Digitized by Google

exercises and blue sky mingled in after years in Dulcie's recollections of the old schoolroom. There were canaries and squirrels, singing, and scraping, and twirling; there was a cactus, about as big as a hazel nut, which never grew, and a musk plant that did; there were flowers, and bead mats, and little ornaments, and little pictures stuck about, for Dulcie loved the prettinesses of life, and ornamented her surroundings. The sun streamed in on a carpet long past fading, and on eyes that had not yet begun to ache, as Dulcie ran out to meet her governess—a good-natured little woman, much fonder of her pupil herself than of her studies.

The morning's work went on easily and peaceably. Dulcie said her lessons, and read her French, and found intervals to stare at the blue sky and the golden boughs of the laburnums, without meeting with any reproof; but, as twelve o'clock struck, her mother came into the room, and Miss Hay leant back with half a sigh, and looked at her idle pupil, whose book was shut on the very stroke, and her eyes wandering out into the sunshine.

'Well, Miss Hay,' said Mrs. Fordham, 'have you told Dulcie of our little arrangement?'

'Oh, no. What arrangement, mamma?' cried Dulcie, eagerly.

'Miss Hay thinks that more progress would be made with French and music if you saw how other girls get on, and she is going to take you every week to Oxley Manor, to have some lessons from the resident teachers there.'

'Oh—oh! How delightful!' cried Dulcie, dancing on her toes.

'As you know, Dulcie, papa would never let you go to school, but I think the classes, in addition to Miss Hay's teaching, will be a great advantage to you.'

'Oh, I couldn't go to school and learn altogether of any one else,' cried Dulcie, with a hug to her governess; 'but when we went to the Dysarts' party last winter, Miss Florence Venning was there, and she did play games so cleverly, and was *so* nice. I shall like to go to the Manor.'

Dulcie rushed off into the garden, so full of her new start in life that she almost forgot the interest of the Leightons' story. She was still a 'little girl,' on the other side of that sudden start which comes to girls in the earlier years of their teens, and puts youth in the place of childhood, and she thought a good deal more of the sight of other girl faces than of the instruction by which she was to profit.

She was running along the garden path, her face beaming with happy anticipations, when she heard her brother's voices at the gate.

'Oh, Jem!' cried she, 'what do you think? I am going to Oxley Manor to learn music and French.'

Then, becoming aware of their companions, she paused, and blushed a little, as her last night's discovery rushed back upon her mind.

Digitized by Google

Dulcie Fordham was so much more childish than their own sister May, or than the girls with whom she associated, and was moreover allowed to be so little with them, that she had never counted for much in the eyes of the Leightons when they visited Fairfield, though now, the always good-natured Alick took up her remark, and when her brothers declared that she would be too shy to speak, and that the other girls would laugh at her, began to relate the satisfaction derived by his sister from certain French classes which she attended.

'When you are in a class,' said Dulcie, 'don't you feel as if you *wanted* to answer very much—even if one was afraid?'

'Well, no,' said Alick; 'I think, on the whole, I'd as soon some one else did.'

'Every one isn't such a lazy bones as you,' said Jem Fordham.

'Nor such a wooden head as you, Beeches,' returned Alick, pleasantly.

'Beeches' being the school nick-name of the two Fordhams, in allusion to the coincidence of their name with the place after which the famous Fordham Beeches were called.

'I assure you,' struck in Geoffrey, 'that good work always tells. If your lessons are properly prepared you get the credit in the long run, even if you feel passed over at the moment.'

Dulcie glanced from one to the other, perceiving the difference in their sentiments, and noting curiously the difference in their appearance, which was as marked as ever.

Alick was a very big fellow, long-limbed and tall. He had heavy features and a sallow complexion, with soft, sleepy, long-lashed dark eyes, and a pleasant smile. Geoffrey, on the other hand, was only of average height, and very slim, with delicate, regular features, and pink and white colouring, almost girlishly pretty, set off by curly hair, of a tint fully justifying his schoolboy nick-name of 'Carrots.' But his grey eyes were bright and keen, and he had a thoroughly manly air of vigour and enterprise.

He had much more manner than Alick, and his way of making conversation on London topics always amused Captain Fordham on the occasional visits, which, as time went on, became somewhat more frequent, and led to an acquaintanceship between the families, on the occasion of Mr. and Mrs. Leighton coming to stay with the head master and bringing May, so that Dulcie was thus provided with a friend. Her other acquaintances were the grandchildren of General Osgood, on their holiday visits to Willingham, and some few of the girls whom she met at her French classes. Her model, and the object of her unbounded hero-worship, was the bright-faced, handsome Miss Florence Venning, who had always a kind word for her.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER V.

'WHEN ALICK WAS YOUNG.'

'I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.'

GEOFFREY LEIGHTON'S school career was increasingly creditable and successful. He rose early to the head of the school, and did his part well in all the matters of school government and school discipline that fell to his share. He was not habitually very kind to Alick, whose difficulties he regarded as entirely his own fault; and Alick, as far as so good-humoured a person could be, was often worried by the sense of Geoffrey's point of view. With all others, Alick, in his eighteenth year, was very popular. He was agreeable, and could say funny things and speak to the point. He was good-tempered, and tolerant of differences in his companions, and so was acceptable in various sets. He liked talking about intellectual pursuits, though he did not engage in them with much vigour. If he had a line of his own it was boating, but he did not stick closely enough to it for any heroic success. He was growing up to a sort of good looks from his size and a certain air of good breeding, though the only charm to be specified lay in his big insinuating eyes, which were handsome and could be very expressive. He was rather idle and rather extravagant, and without doing anything especially wrong, never seemed to take much pains with his life, and yet he inspired a certain respect, being entirely truthful and honourable. Alick never thought about these virtues, one way or the other, though he probably knew that even among public school-boys they are not absolutely universal. If he exercised his conscience, it was on the amount of reading that he ought to get through, or on the very few coins to be found in his waistcoat pocket, or on certain endeavours not to unfit himself for the profession to which he looked forward, that of Holy Orders.

Alick spent many half-holidays on the river. He liked the easy motion and the picturesque scenery. Jem Fordham and Charles Osgood would sometimes be his companions, but more often he went alone, and his favourite course was down the river to Bridgehurst, a pretty village beyond Redhurst, with a long, low, grey church peeping out of wide oak copses. The river here wound through sunny meadows and heathery commons, and was crossed near the church by an old stone bridge, which gave its name to the village. One Saturday afternoon he was rowing slowly towards the bridge, on the other side of which was the landing stage. It was the summer term, and long outings were allowed. The swallows were darting about over the water, the children's voices sounded at play in the village. A

Digitized by Google

group of girls were standing on the bridge laughing and talking together. One, with long fair hair hanging down beneath a broad straw hat, was leaning over the edge of the bridge, and dangling a bunch of flowers in her hand. The fair hair shone and glittered in the sunshine and caught Alick's attention. As he rowed slowly underneath the bridge, he looked up, and the little bunch of honeysuckle, whether by accident or design, dropped from her hand and fell into the boat. The girl drew back with a start and a half-suppressed laugh, and Alick shot through the arches, moored up his boat all in a hurry, and ran up the steps on to the bridge with the honeysuckle in his hand. Several girls and children were crossing it carrying baskets of flowers, and the owner of the honey-suckles stood a little apart from the rest. She wore a shabby, childishly, made black frock, and her straw hat showed sharply-cut, youthful features, and the glittering shining hair falling down to her waist. She was looking straight before her, *past* the steps, and though the colour mounted into her face as Alick approached, she pretended not to see him till he came up to her, lifted his cap, and said politely—

'I believe you dropped these flowers.'

'Oh, thank you,' she said; 'I was looking at the swallows, and I let them fall.'

She spoke abruptly, and did not give any encouragement to Alick to continue the conversation, but walked rapidly away from him.

'She spoke like a lady,' thought Alick, 'but she was hardly civil enough. If she *didn't* mean to throw them down, she might have taken it more as a matter of course; and if she *did*— But she didn't.'

Alick was no doubt an excellent judge, though he came to this conclusion with a slight sense of disappointment.

'What are you doing with your flowers?' he asked of another damsel, who did not look above being addressed.

'Decorating the church, if you please, sir. It's the school treat this afternoon, and we are going to church first, sir.'

'These are just for a finish, honeysuckle and ferns, sir.'

Alick possessed an interest in very small events. He liked studying human life; he saw things in a picturesque and amusing light. The school feast in this little sunlit village, the gathering rush of merry children, the pealing bells, and the sense of rural festivity pleased him as if he had been on a tour in a foreign country. It did not occur to him to think that a school treat must be goody and a bore. He thought that the collecting of the children was a pretty sight, but was hanging back, conscious of his boating flannels, when the clergyman, a Mr. Royland, who, before taking this living had acted as one of the under masters in the school, came up behind him.

'What, Alick Leighton! Well met! Come and help us; we're sorely in want of some one to start the cricket.'

Digitized by Google

'My boating flannels, sir,' said Alick; 'I mustn't come into church, must I?'

'Oh, yes, you may. There'll be such a crowd that no one will see you.'

Alick followed willingly. The little church was bright and cheerful with very unsophisticated flowery wreaths, and with the gay summer dresses of the congregation. The children sang the hymns and canticles, and what they wanted in skill they made up in energy. The sunshine streamed in through the unstained windows, through which blue sky and waving boughs might be seen. Alick thought the effect pleasant and rural, though it was a very modern Arcadia, with all the newest fashion in hats and bonnets to set off the cheerful faces of the village maidens.

Alick saw the lady of the honeysuckles sitting at the end of a row of little girls, with the sunshine lighting up her golden locks.

As they all came out of church, his friend of the bridge passed him with a smile of recognition.

'Who is that young lady with the light hair and white hat?' said Alick.

The little girl looked about, and then answered, 'Miss Jenkins, sir, at the Swan.'

'Oh,' said Alick. He looked at the picturesque old inn as they walked up to the rectory field, and saw that one side of it was covered with a great overhanging honeysuckle in full flower.

He soon discovered 'Miss Jenkins' in the field, in the midst of the troop of girls and children, and as he applied himself to the regulation of the boys' cricket he saw her, with the corner of his eye, playing with all her might and main, running in pursuit of her companions over the new-cut hay, through the blazing sunshine, winding herself up into the very centre of 'oranges and lemons,' and spinning round at the tail of 'hen and chickens.'

Tea brought the two parties together, and the maiden of the honeysuckle coloured and smiled recognition as Alick offered to fill her jug of tea, and half-a-dozen words were exchanged at intervals.

'You are fond of honeysuckles,' said Alick, seeing that she wore some in her hat.

She looked as if she wanted to laugh, but restrained the impulse and the retort that evidently trembled on the tip of her tongue.

'They're very sweet,' she said, rather abruptly.

'You have a beautiful bush of them in your garden,' hazarded Alick.

'No,' she said, surprised. 'These come from the Swan. Mrs. Jenkins brought them to my aunt this morning. You can see them from the street.'

'You can!' thought Alick, thankful that he had not committed himself further, and feeling foolish enough to be glad to turn away with his can of tea.

Digitized by Google

'Didn't you tell me that was Miss Jenkins?' he said to the girl whom he had before questioned.

'Which, sir? There is Miss Jenkins, with the light hair, sir,' showing a damsel with hair even more glittering and conspicuous than the honeysuckle maiden, but different enough in style to cause Alick to answer—

'No, no. I did not. I meant that young lady with the buns.'

'Ah,' said Mr. Royland, hearing the remark; 'isn't she an active little thing? She is a niece of Lady Anne Macdonald. Rather a sad story. Her father was old Lord Glenfern's youngest son, and she lives here with her aunt at the cottage. Left without a farthing, and without the education of one of these school children. Well, is your time up? Much obliged for your help, my dear fellow. My schoolmaster's a muff on these occasions.'

Alick went off to his boat and rowed home in a hurry, but the little incident with which their acquaintance had begun, and the mistake that had taken place, riveted his attention on Annie Macdonald and made him wish to see her again, when he found that she was no village belle, but 'a penniless lass with a long pedigree,' with no right to show her pretty face out of the schoolroom for two good years to come, only that she had no schoolroom to hide it in, nor any of the advantages proper to her rank.

The child of a spendthrift younger son of a poor Scotch peer, she had early acquired an extravagant sense of her own pretensions, as well as too much knowledge of the difficulties of supporting them. She had seen a good deal of a certain sort of life before her parents died, and at thirteen she came to live with her aunt at Bridgehurst. Lady Anne Macdonald was poor, and so far resembled her brother; but she had never owed a penny in her life, and Annie thought the quiet, consistent hardships of the life she led, many of which were made necessary by the charge of her niece, infinitely more dreary than the stolen pleasures and occasional treats, which were paid for by weeks of real want and difficulty. Annie had formed certain definite views of life, and did not like her own, but nature had gifted her with an abundance of high spirits; the school treat cost nothing, and could be properly patronised by the descendant of the Macdonalds. How she enjoyed 'being so kind as to play with the children;' and when she had found out who Alick was, and that her honeysuckles had not been picked up by a clerk from Oxley, she thought she had made a pleasant acquaintance.

She was very hot with her vigorous games, and her gown was pulled out of the gathers by the time the treat was over, but she shook hands with a grand air as she wished good night, and told Mr. Royland that she thought the feast had gone off admirably—it was very well managed indeed.

Digitized by Google

Happily she did not discover that she had been mistaken for Miss Jenkins at the Swan.

Alick rowed back slowly, thinking over the pleasant scene that he had just quitted; then heard the 7.10 train whistle, and knew that he was late, as he came to the landing, ran like the wind to the grammar school gates, and arrived there just late enough to get a severe rebuke and an imposition.

'Where on earth have you been dawdling?' said young Osgood afterwards. 'At Bridgehurst — at a school treat! Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Here's my mater been writing to me to go and call on her cousin, Lady Anne Macdonald, who lives there, if ever I have the chance. You had better show me the way.'

'So I will,' said Alick; 'that's a bargain.' And he was so much amused at the coincidence that he undertook his imposition quite cheerfully, and forgot his rebuke.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

THREE LITTLE DOGS.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

CHAPTER III.

RODDY, THE BUGBEAR.

'The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way;
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.'

—SIR W. SCOTT.

As we led our jolly little dog down stairs and turned towards the front door, we were aware of a violent inclination on his part towards the opposite direction. 'Dodo's door' was more than once repeated, and at last he broke away from Miss Haywood, and trotted off through a door which plainly led to the kitchens. We followed, and were in time to find him mounted on a sink, above which was a small open window. Through this scrambled the agile little body, and the dirty little face grinned in at us, with the provoking 'Dodo's door,' which seemed rather satirical, as it certainly was no door for us.

Miss Haywood was in sad trouble lest her new-found prize should vanish as suddenly as he had come, during our enforced journey round the front of the house, for the door of the back kitchen where we were was locked, and there was no key inside. Probably this was the exit of the runaways, and they had taken the key with them.

'Please go round,' said my young companion to me, 'and I will keep him amused here till you have him safe.'

'He won't run away from the prospect of supper,' said I.

'Oh! I am not sure of that. He seems like a Puck who might vanish in a moment; and he is far too good to lose.'

To please her I did as she wished, and between us we captured the small mortal. From his frequent references to 'Dodo,' it became clear that by that name he designated his small self, though whether it were a corruption of a real Christian name, or an elongation of his other self-given title of 'little dod,' was a mystery beyond our power to solve.

'And did they leave Dodo all alone?' asked the young girl.

'Susy took Dodo away; all dark; Dodo frightened; Susy slap Dodo; Dodo hide and get away; Dodo come home by Dodo's door.'

Such was the elucidation, more or less comprehensible, elicited by degrees. It was easy to picture the scene. The midnight flight; the

Digitized by Google

confusion; the enforced silence; the children divided into several parties; the escape of the little fellow, probably unobserved or concealed by a servant. The question remained, *Where* had he escaped from his guardians? how far had he been from home? was it likely that they would return to seek him here, anxious as they were to conceal all trace of themselves?

'And the poor mother! I pity her,' said Miss Haywood.

Before we reached the cottage the gentlemen met us, smoking. They politely threw aside their cigars as we came in sight. Mr. Haywood had come home. He had an agreeable face, but was not so handsome as his sister. He was a government clerk, and amused his evenings and filled his slender purse by this profession and talent of dog-breeding.

¶ 'Hallo, Bertha!' he cried. 'What waif and stray have you got hold of there?'

'He says he is a jolly little dog,' she answered.

'And so he is,' said Paul, pinching the plump though just now rather pale little cheeks. Two bright brown eyes gazed scrutinisingly at him and his companion, and a wide funny mouth which seemed made for grinning, smiled from ear to ear as if from an involuntary habit.

'When he grows up, he will be a new edition of *L'Homme qui Rit*.'

'You are fond of washing your little dogs. You'll have to try your hand on him, Bertha,' said her brother, carelessly glancing at the ragged and dirty garments of our small man. 'Where on earth did he come from?'

We were now walking leisurely up the garden path.

'Alone in the Bartons; only think, Tom. I think, from what he says, he ran away from the servant who had charge of him, and came back to the old place. Imagine the child alone since Wednesday.'

'Good gracious!'

'By George!' Such were the utterances of the gentlemen.

'Give him something to eat, poor little wretch,' added Mr Haywood.

'Of course, that is just what I am going to do.'

'And then, I suppose, you want me to take him to the workhouse."

'To the workhouse! Oh no!'

The soft eyes were full of pleading terror.

'That's the only course that I see open. Heaven knows where his parents have got to. Our tradespeople would be precious glad to find out.'

'Come along, Dodo,' said Bertha. Evidently she wished to leave the question of his future lodgment for a more favourable opportunity. Pies were baking indoors. We smelt them. So did Dodo.

'Hot pie! Dsolly!' said that young gentleman, kicking up both

Digitized by Google

heels (one of which was plainly visible through his boot) to the hem of his small and ragged jacket.

'His clothes are made on the most improved principles of ventilation,' said Paul, cheerfully. It was in a very different voice, full of gloomy apprehensions, that Mr. Haywood added: 'I hope to goodness she doesn't mean to saddle me with that small brat.'

It appeared that if she did, he had but little hope of redress. Nor were his the only gloomy apprehensions of that evening. As I drove home beside my brother, that goblin-dog strapped between us, thrusting his bare black nose and great tearing claws under our arms or on to our knees; jumping, crawling, *meandering* on to the seat; whining and weeping like a naughty child. I was filled with fears; fears of many kinds. First, I pictured him like the white elephant (in whose literal existence I firmly believe), devouring the sustenance of an innocent family; next, I dreaded his jaws for my little terrier, my pet, my Wopsky, the only dog of which I have not a mortal terror, for he was given to me by my Cousin George who died. And why is a bloodhound so named if he be not of a bloodthirsty disposition? O course, those jaws, when sufficiently developed, would snap up my Wopsky, as a constrictor snaps up a timid, little, pitiful rabbit, if indeed they had not done him a mortal injury before reaching that stage. Thirdly, there was Colonel Malpas next door. He is so very civil to me, conversing so obligingly about the weather, and occasionally sending in his Tamil servant with cucumbers and marrows of his own cultivation. Paul rather hurts me by comparing me to Mrs. Nickleby and her old gentleman with the fat legs. Colonel Malpas is *not* fat. He is a distinguished officer. Unlike Mrs. Nickleby's friend, he is perfectly sane. He will never be found in our chimney. There is something very imposing in the Tamil servant with his red turban, and something very awful in the colonel's wrath. I have heard that he had a slight sunstroke in India, and being timorous, I fear what he may do, if excited by the pup's demonstrations. I hint my fears to Paul.

'Bother the colonel,' says he; 'what business is it of his!'

'But we ought not to be a nuisance to our neighbours, Paul.'

'A nuisance! This dog a nuisance! He will be the pride of the neighbourhood. I'll train him to track the colonel if you like, Lucy. The scent of cucumbers will answer the purpose.'

So the blood-hound pup, Roderick Dhu, or Roddy for short, became an institution in our house and my authorised continual bugbear.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

CLAUDE DE ST. ANGE.

A STORY OF THE CAMISARD WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VIVIA GREY,' ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

'Then cheered them to the fight O'Neale!
Then pealed the shot and clashed the steel,
The war-smoke with its sable breath
Darkened the scene of blood and death,
While on the few defenders close
Their foemen with redoubled blows.'
—SCOTT.

'Like the wolves that headlong go
On the stately buffalo,
Though with fiery eyes and angry roar,
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
He tramples on earth or tosses on high
The foremost that rush on his strength but to die;
Thus against the wall they went,
Thus the first were backward sent.'
—BYRON.

'When I cross death's gloomy sea
And the waves roll higher,
Strength the more forsaking me
As the storm grows nigher:
Jesus, leave me not to languish
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish,
Tell me, "Verily, I say,
Thou shalt be with Me to-day!"'
—*Ἰησοῦς γλυκύτατε, translated by* J. M. NEALE.

CLAUDE, when he left his duty on the ramparts, went straight to his own room, and threw himself on his couch without undressing. He was very tired and worn both in body and mind, so, somewhat against his intentions, he fell fast asleep, and did not wake until long after the sun had risen, in fact, even then he did not wake of his own accord, but was roused by Raymond who entered his room for that purpose. Claude, sitting up and looking round, was somewhat amazed at his friend's singular costume, for Raymond had on, over his uniform, the black mantle adorned with the white cross of his order, and though Claude had long known that his friend was a Knight of St. John, he had never before seen him in the habit of his order.

'What is the matter?' he asked somewhat sleepily.

'The enemy is upon us,' was Raymond's answer in a low, fierce whisper. 'Roland is marshalling his troops for the assault.'

Digitized by Google

'You do not mean it!'

'I do; eight hundred Camisards are under arms before the castle, and they have scaling-ladders with them. Come and see.'

Claude sprang to his feet, and catching up his sword, hurried to the ramparts, followed by Raymond.

It was a raw, cold morning, the sun was up, but shone pale and faint, like a red disc, through the autumnal mists, which wrapped the castle rock, and filled the whole of the valley, obscuring the opposite hills completely. Not an object could Claude make out, but at intervals, through the fog, came the clash of weapons, and even an occasional word of command could be heard by the listeners as they leant over the battlements peering into the mists beneath them.

'You hear?' said Raymond significantly.

'I do, but——'

'I saw them a few minutes ago, the mist lifted an instant—look now!'

A cold blast of wind, blowing from the mountains, scattered the mists for a moment, and Claude saw line after line of bayonets crowning the ridge; then the fog curtain fell once more and hid the enemy from their sight.

'Eight hundred men at least,' said Claude. 'I doubt not that you are right as to their object. Get the garrison at once under arms as quietly as possible. I will go and summon my father.'

Suiting the action to the word, Claude re-entered the castle, and bidding all whom he met arm and make for the ramparts, he pursued his way to his father's apartments, at the entrance of which he found Arnaud.

'Where is my father?' said Claude.

'In the chapel with the ladies, M. le Chevalier.'

'And Captain O'Neale?'

'There also.'

'Who else is there—any of the soldiers?'

'Yes, some of the men off duty.'

'Listen, Arnaud; the Camisards have returned in force, and are mustering to assault the castle. Hunt up all the men you can find, and bid them join the guard on the battlements.'

'God's will be done,' said the old seneschal. 'My poor ladies! I hoped all danger was over.'

'Courage, my friend. We may hold the place till relief comes; but don't say anything to any of the ladies.'

'Trust me for that, M. le Chevalier.'

Claude made his way at once to the chapel, where several of the inmates of the castle were assembled for morning prayer.

The worshippers were not engaged in any united form of prayer, but each was offering his or her private devotions. The count and countess were kneeling side by side on the steps of the chancel,

Digitized by Google

Annette was seated near them reading her prayer-book, O'Neale was on his knees at the small shrine dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and Beatriz and Sister Louise knelt near him, while Isabelle, somewhat apart from the rest, knelt with clasped hands by an image of St. Agnes, her book of devotions lying open on the pedestal at the feet of the figure of her patroness, who seemed to the gazer to be looking down in love on the maiden as she prayed.

The count rose as Claude entered.

'What is it?' he asked in a whisper.

'Come outside; I cannot tell you here. The enemy is upon us,' said Claude as soon as the door of the chapel was shut. 'There is no time to lose; ammunition must be collected at once, and the men told off to their different posts. Will you go to the ramparts while I summon Captain O'Neale?'

'The enemy! This is fearfully sudden; but there is no time to lose, Claude.'

'Is the barbican gate mined?'

'Yes, fortunately. I thought I told you so yesterday.'

'Well, we have no time to make another mine now, but more gabions will be wanted. Had we not better withdraw a couple of guns and place them on the steps to the main entrance? If loaded with langridge, the slaughter will be tremendous. Let Arnaud and Pierre break up all the loose iron they can find. What about the hall barricade? It looks strong.'

'I will undertake to hold it with twenty men against three hundred.'

'Well, will you take command of the artillery?'

'Yes. M. Deslys will command the dragoons. Of course you command the whole garrison?'

'Yes,' said Claude. 'O'Neale will be under me?'

The count nodded.

'Well, I must be off to the ramparts.'

'And I to the chapel.'

'Shall you tell your mother?'

'I suppose I had better: they must all know pretty soon. Hark, there is the drum beating to arms on the ramparts.'

They parted, and Claude returned to the chapel, where he met the male portion of the congregation pouring out; and as each man passed him he whispered his orders as to where he should go. Last of all O'Neale appeared.

'What is the matter, Chevalier, that our prayers should be interrupted in this fashion?'

'Captain O'Neale, the enemy is upon us; eight hundred men are mustering for the assault under Roland.'

'I fear eight hundred men will not return from it then. But, joking apart, is it so?'

Digitized by Google

'Yes. Are they disturbed in there?'

'You are surely not going to tell them? they will be fainting all over the place.'

'I am not afraid; but, Captain O'Neale, make all speed to the battlements. You command the garrison under me. I will join you in a few minutes.'

So saying, Claude brushed past the gallant Irishman, and entered the chapel once more.

The countess met him at the entrance, pale and agitated.

'What is it, Claude? Why are the drums beating?'

'Mother, we are in danger of an attack from the enemy.'

The countess saw what these few words meant. She turned with a look of anguish towards the spot where her daughters still knelt in prayer.

'Is it so indeed? Will they show no pity?' she gasped. 'Oh, Claude, I hoped all danger was passed.'

At that moment the count appeared behind Claude.

'Claude, come at once; we need your counsels. Ah, I see, my friend, you know it all; but do not despair, Colonel Grey may come in time to save us yet.'

'You are right, Lucien. *I* must not give way. God help and support me!'

O'Neale here made his appearance, cool and cheerful as ever.

'The rogues will not attack us yet,' he said, seeing that the countess was aware of the peril which threatened. 'Take courage, dear lady, we can well hold our own till your countrymen arrive.'

Meanwhile, Isabelle, Annette, and Beatriz had stolen to the side of the countess with eager, inquiring looks, though they none of them dared to speak; and O'Neale, perceiving their anxious faces, went on reassuringly—

'So you have heard, mesdemoiselles, that the Huguenots are going to knock their heads against our walls?'

'Is it true,' said Beatriz, earnestly; 'are we really to be attacked?'

'Yes; we shall show the rascals what Catholics can do, and you must all pray for us that our swords may be sharp enough to keep them employed till Colonel Grey comes up to dispose of them.'

'Indeed, my mother,' said Claude, 'Captain O'Neale is right. There is no cause to despair, and you will be able to help us in many ways while we hold the fellows at bay. Let the wounded and sick be brought here at once,' he added, turning to his father.

'You are right, Claude; Arnaud, Pierre, Raoul, and Philippe will be the chapel guard, and the female servants must help you with the wounded, Grace. Now what about the enemy, Captain O'Neale?'

'They have not got their powder yet distributed; they will not attack for an hour.'

Digitized by Google

'Well, Claude and you can go round with a fatigue party and inspect the barricades. I will join M. Deslys on the ramparts. Isabelle, Beatriz, you will help your mother.'

For the next half-hour the ladies were too busy to have much time for brooding over their danger. With the help of the servants and the four old men—the steward, the huntsman, the usher, and the cook—the sick were brought from the hospital and placed on couches on the chapel floor. All the available stores of lint, bandages, and medicines were also collected, and wine and food were placed ready for the needs of the garrison; while two or three of the women volunteered to supply the soldiers at their different posts with these things, and others were organised into an ambulance corps to help, when summoned, any who might be wounded, to reach the chapel.

For this duty Beatriz and Annette offered themselves. Isabelle, Louise, and the countess decided to act as nurses inside the chapel.

As the chapel and the adjoining rooms were situated in the central tower, and formed the last hope of the garrison, the door was strongly barricaded by order of the count, an opening only being left in the defences to admit one person at a time; and two of the guard were stationed in the corridor outside, which led to the different bedrooms of the family, and from which a narrow flight of steps conducted to the main staircase into the great hall. The perfect isolation to which the inmates of the chapel were condemned was not the least of their trials, and when, all necessary preparations having been made, the ladies and their attendants were left with nothing to do, and in perfect ignorance of what was passing without, a feeling of intense dread and misery began to take possession of them all, which showed itself in a restless nervous moving to and fro on the part of some, of silent motionless dejection in others.

At last Beatriz came up to the countess and said—

'Mother, that window looks on to the ramparts; might we have it open? It is so terrible knowing nothing.'

'If you wish it,' said the countess, 'you may open it, but as soon as the firing begins you will hear plainly enough what is going on.'

'*Hear!*' said Beatriz, with feverish impatience, 'I want to *see*. Arnaud, open the window, and put that hassock there; some one must stand on it and tell us what is going on. Oh! if only they would begin; anything is better than this terrible inaction.'

The countess smiled sadly.

'I believe, Beatriz, you were made for a soldier's wife; but, my dear, you would do better to kneel down and pray than to look on at the strife. I told you so when the Camisards first attacked us.'

'I cannot pray,' said Beatriz, 'at such times. I get too excited;' and as she spoke she went to the window and looked out.

'What do you see, Beatriz? What is going on, mademoiselle?'

Digitized by Google

was the universal cry, in spite of the countess's words, from both sisters, servants, and invalids, as Beatriz leant out of the window.

'The Camisards are drawn up in a long line fronting the castle. I see mounted officers riding along the line waving their swords, and men in black robes passing to and fro among the soldiers.'

'Those are the prophets,' said Edouard. 'Are they speaking to the Camisards—

'I think so—but hark, what is that?'

An ominous sound now broke the terrible stillness, and clear and loud was heard raised by nearly a thousand voices the war-song, or rather chant, of the Camisards—

'Let God arise; let His enemies be scattered; let them also that hate Him flee before Him.

'Like as smoke is driven away, so drive them away; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the ungodly perish at the presence of God.'

Hardly had this last verse ceased when a loud stunning report shook the castle, and a wreath of blue smoke floated in at the window.

'There goes the cannon of the castle,' shouted one of the wounded. 'Mademoiselle, will you look out and tell us what is going on?'

'Yes,' answered Beatriz, 'I can see the enemy; they are advancing towards the battlements; they are falling fast, but they press on. Hark! the guns are roaring louder and louder, the ramparts are wrapped in smoke. I cannot see our soldiers. But what is that,' she added, turning to the invalid soldiers, 'that rattling sound that I hear between the cannon shots?'

'It is musketry, mademoiselle; it sounds quite faint against artillery fire. But where are the enemy now?'

'I see them, through the smoke, standing on the edge of the moat in groups, pointing their muskets at the ramparts; but the whole of the turf almost as far as the gates is strewn with men lying in every direction.'

And now the artillery fire suddenly ceased, but the musketry grew louder and louder, and all the fierce and confused sounds of an assault were audible—the shouts of the Camisards, the cheers of the Royalists, the screams and cries of the wounded and drowning, for many struck down by Royalist bullets reeled bleeding into the moat, while three or four spent balls striking the wall of the chapel tower made Beatriz draw in her head somewhat hastily, so that for a few seconds the party in the chapel could gain no news of what was going on, when suddenly the volleys died away into an irregular dropping fire, which in its turn ceased, and was succeeded by a single discharge of all the guns on the rampart.

One of the men on duty at the door of the chapel now ran to the window, and, having looked out a moment, proclaimed the joyful news

Digitized by Google

that the foe were making off down the hill as fast as their legs could carry them.

'That was a parting message, that last discharge, evidently,' said Pierre the huntsman.

'Don't crow till you are out of the wood,' said Arnaud; 'but we ought to see after the wounded, madame.'

'Certainly,' said the countess; 'all who can be moved must be brought here.'

At that moment O'Neale entered the chapel, followed by two soldiers supporting a wounded forester.

'*Eh bien*,' remarked the captain gaily, 'the Huguenots have modestly retired you see, madame et mesdemoiselles.'

'Yes,' said the countess. 'Have you lost many; are all safe?'

'Two of my poor dragoons are down, and here is Bertrand Aubain who needs your care. Ah! poor fellow, I thought as much,' for ere they placed him on the couch to which the countess pointed, the forester's head fell on one side, his limbs quivered, and the burden laid down was a dead, not a living, one.

All were moved at this first sight of death, which ere many minutes was to grow common enough, and at first, Isabelle, who knelt by the dead man with a sponge to wash the blood his wound, would not believe but that he had fainted, and tried vainly to revive him.

'It is of no use,' said O'Neale, brushing away a tear as he spoke, 'that bullet did its work only too well. God grant thee eternal rest, brave friend,' he added, sinking on one knee, and making the sign of the cross over the dead peasant, a prayer to which all who heard it added a low 'Amen.'

'And now,' said the countess advancing to O'Neale, 'Beatriz and Annette, with Teresa and Cecile will go to the hall to attend the wounded, and Pierre and Philippe had better go too and help to carry those who need assistance to the chapel.'

'Yes, and by our Lady of Carmel, I must be at my post. I hear the psalm-singing once more; the dogs are coming on again.' And so saying O'Neale sped to the ramparts.

The Camisard attack this time was no rash, hasty advance of some hundred men as had been the last, but a regular organised assault. In order to check the fire of the guns, the Huguenots covered the advance of their columns with a line of skirmishers, whose fire, though not equal to that of modern riflemen, annoyed the Royalist garrison not a little. Their supply of artillerymen was scanty, and as some half dozen were picked off at their guns by the Huguenot sharpshooters, who took advantage of the cover of the oziers and willows which bordered the moat to fire point blank at the Royalists, the guns were soon silenced, and the Camisards crossed the moat without suffering any considerable loss. Once over the water, the assailants raised their scaling ladders and swarmed up them to storm the

Digitized by Google

ramparts, but were met by a determined resistance on the part of the Royalists, and all the attempts of the foremost stormers to leap into the embrasures were defeated by the bayonets and pikes of the defenders which filled every opening.

Three times the Camisards endeavoured to gain the ramparts, three times they were hurled back at the point of the cold steel, two of the scaling ladders were thrown down into the moat, and most of those who were on them crushed or drowned. By the count's orders all the cannon but two were now spiked, and being pushed through the embrasures were hurled down among the crowd of Camisards who struggled together for footing in the gory slush which formed the near bank of the moat, crushing and maiming several. But Roland, who directed the assault in person, was not to be beaten, for seeing that the Camisards could not storm all the embrasures, he directed the sharp-shooters on the further bank to concentrate their fire on two of these openings in the battlements, while another general attempt was made to storm the whole line of the ramparts. This plan succeeded, for so furious and well-directed a fire was poured into the two embrasures that their defenders gave way, and the leading Huguenots springing through gained the ramparts, where, however, most of them were cut to pieces; but Claude, seeing that the first line of defence was practically in the hands of the Huguenots, bade his men retreat at once to the barbican, which they did in good order, leaving, however, twelve of their number dead on the ground.

The Camisards had suffered so severely in the assault that, though the ramparts were in their hands, they were not strong enough to attack the barbican at once, and so contented themselves with holding their position, and exchanging a dropping fire with the Royalists until reinforcements should arrive.

As the barbican wall had been carefully loop-holed for musketry, the Royalists, standing in almost perfect shelter, could fire as they liked on the Camisards, who prudently retired to the shelter of the embrasures, and contented themselves with sending an occasional bullet at a loophole in the hopes of hitting the man behind it.

'The enemy has been terribly cut up,' said the count to Claude as he took a pinch of snuff. 'I believe that with a bold rush we might clear the ramparts.'

'I think we might, but it is not worth the risk,' said Claude, 'we should only be annoyed by the fire of the sharp-shooters again; as it was we held the ramparts too long, and lost six men more than we need. Lend me your gun, Michel, there is a man trying to crawl unperceived towards the gate. I must stop that.'

Claude thus speaking levelled the gun through a convenient loophole and fired; the man started, tried to rise to his feet, but fell down again on his hands and knees, and then sank forward motionless.

Digitized by Google

'Thanks, *mon ami*,' said Claude, recovering the gun and returning it to the forester.

'A capital shot, Chevalier,' said the man with a grim smile, but as he grounded the smoking weapon he suddenly stumbled, and fell backwards against a comrade.

'Hold up,' said the man catching hold of him, but the other did not speak, and his comrade found that he was supporting a corpse, for a bullet, passing through the loophole from which Claude had just withdrawn the gun, had struck the luckless forester in the heart.

'A narrow escape, Chevalier,' said O'Neale, who, as cool as ever, was standing not far off. 'But stand to your arms, men, they are coming on.'

A hundred fresh Camisards having arrived, a determined attack was made on the barbican, but as the wall was too high to scale, and the smooth broad top admitted of no hold being made by the scaling ladders, and the Huguenots had no artillery to effect a breach, the stormers had to turn their efforts to the gate, at which they battered with an extemporised ram consisting of a huge beam; but the fire of the Royalists through the loopholes was so deadly that though fresh men were ever ready to seize the ram as its bearers fell, but little progress was made for a considerable time.

At last however the gate began to give way, and Claude, having placed a slow burning match by the mine, bade his men retreat to the hall, which they did, only having lost two men since the ramparts had been taken.

Out of forty-four men the Royal troops had still thirty soldiers untouched, not including the reserve of four men and the invalids in the hospital, of whom eight could be counted on to bear arms *in extremis*, while the Camisards had lost at the lowest estimation a hundred under the artillery and musketry fire, to say nothing of the bayonets of the garrison.

The Camisards, being no longer annoyed by the fire of the Royalists, soon battered down the gate and entered the courtyard. But barely ten men had passed through the opening when the mine exploded, and blew up a large piece of the wall, sending a dozen Camisards into the air, while several others were more or less injured by the stones and splinters which flew in all directions. Nothing daunted, however, the Huguenots advanced to storm the door of the castle, but a volley of musketry from the upper windows, and a discharge of langridge shot from the two guns, which the count had brought to bear on them through port holes cut in the door, caused such slaughter that the stormers recoiled and fell back on the barbican in considerable dismay.

Roland, however, was not to be beaten, and resolved to try the effects of a petard,* while at the same time, anticipating the advice of

* The petard was invented by the Huguenots at the siege of La Rochelle.

Digitized by Google

a modern commander, he sent orders to the rear to bring up no more ammunition, and resolved to let the Camisards trust to the bayonet alone.

These tactics succeeded; a forlorn hope of twelve picked Huguenots braving the langridge and musketry of the Royalists managed to reach the door and fix their petard, though the last of the twelve fell mortally wounded as he lighted the fuse, and ere the guns behind could be withdrawn the petard exploded, the door was blown to pieces, and the cannons so injured as to be rendered useless.

The Royalists were now driven to almost their last line of defence, namely, the barricade at the top of the staircase leading from the hall to the chapel and bedrooms of the castle; and lining the high gallery which ran round three sides of the hall with sharp-shooters so as to take the assaulting column with their fire on both flanks, they assembled their main body behind the barricade to wait the attack.

'Fortunately we have nothing to fear from fire,' said the count to Claude. 'Were the enemy only bent on exterminating us they might burn the chateau down easily now.'

'Yes; but they dare not do that as they want the castle themselves.'

'And I, for my part, have no intention of being exterminated,' laughed O'Neale; 'but I do wish Colonel Grey would make haste. How many men have we left?'

'Thirty-eight,' answered Claude, for the chapel guard and all of the wounded who were able to bear arms had been summoned to the barricade.

Of the leaders of the little band O'Neale alone was untouched, for Claude had received a bullet in his left shoulder, and the count had been grazed severely by a spent ball. Raymond too had been badly wounded by a bayonet thrust during the storming of the ramparts, and, though able to use his sword, was suffering so much from exhaustion and loss of blood that Claude begged him to retire to the hospital at least for a time.

'Forgive me, I cannot; do not order me to do so, I pray you, at such a time when every sword is needed. I cannot withdraw with honour—I cannot.'

'Stand by me, lieutenant,' said O'Neale, cheerily. 'Chevalier, had not the chapel door better be left open so that the wounded can make for it? We shall have enough on our hands soon without assisting them.'

'You are right. Philippe, open the door. Now stand to your arms, my children, here they come! Fire a volley! Musketeers, open fire on the flanks of the column; aim low; let every shot tell; bring up more gabions; our lives depend on holding the fellows at bay.'

A hundred fresh Camisards now swarmed up the bloody staircase. A huge beam torn from the doorway was used as a battering ram, and

Digitized by Google

plied with fatal effect against the barricade, for though the leading Huguenots fell like flies before the converged fire of the Royalists, fresh men sprang forward, and, trampling their dead and dying comrades under foot, drove the huge ram again and again against the barricade, and, before its repeated blows, gabions, timber, sand-bags alike gave way, while in the hall below waited the Camisard reserve numbering at least two hundred bayonets under the command of Ravanel, Roland himself being with the stormers; and from time to time supports were sent forward, so that the assault was hotly maintained.

Had the Camisards expected so stubborn a defence it is doubtful whether Roland would have denuded his troops of ammunition, for though they far outnumbered the Royalists, yet obliged to act on a narrow front, owing to being confined by the staircase, and to trust mainly to the cold steel, they were exposed to a murderous fire from the defenders before which even the flower of the Camisard army more than once recoiled. Nor were the assailants alone exposed to a front and flanking fire of musketry, for by Claude's orders several hand-grenades were flung into the rear of the storming column, and these deadly instruments spread havoc even among the reserves.

But numbers carried the day, the barricade was well nigh demolished, fifteen at least of the Royalists had fallen before the bayonets of the stormers, and the enemy were mustering for a final rush, when Claude turned to O'Neale and said—

'We must retreat. Will you stand by me in the doorway to protect the rear?'

'And will I not? By every saint in heaven I'll be your comrade to the last.'

Claude then turned to his men and bade them fall back at once.

'Line the barricade in the chapel; load every spare musket; two of you stand by the door ready to admit us, but if you see us overpowered, on your lives attempt no rescue.'

'Let me stay with you,' said Raymond, who stood by Claude leaning hard upon his sword; 'I cannot retreat, let me die here.'

But this request Claude peremptorily refused, and bade Sergeant Reinville support the lieutenant to the chapel.

Hardly had these two entered the chapel when a fresh body of stormers advanced, and either scaling or breaking down the ruined barricade, pressed forward towards the entrance of the passage which led to the chapel, with levelled bayonets. On seeing only the two defenders, the Camisards raised a shout of gratified triumph, and were about to charge, when Roland, pressing to the front of the column, bade the assailants halt, and advanced alone and lowered the point of his sword.

'Chevalier de St. Ange, I call on you, in the name of God and His

Digitized by Google

followers, to surrender. As a soldier, you know well the fate of those who persist in maintaining an untenable post.'

'And we know equally well the fate we may expect if we yield,' shouted O'Neale, striding forward. 'Your bayonets are thirsting even now for the blood of defenceless women; but you must wait a while, Duke of the Cevennes.'

'Stay, Captain O'Neale,' said Claude. 'What terms do you offer if we capitulate?'

'None,' was the grim answer.

'And you expect us to surrender unconditionally? Then know that I hold this castle for the king, and the royal flag shall only be won across my body; such is my final answer. On your guard, M. Roland.'

'Stay. What is your answer, Captain O'Neale?'

'I fight for the crown of France and the Church Catholic,' answered O'Neale, fiercely. 'On your guard!' and, as he spoke, he strode forward and exchanged a pass with the Huguenot leader, but several of the Camisards rushing forward to their general's assistance, O'Neale sprang back to the doorway.

'We must make for the door,' said Claude. 'The necessary delay has been gained,' and the two companions instantly retreated quickly up the passage, the narrowness of which checked the pursuit, since few of the Camisards cared to come within reach of Claude's fatal sword, of which it might be said, to quote Byron—

> 'When right to left that sabre swept
> Many a (Huguenot) mother wept.'

Twice indeed did the foremost Huguenots make a rush, and twice were the two leading files struck down. Ammunition fortunately was almost wanting, or else Claude and O'Neale could easily have been destroyed without a near approach on the part of the assailants. As it was, two muskets were fired at them by men in the rear of the column, and the balls whistled along the passage in somewhat unpleasant proximity to the two friends, who, however, managed to reach the door and creep safely through the aperture left into the chapel.

Hardly had these two entered the chapel, when there was heard a rush of feet and clash of arms from without, and it was with some difficulty that the Royalists managed to close and bar the heavy iron-bound door on their pursuers.

'A petard will soon destroy the door,' remarked the count to Claude, as the latter mounted the steps and entered the chancel.

'I know it, but we cannot risk our men's lives in defending it, we can but hold the chancel now.'

'*Entre nous*,' said O'Neale, 'I should blow up the place as soon as they get the best of it.'

Digitized by Google

'It is too late now,' answered the count; 'I have not powder enough left.'

'But you will not leave the women to be dealt with by these scoundrels?'

'Is there no chance of their lives being spared?'

'None,' answered both O'Neale and Claude.

'God help us then! But stay, there is a barrel of powder somewhere. Ah! there it is; let every man take enough to fire three shots, and the moment they break into the chancel I will set the rest alight.'

This terrible resolve was not made generally public, for, as the count remarked aside to Claude and O'Neale, all present were expecting death, and he hoped prepared to meet it, so that it was scarcely worth while to tell them the particular way they would die.

Meanwhile the Camisards were not idle. The door had not long been closed on them, when the sound of their engineers fixing the petard was clearly heard by those within the chapel, some seven of whom were lining the chancel with their muskets levelled over the low screen, the interstices of which were filled with sand-bags, which divided it from the body of the chapel, while in the entrance, at the top of the steps, behind a rampart of gabions, &c., nine picked men were placed, three deep, with levelled bayonets. Behind these, up to the very foot of the altar, were the non-combatants, viz., the women and the wounded, the former of whom knelt in agonised prayer for the victory of the now slender garrison, whose situation was indeed desperate, for at least a hundred of the Camisards were waiting for the petard to explode to rush in.

But no explosion came. The petard was fixed, but the besiegers delayed to fire it; and the Royalists guessed, from the whispered debate which was quite audible outside the door, and the noise of footsteps hurrying to and fro, that something of importance had occurred to stay the assault. Could the expected relief have arrived? Claude and O'Neale exchanged inquiring looks, and at last the latter said to the count—

'Do any of the windows of the chapel look on to the plain?'

'Yes, the west window.'

'Well, I must open that.'

But just as O'Neale was swinging himself over the screen in order to drop down into the nave of the chapel, the petard exploded, and the door was blown to pieces. The whole chapel was shaken by the violence of the explosion, and a thick smoke filled the doorway, under cover of which about sixty Camisards rushed forward to the assault. A volley from the Royalists laid eight of the Huguenots writhing on the floor, but the rest, undismayed, gained the chancel steps, and, springing up them, crossed their bayonets with those of the defenders.

Digitized by Google

A terrific struggle now ensued. The Royalists fought, urged by desperation, as they had never fought before. Muskets were loaded, and even fired, by some of the females, notably Beatriz, who crouched behind the thin line of men who stood between them and the pitiless insurgents. More than three times the leading Huguenots almost forced their way into the chancel, more than three times they were hurled back at the point of the cold steel; the whole place was filled with smoke, as the Royalists poured their fire on the insurgents as fast as the muskets could be handed to them from behind; the rattle of the musketry, the crash of steel meeting steel, the cheers of the combatants, the groans and shrieks of the wounded, formed together a noise which drowned all other sounds, though, unbeknown to the garrison, a fierce struggle was beginning to rage close by the castle, and had the roar of battle at hand been less, they could not but have heard the sounds of strife outside.

At last there came a sudden lull. The Camisards having been repulsed a fifth time, fell back, disordered and broken, towards the shelter of the doorway, and then, for the first time, the St. Ange family became aware of the fact that they were no longer left in jeopardy; the sound of heavy, sustained firing outside was now distinctly audible, but they could see nothing, nor tell how near were the rescuers.

The struggle of the last few minutes had not been, however, without loss, barely eight men beside the count, Claude, and O'Neale remained able to fight; the narrow chancel was packed with wounded and bleeding men up to the very altar.

Beatriz was the first to rise from the place where she had crouched during the assault, and look round. At least thirteen living men were stretched on the floor, and she also counted with them seven or eight corpses. The few survivors were standing together at the top of the steps, and she recognised with thankfulness that the count and Claude were among these. The Camisards had retreated to the passage outside the chapel, and were engaged in hot debate apparently; without, men were running to and fro; trumpet-calls were heard and hurried words of command; but, above all, the furious and confused sounds of a conflict raging close to the castle.

The Royalist soldiers, too, heard the noise, and leaned over the screen, anxiously striving to make out what was happening. Barely two minutes had passed since they had first caught the distant sound of firing; now it was apparently close. Suddenly O'Neale cried, waving his sword—

'Thank God, we are saved! They are here! I hear them now—the battle cry of the Scotch! And, listen, there is the cheer of the Irish, my own brave boys!'

All who could, pressed forward to the now shattered screen, further than which none dared go; and, as they pressed, the steady firing

Digitized by Google

suddenly ceased, and was succeeded by wild, irregular discharges of musketry, then came a quick rattle of carabines, and the thud of hundreds of horse hoofs rushing over the grass, another wild volley, then the crash of sabres and bayonets meeting, the shout of the broken but defiant Camisards, and the war-cry of the Scottish dragoons as they came like a whirlwind on the reserves of the enemy, who had hastily formed to cover the retreat of the attacking force from the castle, while, more distant, came the shout of the French dragoons, who were engaged in fierce combat with Catinat's horse, and the wild yells of the advancing Irish regiment, who were coming up the valley at the *pas de charge*.

The varied demeanour of the party in the chancel at this glorious assurance of safety would have gratified a student of character. It was difficult to restrain the garrison from breaking out to hang on the rear of the retreating enemy, and only by threats and remonstrances could they be restrained; the very wounded waved their hands and cheered; Raymond, with the sudden strength that excitement gives, rose to his feet, and managed to reach his comrades in arms and support himself at the rail. Isabelle threw her arms round her mother's neck; Annette, wild with joy, hastened to her father's side; Beatriz prostrated herself at the foot of the altar, as did Louise; while the female servants alternately laughed and cried.

'Hark! listen!' cried O'Neale, 'Claude, Raymond, to the old battle cries. Strike in, strike in, gentlemen of Scotland! *En avant les dragons de Languedoc!* How often have we heard them before, but never did they sound so welcome as now.'

'May we not leave the chancel?' said the count. 'I do not believe there is one Camisard in the castle.'

'I think,' said Claude, 'we had better stay where we are. In the first place, I am not sure that the enemy have all retreated; in the second, we are too few to do any good. Stand steady, men, and load,' he added, turning to the few soldiers who stood by him.

'At least, we may help our wounded now,' said Beatriz; 'and we ought to succour those of the enemy. See, Sister Louise, Isa, how thick they lie all about.'

In truth, the whole of the floor of the chapel was strewn with dead and wounded Camisards, many of whom cried piteously for water, and pointed to their wounds in a manner which might have melted sterner hearts than those of the ladies of St. Ange; and, besides, the supply of water which had been hastily brought into the chancel was well-nigh exhausted, and even the wounded Catholics could not refrain from casting longing looks towards two or three large red earthenware jars, which stood not far from the entrance to the chapel, filled to the brim with cold water from St. Agnes's spring.

'I think,' continued Beatriz to Isabelle, 'that we might run to those jars and fill our jugs;' and, before they could be stayed, the two girls

Digitized by Google

descended the steps on their errand of mercy, and had begun to fill their pitchers, when Claude, perceiving them, shouted—

'Beatriz! Isa! Are you mad? Come back directly!'

Even as he spoke there was a sudden rush of feet outside, and in a moment thirty armed Camisards dashed into the chapel.

'We will have our revenge at least,' shouted the leader. 'Fire, children of God.'

A volley from a dozen muskets flashed, and twelve bullets whistled across the chapel; two of the soldiers in the chancel fell mortally wounded, more than one of the wounded was struck, and Raymond, who was standing—or rather leaning—against the rail of the chancel, sank forward with a groan; but the startled Royalists had no time to think of their dead, for, when the smoke cleared away, they saw Beatriz and Isabelle the centre of a group of angry Camisards, whose bayonets were pointed against them.

'You had better not fire,' said the leader of the Camisards, turning towards the chancel, whence six muskets were levelled against his party. 'At the first sign of resistance we will drive our bayonets into the hearts of these girls.'

'Cowards!' shouted O'Neale, 'will you murder women?'

'Who hung our wives and daughters?' answered the Camisard. 'Here, eight of you face the idolaters. And, now, ladies, what have you to say that we should spare your lives?'

'We at least never injured you,' said Beatriz, who stood supporting her half-fainting friend, and fronting in calm disdain the glittering bayonets, the points of which all but touched her breast.

'No,' said the Camisard leader, 'but your friends have. The Scottish dragoons are even now on the ramparts cutting us to pieces.'

'Will you suffer this, Claude?' said O'Neale hoarsely, as he grasped his sword, and leant over the screen quivering with excitement.

Claude groaned.

'We are but six, and if we advance all the others will be murdered—my mother, Edouard, Annette!'

'Then I go alone,' and, so saying, O'Neale sprang over the barricade, and threw himself upon the Camisards with set teeth and gleaming sword.

How he escaped it would be hard to say, but he did succeed in cutting his way through the Camisards, and reaching the side of the intended victims unwounded, and here he turned like a wild cat at bay.

Claude saw that prolonged resistance was useless, and that had not the attention of the Camisards been turned rather to the necessity of repelling a rush on the part of the Royalists than to the slaughter of Isabelle and Beatriz, O'Neale would have at once paid the penalty of his devotion with his life. He saw also that an instant diversion

Digitized by Google

was the only hope for his sister and her companion, and determined, as his presence was no longer necessary at the barricade, to follow O'Neale as a forlorn hope.

'Stand fast,' he said quietly, 'and if we both go down give the murderers a volley; hold the barricade while you can, then fire the powder,' and so saying he too leaped the barricade and sprang, sword in hand, among the Huguenots, who, expecting such a movement, the next instant hemmed him round with the cold steel, while O'Neale, cumbered with the defence of the two girls, could not stir to his assistance.

The strife was brief but furious; two men fell before Claude's sword, he grappled with a third, and fell the next instant pierced by three wounds, but, as he fell, he buried his dagger in the breast of his antagonist, and wrenching himself from his dying clutch sprang to his feet once more.

For a moment he held his own, dashing aside with arm and sword the bayonets around him; then he was beaten to his knee by a blow from a musket butt, and the next moment pinned to the ground by bayonets. Writhing up against the fatal points he once more drove his sword through a Camisard breast, when a tramp of feet was heard, and some sixty dismounted Scottish dragoons burst into the chapel headed by an officer.

A few moments and all was over. The Camisards were hewn down to a man after a brief struggle, in which they vainly endeavoured to form a rallying square so as to oppose their serried bayonets to the long broad swords of the dragoons, and the castle and family of St. Ange were saved.

Pale and trembling Beatriz rose and clung to O'Neale's arm as the carnage ceased. Isabelle had fainted, Claude lay bleeding on the floor, and of all the Royalist garrison barely four unwounded men stood at the entrance of the chancel, when Major Livingstone, the Scottish officer, advanced to meet the count, who came forward to receive his allies.

'You came just in time,' he said; 'another moment and I should have blown the place into the air.'

'Would to God I had come sooner!' said Maclean. 'What a fearful struggle it has been,' he added, looking round.

'You may say so. I hardly know who is alive.'

'I am, at least,' said O'Neale, coming forward, carrying the fainting form of Isabelle, 'and I have the happiness to restore your daughter to you.'

The countess met him at the entrance to the chancel.

'God bless you, my brave friend! My Isa, my little one, you are safe.'

'Yes,' said Beatriz, 'you see our preserver. And you too are safe, mother!' she exclaimed, bursting into tears of mingled excitement

Digitized by Google

and joy—'and Annette and Edouard. But where is Claude, Captain O'Neale? I thought I saw him fall.'

'I do not know, but we cannot yet tell who is dead or alive.'

'Major Livingstone,' said the count, 'can you spare some of your gentlemen to help us clear the place of the dead and make room for our wounded?'

'Yes,' said Livingstone. 'Corporal Johnstoune, take ten men and assist Captain O'Neale.'

'I suppose the fight outside is pretty well over.'

'Yes; Colonel Grey broke the Camisard lines in a few moments and drove them up the valley, while I was detached with my party to seize the castle. On reaching the ramparts we found about forty-five of the rebels still in the castle about to blow the place up, and drove them before us as far as the barricade above the hall, where some ten of their number made a short stand, so as to enable the rest to massacre you—which it seems they nearly succeeded in doing; and by the soul of Dundee would you credit me, the fellows held us at bay for five minutes before we could manage to storm the place, and having cut them down come to your assistance. But I must not stay. *Au revoir.*'

'*Au revoir*, Major. Corporal, you must light a torch or two in order to do your work thoroughly'

'I think,' said O'Neale, 'all of you who are uninjured had better now come out of the chancel.'

Thus addressed, the ladies and their attendants came down into the nave, where a space had been cleared by the exertions of the dragoons. Here the count and O'Neale, who scarcely knew as yet the extent of their losses, began to call the roll of the inmates of the castle.

The count, the countess, Annette, Beatriz, Isabelle, O'Neale, and six of the garrison, two dragoons, and four foresters, besides Arnaud, the seneschal, and the female servants, were all comparatively uninjured, but when these had all been mustered then the extent of the loss became apparent.

'Sister Louise,' said O'Neale, proceeding with the roll.

No answer.

'I saw her last by the altar in prayer,' answered Isabelle.

'I will go and see,' said O'Neale, taking a torch from a dragoon, and holding it low so as to see he did not tread on the wounded, he ascended the steps and passed into the chancel.

In a few moments he returned.

'She is by the altar still, she has died a martyr,' he said gravely; 'a ball must have struck her when they fired that last volley. Where is Lieutenant Deslys?'

'Dead,' said the count; 'he too fell by that fatal volley. Captain O'Neale, where is Claude? I last saw him when he cut his way through the Camisards to your side.'

Digitized by Google

'He never reached me,' said O'Neale, turning pale. 'I thought I was alone among the enemy. But we must find him.'

And find him they did, 'where the dead were lying thickest,' pierced with bayonets and insensible, but still living.

They bore him to Edouard's room and laid him down on the couch, but several minutes elapsed ere he recovered consciousness, and when the surgeon who had been despatched to the aid of the garrison arrived and examined his wounds, he shook his head and whispered to O'Neale—

'I can do nothing here.'

'I feared not.'

'And others want you more,' said Claude feebly, who had read his doom in the surgeon's look. 'Isa will stay with me, will you not? No, mother, do not stay now, you must not—my father, he is wounded. What of Raymond Deslys? Ah, I see, gone before me.'

'Even so,' whispered the countess, who knelt by her son's bed; then, with an assurance that she would return ere long, she rose and sought her husband's room, whither she had been summoned by Annette, who found that the count had completely broken down. He had been suffering acutely for hours from a wound in his shoulder, and the sight of his son's condition had put the finishing touch. The surgeon feared fever setting in, and directed that he should be put into bed at once and kept as far as possible quiet.

The rest of the wounded were removed by the dragoons to the salon where Beatriz and the female servants waited on them, Isabelle being with Claude, while O'Neale hurried out to meet Colonel Grey who had just arrived at the castle.

'You came just in time,' he said, as he grasped Grey's hand warmly, at the entrance to the hall, 'to save us; barely ten of the original garrison survive, and I am almost the only one untouched.'

'The count is unwounded, I hope?'

'He is hurt, but not severely, I hope, but the Chevalier, I regret to say, is mortally wounded. Lieutenant Deslys is dead.'

'And the ladies?'

'All safe, thank God and the saints, save one, a Carmelite sister, who took refuge in the chateau at the commencement of the siege. She has fallen.'

'However, the enemy's loss has been fearful,' answered Grey, 'they are lying thickly under the battlements.'

'Yes, and on the ramparts too, while in the hall one can scarcely tread save on a Huguenot corpse.'

'Where are their wounded?'

'In the chapel; we have moved our own.'

'Well a few pistol bullets must be bestowed on the wounded Camisards out of mercy, for we cannot tend them all, and if we could we should only save them for the wheel and gibbet. Captain Carmichael,

Digitized by Google

see this done and the dead removed. You had better have the bodies burnt out on the plain. Can I do anything more for you? Do you need food or wine, O'Neale?'

'No, we have enough, I thank you, and your surgeon is with us. I suppose you have beaten the dogs thoroughly?'

'Yes, we have cleared the valley of them. The Irish pursued them until it was too dark to see. They have now fallen back on the ridge at the head of the valley to bivouac.'

'And the Languedoc dragoons?'

'Are encamped on the site of the Huguenot camp. My own men occupy the village. The count will permit me to make the chateau my headquarters?'

'And will he not! Besides I now command. Grey, will you come with me to the Chevalier's room? He has asked for you.'

'Indeed I will.'

Accompanied by Major Livingstone and Captain Gordon, another officer, Francis Grey followed O'Neale to Claude's, or rather Edouard's, room. Isabelle met them at the door.

'I am glad you are come, Captain O'Neale,' she said with streaming eyes; 'he has asked for you so often.'

'How is he?'

'In great pain, but perfectly conscious.'

'I have brought Colonel Grey to see him.'

'Come in please, M. le Colonel,' said Isabelle, returning Francis Grey's bow; 'my brother will be glad to see you, and thank you,' she added with a sob; then, as if not daring to trust herself to speak more, she led the way into the chamber of death.

'Chevalier,' said O'Neale, bending over Claude, 'here is Colonel Grey.'

Claude stretched out his hand feebly, as he recognised his visitor.

'I knew you would come,' he whispered. 'I have to thank you for many dear lives saved.'

'Would to God I had come sooner,' said Grey, kneeling down by the dying man, and taking his hand as he spoke, 'but we may save you yet, I trust.'

'No,' answered Claude, 'it is no use; I have fought my last fight, Colonel Grey. Still, thank you again and again. Isa, darling, don't cry; remember what we said last night about our meeting in another world; we did not think the separation quite as near.' Here a gush of blood from the lips stopped his voice.

'No, no,' Isabelle sobbed; 'but Claude, we *shall* meet again there, shall we not?'

'And, Isa, you must thank Colonel Grey; you owe him and his friends your life,' continued Claude.

Isabelle smiled through her tears, but strove in vain to speak her gratitude. Claude went on—

Digitized by Google

'You must not think us forgetful, Colonel Grey, of what we owe you. Had you not come when you did, we should have blown the tower into the air.'

At that moment the surgeon entered, and O'Neale whispered to Grey and his companions to retire, adding—

'I will be with you soon, and let you know what his (the surgeon's) report is. Arnaud, show M. le Colonel to Monseigneur's justice room.'

O'Neale indeed was the only one of the officers of the original garrison able to work, and on him devolved all the arrangements necessary for welcoming and entertaining the deliverers of the castle. If he felt fatigue he did not show it, and for the next few hours he busied himself in going the round of all the rooms, chatting with the Scotch dragoons and their officers, superintending the labours of the count's servants, and occasionally paying a flying visit to the hospital, where his cheery manner and kind words did not a little to raise the spirits of Beatriz and her pale and harassed assistants; every now and then he looked into the count's room to see if anything was wanted, nor did he neglect from time to time to visit Claude for the same purpose. But in truth there was little to be done for Claude; he was no longer in great pain save at times, and as his strength failed these fits of agony grew less frequent, and Isabelle's presence seemed to soothe him as much as anything could, and though he was not always conscious, and at times his mind wandered, and he spoke of bygone days, especially of his late sojourn among the Camisards, yet as a rule, though he grew weaker and weaker, his mind was clear, and moreover untroubled, as if his soul, long tossed on the waves of doubt and fear, had at last entered the calm waters of peace and faith.

At last, just as the night was drawing to a close and the stars paling, the surgeon entered and saw the change which none can mistake stealing over Claude's face; he turned at once to Edouard, whose couch had been placed by his brother's bed, and said in a low voice—

'It is death coming on.'

'I see it. Isa, it is time to fetch them.'

'I will go,' she answered, rising from her knees, and passed into the chapel, where she found Beatriz, whose watch in the hospital had just been finished, kneeling before the altar.

'Come,' she said—it was all she could say—'he is going.'

Beatriz shuddered, but turned away.

'I cannot.'

'Cannot! Beatriz, do you hear me, he is dying! Oh, if you ever loved him, come! Mamma, where is she? I must call her.'

'Stay,' said Beatriz, rising. 'Isa, go back, I will fetch them, and, oh, my darling, it is because I loved him I cannot come. I will pray for him, indeed I will, but I could not—no, I could not.' Here sobs choked her voice, 'Go back, Isa, *you* may kneel at his side, *I* cannot, I dare not.'

Digitized by Google

'Then bring them all quick, Beatriz,' and so speaking Isabelle sped back to her post.

They came—the father, who would not be denied, mother, sister, O'Neale, Francis Grey; noiselessly they one by one entered the chamber of death and stood motionless.

Edouard de St. Ange was praying out loud the prayers for the dying, one hand holding Claude's, the other lifting the crucifix; Isabelle was on her knees by the bed, her hands clasped, her eyes raised to heaven, her lips parted in silent intercession. Claude lay still, there were no convulsive struggles, his eyes alone seemed to wander round the room, as if following some unseen form, and his hands grasped his brother's faintly, but it was doubtful if he then knew any one. When at last the words of prayer ceased he seemed troubled for a few moments till his eyes rested on Isabelle's face, then a sweet, a glorious smile broke over his countenance as he said—

'Faithful unto death, Isa.'

'You know me, then?'

'Yes, sweet one, my dear, dear sister, you are praying for me! Oh, Isa, I have longed and waited for this hour. I am dying, but I am not afraid. "I know in Whom I have believed."'

'You believe in the Holy Catholic Church,' she whispered.

'I said in *Whom*,' and the smile of joy seemed to brighten, to triumph. '"Yet the Spirit and *the Bride* say, Come."'

The countess knelt by him and kissed his brow. 'Claude, I give you back to Him who has heard a mother's prayer.'

What more can or need be told of farewell embraces, of prayers to speed the parting guest, from father, mother, sisters, or friends? Such scenes have been described a thousand times by worthier pens than mine; then why linger over a Christian's death-bed?

The end came, the last messages had been spoken, and they thought him gone, when suddenly he revived, and laying his hand on Isabelle's hands, which were still clasped, as she knelt by his bed, he said—

'"The Spirit *and* the Bride say, Come." "I drink, I drink the waters of life. Lord Jesus, I come, I know Thee Who Thou art. . . At eventide . . . . Yes. *Ad perennis vitæ fontem, mens sitivit arida.*" Sing it, Isa, for words are failing. I come, I come.'

She smiled, and those who saw that 'holy smile' never forgot it. Then, bowing her head, she sang the hymn of the heavenly Fatherland:

'For the Fount of Life Eternal thirsts the parched and weary soul,
Beating, striving at the portals of the flesh (which still control),
Through the gates to glide unfettered seeks the exiled one the goal.
. . . . . .
Who may tell the height of glory, who the perfect peace may know,
Where of living pearls upbuilded white as is the crystal snow,
Shine the mansions, and the bulwarks fair with golden splendours glow.'
. . . . . .

Digitized by Google

Isabelle ceased. Her brother heard no more; doubts and trials were over for Claude de St. Ange. The Catholic Church had embraced her child again only to lay him in her Bridegroom's arms, and in the light that broke upon his soul's new birth doubt not that he saw light. What to him now were the dark dreams of Calvinism—the ghastly skeleton of Socinus's creed?

If the Church on earth had never persuaded him fully, the free Jerusalem, the mother of all, then received him, where never fear shall enter or darkness overshadow, for 'there is no night there.'

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCVII. (*Continued*).

1624—1626.

THE FRENCH ALLIANCE.

JAMES I. of England and VI. of Scotland died at fifty-nine years old, an age greater than any of his predecessors had attained either in England or Scotland, with the exception of Queen Elizabeth, since the reigns of Edward III. and Robert II. In Scotland, two of his ancestors had been murdered, two had been killed in war, two had died of grief, his mother had perished on the scaffold — the fate which was in store for his only surviving son—and in truth, he and his grandson Charles II., and his great granddaughter Anne were the only sovereigns of the line who died peacefully while still reigning. He was, as we have seen, a strange being, with some radical imperfection in his nature, not affecting his intellect or judgment, but his nerves and power of will, and thus occasioning foibles which rendered him contemptible and ridiculous, excepting when, as in many of his letters and decisions, his real wisdom came into play. His favouritism was probably partly due to the timidity and weakness that made him lean on some one; his violent passions were probably partly from his physical weakness, but his profane language and coarseness of habits, though stopping short of vice, were surely conscious sins. Of his want of veracity, the same cannot quite be said, for falsehood had for the last century been deliberately regarded as a legitimate part of kingcraft or the art of reigning.

When politics began to be a science, its first professors considered stratagem and concealment to be their readiest weapons for obtaining the power and security of their country, and the home influence of their crown. Honesty in statesmanship was viewed as something quite apart from honour, in a man's individual capacity; and it took at least two centuries more to convince the world that nothing could be done without mutual trust.

And thus to kingcraft James trusted, and to belief in it he bred up his son, otherwise a very different person, both in appearance and habits. Charles, though small of stature, was as dignified and kingly in bearing as his father had been the reverse; his countenance was beautiful, with the chestnut eyes and hair of his Stewart ancestors, and his tastes and habits scholarly and refined, his journey

Digitized by Google

on the Continent having served as education to him in love of poetry and art. Religion was the great interest of the time, and Charles, like his father, had it much at heart, and with him it was a more real and consistent guide than it had been to James. He had several serious defects of character, some almost as if they had sprung up as a reaction from his father's faults. For instance, James had vacillated, and Charles was obstinate from not knowing the right moment to give up; but unfortunately, straightforward conduct either towards their own subjects or foreign powers was then thought inconsistent with the polity of a sovereign.

Charles, now twenty-five years old, received the homage of the attendants at Theobald's immediately after his father's death, and was proclaimed the same evening at the gates. The next morning he went in a carriage with the Duke of Buckingham to Whitehall, where he was proclaimed in the streets during a heavy shower of rain, which was thought a bad omen. Indeed it was followed by an outbreak of the plague, which continually haunted London, no doubt from the state of the drinking water.

On the 30th of March, 1625, Charles ratified the treaty with France, and the Duke de Chevreuse, a prince of the house of Guise, was appointed (as had been already arranged) to act as his proxy at the wedding. This took place, after the precedent of that of Henri of Navarre, outside the door of Notre Dame, after which the bride walked up the cathedral for the mass. Chevreuse, as representing a Protestant, did not accompany her. This was on the 21st of May, and, immediately after, Buckingham arrived to take the bride home. A splendid series of entertainments began. Among them was a pageant representing all the French princesses who had been Queens in England, not a very encouraging series to display to Henriette Marie-Isabel—the She-Wolf and Margaret of Anjou were not happy precedents!

But the French Court was chiefly interested in the gallantries that passed between their own young Queen and the handsome envoy, who went about scattering pearls, which were loosely fastened to his mantle on purpose to serve as a largesse. He had twenty-seven magnificent suits with him, the most splendid of which was of white satin, with a white cut velvet mantle, both cloak and suit set with diamonds, costing 80,000*l.*, and with a plume of diamonds, sword girdle, hatband, and even spurs, set with the same, in which to enter Paris! Anne of Austria had grown up into great beauty; she was very fair, with blue eyes, magnificent blonde hair, and exquisite hands, and with great grace and dignity of bearing; but she did not interest her husband. He was not vicious, but he was dull and cold, and liked his dogs and his hunting parties better than anything else. The lovely young Queen was now woman enough to feel hurt at his neglect, and the lively intriguing Duchess of Chevreuse, her confidante, was a lady of

Digitized by Google

the house of Rohan, whom Luynes had married for love, and who had lately wedded the Duke de Chevreuse, a younger son of the Guise family. Buckingham openly showed his admiration of the Queen, and this, the first approach to love that Anne had ever tasted, became the romance of her life. She manifested the pleasure his devotion gave her, and he enjoyed making a display of his homage to the *woman*, not only to the Queen. The King, who had intended to escort his sister to the coast, fell ill, and this caused a delay, during which the lookers on began to talk of the Queen and Duke. Henriette at last set out with all the family except the King. There was another detention of a fortnight at Amiens owing to the indisposition of Marie de Medicis. Hearing that the plague was at Calais, the two French Queens remained together at Amiens, while the English train moved on to Boulogne, and it was said that Anne had tears in her eyes at parting with the Duke. However, Buckingham delayed the whole escort at Boulogne while he thought proper to rush back to Amiens for a last farewell of Anne. Report said that it was to restore a diamond clasp which she had given to him, but which Louis might demand. He made his way to her private chamber, where she was attended by two maids of honour, and on his knees, professed his devotion to her. She was now angry and alarmed, and rebuked him with a displeasure which scandal declared to be insincere. At any rate, this act provoked even the sluggish Louis, who made it his request that the presumptuous Duke might never be sent to him on any future embassy, while he dismissed all Anne's favourite ladies, especially Madame de Chevreuse, who was sent on with the English Queen, while Richelieu surrounded her with persons devoted to himself.

Charles was awaiting his bride at Canterbury, and on the 23rd of June the guns of Boulogne announced her embarkation. She landed at Dover at seven o'clock, and Mr. Tyrwhitt, one of the King's gentlemen, galloped to Canterbury with the tidings, in thirty-six minutes of the long summer evening. Charles let her rest that night, but was at Dover Castle at ten the next morning. Henriette was at breakfast. She sprang up and hurried down a flight of stairs to meet him. She was going to kneel and kiss his hand, when he caught her in his arms with many kisses. She tried to utter the little speech in which she had been instructed, '*Sire, je suis venue en ce pays de votre Majesté pour être commandée de vous*,' but she was cut short by a gush of girlish tears. Charles tenderly soothed her, kissing away her tears, and declaring he should continue kissing as long as she went on crying, that she was not come among enemies and strangers, but that he was her servant. Never did twenty-five and fifteen, royally wedded, meet with more artless grace and sweetness!

Charles had been told that his little bride was very short, and

Digitized by Google

finding that her head reached to his shoulder—no great height—he glanced at her feet to see if she wore high-heeled shoes; but she caught at his meaning, and holding up her little foot, said, 'Sire, I stand on my own feet: I have no help from art. Thus high am I, neither higher nor lower.'

She then presented her chief attendants. The whole number was sixty—far too many of them, as the English thought—the Duke and Duchess of Chevreuse, Madame de S. George, who had been brought up with her, and many more. Then they set off for Canterbury, Charles riding, the Queen in her carriage, till they came to Barham Downs, where tents were pitched, and the English ladies of her household were presented to her. At Canterbury a feast was made ready, and Charles carved for his bride. She ate heartily of both venison and pheasant, though her confessor, Father Sancy, reminded her that it was a fast-day, being the Eve of S. John the Baptist; and the English, on these slight grounds, had hopes of her conversion to their Church, reporting, moreover, that when she was asked if she disliked Huguenots, she answered, 'How should I? Was not my father one?'

No one then realised that the frivolous, lively, childish girl was fixed on being a missionary queen, showing staunchness to her Church in the heretic land like a Bertha, a Clotilda, an Ingundis; and hoping, like them, to win over her husband and his people to what she had been taught to regard as the only true Church.

Father Sancy, her confessor, kept this object constantly in mind as her great duty; and when the actual marriage took place in the great hall at Canterbury, it seems to have been merely the civil contract, neither party submitting to the religious ritual of the other. The royal pair then entered London by water, for the streets were made perilous by the plague, and the law courts had to be transferred to Reading. There was a splendid procession of boats on the Thames, the King and Queen, both dressed in green, sitting in their barge waving their hands to the people, who were in sufficient numbers to throng the banks, though many of the streets were deserted and grass-grown. The bells rang all the evening, and bonfires blazed long after Charles and Henriette Marie had landed at Somerset House, and presently repaired to Whitehall. Henriette Marie continued to be her signature, and she named her god-daughters by her full name, which, following the French pronunciation, was usually made into Harriet, or Hawyot in actual use; but the King chose to have her called by her second name, Mary, and when reminded that Mary recalled perilous recollections, replied that the land should find blessings connected with that name which should counteract previous evils.

Father Sancy's first service at Whitehall, though the congregation

Digitized by Google

only consisted of the young queen, six ladies, and a few gentlemen, all French, was regarded with scorn and horror by the Londoners. 'The mass was mumbled over her,' as the news letter declared, and in the temper of the court and people it was imprudent in Sancy to press for the completion of a chapel at S. James's Palace.

The stay in London was brief on account of the plague, but Charles opened his first parliament with the Queen sitting on a throne beside his own. It gave tokens of being a stormy parliament. Calvinism was exceedingly strong among the leading faction, and the Church principles prevailing at court were deeply disliked. There was displeasure at the Queen's Romanism, and discontent at Buckingham's supremacy in the council, with a strong resolution to curtail the power of the Crown.

At the beginning of the session, the Puritans moved the appointment of a day of fasting and prayer, which they kept by listening to sermons at S. Margaret's Church, where the next day they communicated. Their zeal had been much inflamed by a controversy between a Jesuit and Dr. Richard Montagu, Fellow of Eton College, and Prebendary of Windsor. The Jesuit had put out a tract entitled *A New Gag for an Old Gospel*, reproaching the English Church with all the doctrines of extreme Calvinism and their consequences. In reply Montagu wrote a book which he called *The Gagger*, explaining the true and Catholic doctrine of the English Church.

But to the Puritans this was rank Arminianism, nay, popery itself. Yates and Ward, two lecturers at Ipswich, denounced the book, not to the ecclesiastical authority, nor to the King, but to a more sympathetic body, namely, the House of Commons. Thereupon Montagu wrote another book, appealing to the Crown, calling it *Appello Cæsarem*. This was a still greater offence, and the Commons no sooner met than, trying to imitate the Dutch treatment of Arminians, they summoned Montagu to the bar of the House, and pending their vote of censure, committed him to the custody of the sergeant-at-arms till he should find bail to the amount of 2,000*l*. Charles was very indignant at their presumption, and Laud, with two other bishops, set forth that Convocation was the only body with any right to deal with matters of doctrine, and that Montagu's opinions were perfectly borne out by the Prayer-book.

The leaders of the Commons seeing resistance made to them, resolved to punish it by keeping back the supplies of money.

Ever since the reign of Edward III. the merchants of England had paid the king three shillings on every tun of wine, and one shilling on every pound of other goods shipped in England, to enable the government to protect them from pirates or nations at war with England. The parliament generally granted this tonnage and poundage, as it was called, for the king's life, at the beginning of

Digitized by Google

each reign; but they now granted it only for the coming year, thus keeping it in their own power. Charles, justly displeased, would not pass the bill.

However, the plague was a pressing danger: 1,200 people had died in one week in London, and on the 11th of July, Charles prorogued it until the 1st of August, when it met at Oxford. There was fierce debate and anger there. The Commons declared that they were called on to grant money for the men without knowing who was the enemy. They took it upon them to censure Montagu, they complained that eleven popish priests under sentence of death had been pardoned, and they showed an inclination to impeach Buckingham. There were cases of the plague at Oxford, and this gave Charles good reason for at once dismissing, and at the same time dissolving, a parliament so hard to deal with.

Henriette was at Hampton Court, and she and her train were not making it easier for him to allay the suspicions of his anti-papal subjects. Father Sancy was so loudly pressing on the point of having a chapel fitted up at S. James's that, finding it impossible to make him understand that, in the present temper of the people, such an open step would have been dangerous, Charles sent him home, while the public reported that his extradition was for making the Queen walk barefoot to Tyburn, to pray for the souls of Guy Fawkes and Father Garnet.

The King longed to get rid of the rest of the suite in the same manner. They surrounded the Queen constantly. She talked nothing but French, and refused to learn English. Madame de St. George was constantly with her, and asserted her right to go in the same coach alone with the royal pair, and Madame de Chevreuse scandalised the English by swimming across the Thames at Richmond—and yet, in Charles's first ardour, he had, by the marriage articles, undertaken that all these numerous foreigners should be attached to his wife's train, as well as that their communion should enjoy a toleration which his subjects absolutely would not permit him to grant.

However, Buckingham persuaded him that a brilliant expedition of the fleet at Cadiz, after the fashion of Drake and Essex, would set all straight and gratify the nation, and fill the exchequer with treasure, as well as strike a blow in the cause of his sister. Every nerve was strained to raise money for the equipment of the fleet—by loans, by keeping salaries in arrears, by collecting tonnage and poundage. Ten thousand men were raised, a fleet fitted out of eighty ships, to which the Dutch added sixteen, and the destination was supposed to be a secret, but the *Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus* in the Low Countries, a sort of news letter, already published that it was bound for the Straits.

More unfortunately still, the entire command was given to Sir Edward Cecil, Lord Wimbledon, an old officer who had been noto-

Digitized by Google

riously unsuccessful in the Palatinate, and on whom the sailors looked with contempt; but it was a matter of interest. The expedition sailed in October, and suffered from storms in the Bay of Biscay. A ship called *The Long Robin* foundered with 170 men on board. There was utter confusion, and the Spanish vessels passed without being attacked; but at last Wimbledon landed his men, and took a little fort called Puntal, close to Cadiz, whence he moved to cut off the bridge to the Isla de Leon. He did not meet an enemy, but his ill-disciplined men broke open the wine cellars, and the whole army was in such an unmanageable state of intoxication that their officers could only get as many of them as possible back to the ships, leaving the rest to be murdered by the peasantry. He sailed away from Cadiz, still hoping to intercept the American treasure ships; but an infectious disease broke out on board one vessel, the *Delaware*, whereupon he commanded the sick men to be distributed in all the other ships, so that there was universal contagion, and after eighteen days of misery, the ships came back in a wretched state to Plymouth, without a single prize.

There was such an outcry of indignation, that the King was forced to let an inquiry take place before the Privy Council. Wimbledon blamed the officers, they blamed Wimbledon; but he declared that the command had been forced on him by Buckingham, and that he knew himself to be unfit for it, so that if he were punished, he would be his 'excellency's martyr.' The matter, therefore, was passed over, and supplies of money being necessary, Buckingham went to the Hague to negotiate a loan on the crown jewels. He also started for Paris, receiving letters from Charles about obtaining the consent of the court of France to the dismissal of most of the French attendants on the Queen—or, as the King termed it, 'putting away the mounsers' —who were a serious annoyance to him. Madame de S. George wanted to take precedence of all the English ladies, and Henriette took her part with all her might; there were constant quarrels in the court, and the young Queen, not yet sixteen, behaved like a petulant, childish girl. Buckingham's previous presumption made Louis XIII. indignantly decline to receive him as ambassador, and he carried home an ill-will to France which boded ill for the future.

The plague abated in the winter, and on the 2nd of February, 1626, the Feast of the Purification, the coronation took place in Westminster Abbey; but to the extreme mortification of the King, Henriette absolutely refused to share in it, no doubt on account of the Communion which accompanied it. She would not even look on from a latticed box in the Abbey! The deprivation must have seemed a martyrdom to her, and as she stood in the bay window over the gateway at Whitehall, to watch the procession pass towards Westminster, her French ladies were seen frisking and dancing about, much to the disgust of the English.

Digitized by Google

Charles's dress was of white, and he thus first acquired the title of the White King. His mantle was of violet velvet. He did not ride from the Tower, lest the concourse should aggravate the plague, but only went in full state from Westminster Hall to the Abbey, with the peers, bishops, judges, &c., in procession. Laud, then Bishop of S. David's, had been appointed to act as Dean of Westminster, and had overlooked the coronation service, and arranged everything. Archbishop Abbot, however, officiated, though he was now very old and feeble. He presented the King, bareheaded, on the steps of the throne, to the lords and people of England, east, west, north, and south, and asked if they were prepared to render the service due to him. At first there was silence, no doubt from the old man's voice not being heard, for when the Earl Marshal called on the people to shout if they accepted the King, the Abbey rang with acclamations.

The Bishop of Carlisle preached the sermon, on the text, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' Then the Archbishop administered the coronation oath before the altar, the robes were offered on it, and then a screen was put up, behind which the anointing of head, shoulders, arms, and hands took place, while the choir chanted, 'Zadok the priest anointed Solomon king over Israel.' Then Charles stood forth, and was arrayed in the robes of Edward the Confessor, and crowned by the Archbishop, the sword of Edward was girt upon him, the spurs bound on by the Duke of Buckingham. Afterwards he offered, first the sword, then gold and silver, then bread and wine at the Altar, and the *Te Deum* was sung while he was conducted to the chair of state, and received, one by one, the homage and oaths of fealty of the nobility. There followed the celebration of the Holy Communion by the Archbishop, four other Bishops, likewise in rich capes, receiving with the King. He went back to Whitehall by water, the ceremony having lasted from ten o'clock till four.

The contumacy of the Queen further enraged the King with the French household. The Bishop of Mantes, a youth of twenty, had been made her almoner, and had a great dispute with Rich, who had been created Earl of Holland. This brought matters to a crisis. Charles ordered off all the French from Whitehall to await his pleasure at Somerset House, and actually locked the door on his wife to keep her from flying after them. Then she tried to break the windows to call to them, and he was actually seen holding her by the arms as the impetuous girl struggled with him in her fury.

She was not allowed to see her friends again, but they lingered, on all sorts of pretexts for a whole month, being paid their salaries with large gratuities, when Charles, in despair, sent his heralds and trumpeters to proclaim his commands, and thrust them out if they would not otherwise go. At last they were disposed of in coaches, where one of the mob threw a stone at Madame de S. George.

Digitized by Google

Only one dresser, and the Protestant Duchess de la Tremouille, were left to Henriette. She was in despair, raged at her husband, and wrote piteous letters to her brother and mother, who were extremely angry, and sent her father's old friend, Marshal de Bassompierre, to compose matters. He had a hard task, and seems to have acted very prudently. He ended by giving the young wife a thorough lecture on her duties, and so reconciled matters that Charles and Henriette were a most affectionate couple ever after; but all these storms had not tended to the popularity of the French alliance.

Digitized by Google

LETTERS ON DAILY LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

LETTER XXIII.

CAUSES OF OFFENCE AND HASTY FRIENDSHIPS.

MY DEAR F——,—You ask me, *à propos* to what I have said about resentment, and checking irritability and hasty judgments, whether we are bound always to tell people why we are angry or vexed with them. That is one of the Hydra-headed questions of morals which it is next to impossible to answer satisfactorily. Each case must stand upon its own ground. Some persons pride themselves upon what they call *speaking out*, and perhaps, if they always spoke out in a proper tone, and with due attention to times and seasons, and never exaggerated, their rule would be the safe one. One thing at least seems clear to me, that if the matter of offence is too trifling to be mentioned, it ought, as a rule, to be put aside, even in thought, as non-existent.

'Go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone.' That is the first advice on this subject which comes to my mind; but then it is followed by the direction to appeal in case of failure—first to witnesses, then to the council of the Church. The fault, therefore, must be an important one, and in such cases even the ordinary laws of human society make it imperative that the cause of offence should be clearly stated. The Romans undoubtedly recognised this. The accuser and the accused were brought face to face before the tribunals of the law. As regards private quarrels or accusations, my experience leads me to think that in matters of grave offence the rule holds good, though not always in lesser questions. To condemn a man as guilty of dishonesty or treachery without giving him the opportunity of explanation or defence, is an injustice. No doubt there are difficulties in these questions, and as silence is the easier so it may appear to be the kinder course to adopt. But the avoidance of direct accusation is often the result of a want of moral courage, and in the end it is almost sure to work badly for both parties.

When the alleged offence is not committed against ourselves, I think we are often influenced in accepting the accusation as true without inquiry, by the fact of some preconceived opinion. We have heard, perhaps, something against the individual whom we are called upon to condemn, and the new accusation tallies with the former report. We feel that it would be very awkward to be

Digitized by Google

obliged to tell such a person why we suddenly become cool; we don't feel that we are called upon to do it, and so we accept the accusation on the report of our neighbours, and do our part in spreading it. Here lies our fault. We cannot help forming an opinion, but we can avoid expressing it and talking about it, and, if compelled to act upon it, we may do so as quietly and mercifully as possible, always remembering that we may be mistaken.

These grave questions are not likely to come before you yet. I bring them forward merely as a result of experience. If the time should ever arrive when you have to suffer from misrepresentation and false accusations, which you might have refuted if you had only been told plainly what they were; you will feel, as I do, that there can scarcely be any nobler act of moral courage than to go boldly to a person and say—'Such or such a report is being spread of you. I tell you of it that you may be able to deny it or explain it.'

But in smaller matters what are you to do? Can you always tell a person who has annoyed you what he or she has done? Not always; but you are bound to do so if possible.

The cases in which it is not possible will generally be when other persons are concerned, and you cannot speak openly without a breach of confidence; or when the offence consists in some want of tact or good taste, in which the fact of committing the offence shows that there is a lack of the perception needed for its acknowledgment.

As an illustration of the first case (illustrations help to make one's meaning clear), I will suppose that C hears from A, in confidence, facts which make her feel that her children's nurse has been harsh in the treatment of them. C can only bring forward the accusation by mentioning what A has told her. But in doing this she will be asked for her authority, which cannot be stated except by breaking faith with A; and even if A and the nurse could be confronted, yet if the latter should deny or explain the charge, C can only put the word of one person against the word of the other, and choose which she will accept.

Under these circumstances she has nothing to do but to hold her judgment in suspense, and watch carefully the nurse's conduct so as to arrive at a right conclusion. If she should still continue uncertain, and yet think it desirable to dismiss her, this can only be done by bringing forward some other reason, about which there can be no doubt, for making the change. It may be a perfectly valid reason, though it is not the original cause of dissatisfaction.

In this case you see the primary offence is not mentioned, and yet there is no want of moral courage on the part of C, because she was from the beginning bound not to bring A into a difficulty by repeating what she had said.

So again, when the offence arises from want of tact or good manners,

Digitized by Google

the ordinary courtesies of life require us to be silent. You cannot go to a person and say, 'You talk so much that you are wearisome,' or 'You ask so many questions that you worry me,' or, 'You pay such long visits that I find it inconvenient to receive you.' In all such cases you can only put a kind construction upon the unconscious offence, and relieve yourself from the annoyance in the way least likely to vex the offender, at the same time taking a lesson not to transgress in like manner yourself.

One further remark, however, I would make, which is, that there is a great distinction to be borne in mind between facts and opinions. It is almost always possible to say to a person, 'I have been told that you have been at such a place, or done such an act. Is it true? and can you explain why you did it?' The 'yes,' or 'no,' or the explanation in such a case is easily forthcoming. But when we have to accuse another of a want of judgment, good taste, or kind feeling, we cannot expect a direct acknowledgment, because, after all, these things are matters of opinion, and what appears to me wrong judgment or bad taste may appear in a different light to the person accused. There is indeed a true standard of judgment and taste in every case, but we, fallible human beings, cannot claim for ourselves the perfect knowledge of it.

A kindly interpretation of that which offends us is required by our Christian profession, and this will not only prevent us from at once showing the annoyance which it is perhaps impossible to avoid feeling, but it will really lessen the annoyance itself. A little child will often make the most awkward observations, and have no perception of tact, but we are amused rather than offended by the unconscious violation of the laws of propriety, simply because it is unconscious. And careless education, or want of knowledge of the world, will not unfrequently produce like results in grown-up persons. They offend and annoy others, but it is quite unintentionally, and we are bound to make excuses for them, all the more that we cannot explain to them what is amiss.

We are all apt, I think, more or less, to associate a critical spirit with a more careful tone of manners, and a more enlarged intercourse with cultivated society. Possibly there may be some foundation for this opinion, but there is a contrary fact, at least as worthy of notice, namely, that the gentle, unselfish, sympathising thoughtfulness of a Christian mind will show itself in a charm of manner which is quite independent of social position, or even of cultivation. In striving to attain this Christian courtesy, we shall probably find so much to condemn in ourselves, that we shall cease to be touchy, and sensitive to the shortcomings of others.

I suppose that with young people causes of offence are most often the result of hasty friendships (so-called) which cannot stand the test

Digitized by Google

of intimate knowledge; and it is very difficult to give any advice upon this subject, because one would not willingly foster over-caution which may degenerate into ungraciousness. But the fact that friendships of slow growth are, as a rule, the only safe and lasting friendships, is so generally acknowledged that it may be deemed a truism to assert it. The passing fancy which girls take for one another is not worth the name of friendship. It gives but little pleasure while it lasts, and little or no pain when it is destroyed. The only grave difficulty connected with such fancies is when there is any question of obligation involved. A girl with money at her command will often pour down her gifts upon her less opulent friend, and the gifts will be accepted gratefully, but without much thought. But a day comes, perhaps, when temper or selfishness causes a disagreement, and then the sense of obligation is felt to be burdensome, and the greatest tact and consideration are required not to show it. The quarrels which arise under such circumstances are generally bitter. There has been no depth or sacredness in the original feeling, nothing to lead to self-restraint; and the weakness of human nature shows itself openly. Dreading such possible difficulties for you, I would give you as a piece of seemingly cold-hearted practical experience, the advice—to avoid, if you can, all obligations to untried acquaintances which go beyond the small courtesies of life. Affection may be expressed for you, and be really felt by the person conferring the favour, but unless you have the full conviction that you can offer in return a grateful love, which will be so valued as to balance the obligation, you will do wisely in declining it.

Difficulties in regard to unequal affection meet us in life between men and women, and are then openly recognised; but there are many cases in which, between girls or between women, a romantic affection on the one hand, and want of caution on the other, produce results painful and unexpected, and which it is difficult to reconcile with Christian charity.

Disappointed love, taking the expression in its common acceptation, generally means that a man has been led to think he has secured a woman's affection, but that when he makes his offer of marriage he finds himself mistaken and rejected. There may have been no intention of misleading him on the woman's part; the mistake may, in a great measure, have arisen from some misinterpretation of words or actions. But the result must always be distressing to any woman of right feeling, and I suppose no one can pass through such an ordeal without a certain amount of self-reproach; or at least without the fear lest vanity or thoughtlessness may have given rise to an appearance of feeling which did not really exist. The consequence of a mistake like this is, however, foreseen, and though it may entail some awkwardness, there will be no quarrel. The gentleman will most probably accept his disappointment, and withdraw, to find some one to whom he may be

Digitized by Google

more acceptable; or he may possibly make another attempt, and again be turned back with coldness. Even then, however, he is not angry, though he may be hurt. He knows that truth is the foundation of affection, and that it is better to be honestly refused than to be untruly accepted; and he looks upon the coldness not as rudeness, but as the only mode of preventing misunderstanding.

Such a case is clear, both to the individuals concerned and the world in general, but it is not so in the romantic affection of girls and women for one another. The intimacy has probably reached a pitch which is considered to be true friendship before any idea that it is unwise, or that the feeling is not reciprocal, has arisen. Kisses and Christian names are natural to children. To older persons they mean an increase of kind feeling. Yet they may really imply very little on one side, and a great deal on the other. No one, however, thinks of this until suddenly some great show of feeling, or some strong appeal to friendship is made and meets with an unexpected check, and then disappointment brings suspicion, and suspicion leads to reproach, and an open quarrel is the inevitable result.

If both parties could agree to accept friendliness for friendship, reconciliation might be possible. Friendliness is often accepted between man and woman, where love is on one side wanting. But it can scarcely be so in the romantic affection of girls and women. Things have too often been done, and words have been said which have been a revelation of uncongenial tastes and tempers. To go back is impossible, for it involves untruth. Familiar intercourse becomes awkward, and in the end there is a tacit agreement to keep apart.

Now, in so far as this state of things is due to any mistakes on the part of the friend whose affection is really deep, the one whose feeling is cold may have no cause for self-reproach. She may not have wished to excite the romance, and she may not have recognised it until it was too late to repel it.

But in many cases there has been a want of the reticence and caution which ought to be exercised in all cases of intimate intercourse. If we rush hastily into Christian names, and use affectionate expressions without weighing their value, then, when we find that we have been misunderstood, and that we are supposed to feel a great deal more than we ever can feel, we have no one but ourselves to blame for the pain we must suffer in giving pain to others, or the unkind remarks which will probably be made about ourselves. We have to bear an uncomfortable, almost an unhappy condition of mind, and we can only submit to it humbly, trusting to time to soften it. We cannot be insincere, and profess what we do not feel. We cannot even own that we have been intentionally wrong, and ask for forgiveness, for we have not wilfully given occasion for any misunderstanding. But we have been foolish, and made mistakes, and follies and mistakes are in this world often

Digitized by Google

more severely punished than sins; perhaps because they will be more leniently regarded in the world to come.

The only reparation we can make for our fault is to be patient and generous, to accept blame, to be silent as to the offence given us, to be gentle in our judgment, kind whenever the opportunity of kindness is afforded, and more especially careful never to relieve ourselves of annoyance by pouring out our griefs to others. But, my dear F——, I would fain save you from any such trouble, and therefore it is that I so earnestly warn you against incaution in regard to your friendships now, when they are in process of formation. You may be on the most friendly terms with a pleasant acquaintance, and may thoroughly enjoy her society, and until you have reached the stage of Christian names you are quite safe. Whatever discovery you may make as to temper, or taste, or principle, you can draw back without giving offence. But when once that barrier is crossed, coldness becomes unkindness, and is resented accordingly. There are many persons in the world who might have been cordial acquaintances all their lives if they had never attempted to be friends; but the chord of feeling has been strained too far, and so it has snapped. I know there are very different opinions upon this subject, and that I run the risk of being called cold and stiff; but I give you the result of my experience, and you can take it for what it is worth.

So again as to kisses, the small coin of affection. How are they to be used? What is their value? Have they any value, for certainly there is no fixed standard by which to estimate them? Race has a good deal to do with their use. Celtic races I think give them lavishly; Teutonic races are more sparing; yet English girls kiss one another as a matter of course. Women are more reserved, though some of them seem to think it necessary to scatter their kisses broadcast when there is the slightest excuse for it.

For myself I own kisses mean something, and therefore I am inclined to reserve them for special occasions. Young people indeed have a great attraction for me now that I am old; and to them my kisses generally mean a tender interest, a wish to help them, a certain amount of sympathy with them in the trials and temptations which I know lie before them. It is not of such kisses that I am speaking, but of those which are supposed to imply reciprocal feeling. I don't expect the child whom I kiss to care for me; but when adults, of whatever age, meet in a house, and kiss each other, an affectionate feeling on both sides is taken for granted. And it is here that I think it wise to be a little careful. Exuberant kisses are slightly absurd, and I know your taste would lead you to avoid them; but a voluntary and uncalled-for kiss is often proffered from habit, without thought, and this always seems to me to be throwing away that which

Digitized by Google

has in itself a real value. There are cases in which a kiss is the seal and earnest of the most lasting and hallowed love, and regarding it in this light it surely can never be absolutely without meaning, and ought not, therefore, to be given without our knowing or thinking why it is given, lest from the mere force of habit we become insincere

Don't think that I want you to be stiff and peculiar. I only want you to be unobtrusively reticent in manner, remembering always that it is easy to advance and difficult to draw back, and that the former can give no offence, though it may appear a little cautious, whilst the latter must always be a source of pain and irritation. After all, however, we must on the whole be what temperament leads us to be. It is only the exaggeration of the natural character which can be guarded against, and therefore I will end my letter of advice by saying, please don't *study* to be, or *try* to be anything. You are what God has made you, and I am what God has made me. All that either of us has to strive for is to be the best of our kind. I am old, and have learnt to be cautious, and to dread disappointment. You are young, and ready to believe in the truth and kindness of any one who is pleasant to you. By all means keep your belief until you are compelled to relinquish it; and show it by friendliness, but think twice before you rush forward and proclaim it by words and actions which belong to a deeper state of feeling, and are therefore liable to misconstruction.

Yours ever,

E. M. S.

LETTER XXIV.

CHOICE OF THE TEACHING PROFESSION.

My dear M——,—I feel very much for your cousin's anxieties as to her future position, yet, upon the whole, I believe she will be happier in the end for having faced the truth. There is no doubt that with such a large family of brothers and sisters dependent on an income which may cease at any moment, there is every probability of her being obliged some day to work for herself, and I am sure she is quite wise in acting upon this probability now. The difference between voluntarily undertaking to provide for herself whilst she has a home to return to, or waiting until the home is broken up, and she is compelled to work because she is penniless, is immense. What your cousin can do voluntarily she will do cheerfully. What she begins early will become a habit: and the little sum saved will be either a present relief to her parents, and therefore an offering of love to them, or, if put by, will be the nucleus of a fund which may hereafter be of inestimable value both to herself and others, because it will enable them to tide over perilous days.

Digitized by Google

I suppose, of course, that your uncle and aunt will not object to her adopting the course which she proposes. Some parents might do so. Such objections often appear to me unreasonable, and when they are so I think a girl is fully justified in making strenuous efforts to gain her point, though it may be her duty ultimately to submit, and trust to the blessing promised to those who keep the fifth commandment. But in your cousin's case it seems no objection would be raised, and the only question is, what steps are to be taken in order to carry out her plan.

You tell me she has been fairly well educated; what does that mean? *Fairly well* does not go far in these days of high pressure. To obtain a situation of any value one must be able to do *very* well. I imagine that in the term *fairly well* you would include a grammatical, though perhaps not a conversational, knowledge of French, and the beginnings of German, with sufficient music to please a home circle, though not to charm a drawing-room. A knowledge of the outlines of history, geography, and English literature, would be matters of course, and arithmetic probably might be carried as far as decimal fractions. Science, I imagine, would be unknown, except in its most elementary form; and geometry and mathematics are probably little more than names. This at least is the extent to which education for girls has, as a rule, been carried until lately. Now I am not going to discuss whether this amount of knowledge is or is not sufficient for a woman. The question I have before me is simply what is its value in the educational market at the present time, and I am afraid I must answer, very little. It is a foundation for teaching, though an imperfect one; but it is nothing more. Before it can really be made available it must receive a considerable addition in the form of definite preparation for a definite object.

For it is becoming every day more evident that systems of education for girls are forming themselves in England into two distinct lines—public and private; public schools, with boarding-houses attached, and governesses at home. The intermediate form of small private schools is dying away. Here again I do not inquire whether this is a matter of regret. I only take the case as it stands. A girl must, if she hopes to find a good situation, be prepared either for a public school, or a private family. And the preparation for these two forms of education cannot prudently be confounded. It is as important for a girl who wishes to teach to make up her mind whether she will undertake the school or the private-family position, as it is for a boy to determine what profession he will adopt. The early instruction may be alike for all, but the after training must be special. For the private family, accomplishments, more especially languages, are essential. For the school, a training certificate is equally necessary. I have come to this conclusion after conversations with the head

Digitized by Google

mistresses of several of the most important public girls' schools in England.

The University Local certificate for girls is no doubt always an advantage. When, as in your cousin's case, age stands in the way of acquiring it, the Woman's certificate is still open to attainment, and the studies it requires are very important for the cultivation of the intellectual faculties; but such cultivation will not give the fluency in foreign languages which home-teaching demands, or the knowledge of how to teach and keep in order a large class, which is what a public school demands.

Fluency in foreign languages can unquestionably best be acquired abroad. If, therefore, your cousin should make up her mind to be a private governess, I would advise her by all means to persuade her father to let her go to some school, either in France or Germany, or in both countries successively, if possible, and devote herself to a knowledge of these languages. If, at the same time, she can perfect herself in music, she will have a fair prospect of obtaining a remunerative situation afterwards, and may receive a salary of 80*l.* or 100*l.* per annum. But with imperfect languages, and little music, she will never advance much beyond the nursery governess, or governess for young children, who must think herself well off with 40*l.*

Should the idea of a foreign school be rejected, then I think your cousin must at once contemplate the necessity of going through the course of instruction given at a training school. As yet this can only be acquired in connection with the elementary schools, but it is to be had there, and a certificate will open the door to a variety of situations from which otherwise she would be excluded.

This definite aim is, you will perceive, the first thing which, according to my observation, must be determined upon. The idea that a person who can teach two or three children well, can therefore teach a class of twenty or thirty, is becoming rapidly exploded. And more than this, I would say from my own experience, that the class of mind which is fitted for the one, is not as a rule fitted for the other. Energy, promptitude, quickness of perception, and power of discipline, are indispensable in the school; patience, sympathy, gentleness, are indispensable in the private family. Not that the one set of qualities must exclude, or ought to exclude, the other; far from it. But, as an absolute balance of character is incompatible with human infirmity, we must, when we are forming our plans for life, take into consideration the preponderance of any particular dispositions, fitting or unfitting us for the office proposed to us. I do not know your cousin, and can therefore give her no advice as to her choice. I merely say that it must be made if she is to succeed. No doubt this special training for a special career is rendering education more expensive—it cannot be otherwise—but we can only accept facts as they are, and

Digitized by Google

if we can but get the salaries of the teachers raised in proportion to the sums expended upon the preparation for their duties, there will be little to complain of. Unfortunately the competition is so great amongst the educated women who are obliged to support themselves, that as yet but little has been done in the way of raising the governesses' and teachers' salaries. But the tendency is upwards, and it must increase in that direction. The rush of young people to be teachers in Public or High Schools will make it difficult to obtain good private governesses, and this will be felt ere long, and then the governesses who are really competent will be able to make good terms for themselves; whilst the opening of new schools, and the importance of finding really good mistresses for them, will enable the school teachers in like manner to insist upon being well paid for their work.

You will say perhaps now, Are not the school teachers much better off than the poor governesses? Nominally no doubt they are, but not, I imagine, really; for it is remarkable how little the generality of people take into account the expense of board and lodging. Eighty pounds as a salary is a perfectly tempting sum to a young girl taking her first independent step in life, but when she has paid 20*s.* a week for her lodging and her food (and she can scarcely expect to pay less if she is to be comfortable) she has only 30*l.* per annum left for every other expense; whereas the young private governess who thinks 30*l.* per annum a miserable pittance, really receives in addition home comforts and often luxuries, and has nothing to pay for her laundress, and no enforced holiday expenses.

I grant the school teacher may have the opportunity of increasing her salary by some extra engagement out of school hours, but then it must still be *work*, fretting often and monotonous, and not unfrequently greater than her health can well stand. I say this not as bemoaning her fate. Every position in life must have its trials. I only want you and your cousin to see how the case really stands when you are forming plans for the future of life.

The attraction of the Public or High School lies, I fancy, in its comparative freedom, and in the interest which is awakened by the competition of the pupils, and the care and sympathy of the acting members of the governing body or council. I am sure I should have felt this myself when I was young. But it must often be a rougher and more hurried life than that of a governess in a private family; and a girl or a young woman who does not possess decided spirit and energy, would, I should think, be very likely to be overwhelmed by the excitement and pressure, and even to break down under it. I am writing, however, rather ignorantly, and I hope your cousin will not accept my words without examining the matter for herself. I can only again repeat what I know to be a fact, that a

Digitized by Google

choice between the two lines of the scholastic profession—as I suppose one may call it—and a definite preparation for the career, is becoming indispensable for success.

I imagine, however, from what you say, that your cousin is likely to choose the position of governess in a private family; and I think she would be wise in doing so, for I doubt whether any one of her age, and like herself unaccustomed to a school life, could satisfactorily fit herself into it; whilst the refinement and knowledge of society which she has acquired in her father's house must tend to gain her admittance into any cultivated home, and make her an acquisition to it. What she wants now no doubt is facility in languages. If she cannot afford, or if her parents cannot afford for her, to go abroad at once, I would suggest, in answer to your question 'What had she better do?' let her accept any ordinarily good situation, with the care of young children, not younger than nine or ten, and out of the small salary, possibly 35*l.*, which she may receive, let her put by at least 15*l.*, with the view of carrying out the foreign idea. She will be working then with an object before her. She will need patience and hope, but still there can be no very insurmountable obstacles in her way, and she will be leading a useful life, relieving her parents of expense, and fitting herself for a more important position by and by. All this will help to make her cheerful and contented, though she may have, and probably will have, many vexations and annoyances to submit to. There are skeletons in every house—if not skeletons connected with family history, yet skeletons of temper, or selfishness, or extravagance, whose presence must more or less make themselves felt, and destroy the sense of peace. But 'a rolling stone gathers no moss,' change will probably involve only a new phase of troubles, and the position in which we voluntarily place ourselves for a definite purpose must be considered in reference to that object, and not to our own wishes.

A low aim this may seem at first sight, and the chief desire of a governess ought, you will say, to be influence for good over the minds of her pupils.

Undoubtedly, if she could truly estimate what that influence is; but this I very much doubt. There are two ways of regarding the governess life. In the one case a governess says: 'God has put before me the desirableness, perhaps the necessity, of working for myself, and I accept the dispensation without murmuring; and when I find the situation which seems to suit my powers and my fair requirements, I will do my best, as in His sight, to use any influence I may have for His glory.'

In the other case the governess says: 'I have a really noble vocation, however the world may look down upon it. I shall, as a governess, have great opportunities of influencing for good the minds of my pupils. But, in order to do this, I must seek for a situation in which

Digitized by Google

I may have some scope for my efforts, and therefore I must be particular as to the kind of family into which I enter, and if I find that I cannot exercise influence in it, it will be my duty to seek for a more satisfactory position elsewhere.'

Now, at first sight I imagine many persons would say the latter of these views of a governess's life is the best, for it is the most inspiriting and ennobling. A lady who feels she has a noble vocation must work with greater cheerfulness, and therefore with a greater prospect of usefulness, than one who merely says, 'This is the work which I am compelled to take, whether I like it or not. I have no choice allowed me. I grant it is a good work, but it is not voluntary.' In that last word *voluntary* lies, I believe, the mistake. It is not *voluntary*. True. Is then that which is voluntary, in the sense of choice, really the highest offering which we can make to God? Is there not a grander, simpler, more self-renouncing offering, which is in the power of the poor laundress, at her washing-tub, as it is in that of the Sister of Mercy—the *self*, the *will*? Those old, familiar words, which the Church Catechism puts into the mouth of the little child as it stands by its mother's side, looking forth into the dim vista of life, surely tell us of the best prayer we can make, the highest aspirations we can cherish—'that I may do my duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call me.'

There is nothing here about voluntary self-sacrifice—conscious self-abnegation. There is implied no effort—

> 'To wind oneself too high,
> For sinful man beneath the sky.'

The words say nothing of any will but God's Will. The state of life to which He has called us—there is the landmark. If we wish to offer Him of our best; if we would gladly give our *all* to Him who gave us His *all*—we must give Him our will. And as regards influence—is it not for Him to choose where, and in what way it shall be exercised? I know that what I am saying may be open to misinterpretation. I may be supposed to imply that a governess must seek first her worldly interests, and put her opportunities for usefulness in the background, but I must risk this for the sake of the many young people who would gladly devote themselves to work for God if they could do it without being paid for it; because they would then feel that they were making a voluntary offering; but who feel disheartened, and even discontented, at the duties forced upon them, and think themselves humiliated because they are compelled to accept payment for them.

Such a distinction between the two forms of work is one which the world cherishes—but it is not the less a delusion. *Any* work which God puts before us is an honour, and if in the ordering of His provi-

Digitized by Google

dence He shall have provided that we must accept payment for it from our fellow-creatures—this is but another form in which we may cheerfully recognise His Will. It is the spirit in which we do our work which constitutes its true nobility. The question of payment has nothing whatever to do with it. The Sister of Mercy, or the Deaconess, or the Head of a great school, who has an independent income and devotes herself, as is sometimes the case, to a life of work without remuneration, is really paid by God. It is He who originally gave her her income by inheritance, and now He requires her to devote it to a certain purpose by the claims which He brings before her.

The poor governess who has not a penny that she may call her own is likewise paid by God—only He requires that she should receive her income through her fellow-creatures, and instead of allowing her to distribute it as she might wish, to relieve other persons' wants, He bids her prudently provide first for her own necessities. The sacrifice of self is demanded in both cases; and I think I am not wrong in saying that the offering of *will* in the latter case is likely to be greater than in the former.

Work, whether paid or unpaid, is noble. That is the first thought which I would fain impress upon the minds of all women. 'My Father worketh hitherto and I work.' Can we have any higher sanction for the assertion? And if it is noble, then it is to be received as a blessing whenever it is put in our way. And if it is a blessing, it must be accepted in a thankful spirit. And if there is a thankful spirit, then half the frets of a governess's life will be soothed.

Still further—cheerful submission to that which opposes our will is noble. 'Not my will but Thine be done'—again the highest example. Therefore a governess will set herself to soothe and soften all the jarring elements of the household of which she forms a part. It will be her pleasure as well as her daily discipline to try and put things straight and right as the saying is. Her own will will be kept in the background, whilst she is considering how she may best fit herself into the wills of others, so long as these are not evil. She will place herself in imagination in the position of the heads of the family, and will try to understand what they think and feel. She will see how natural it is for husband and wife to wish to be alone with their children, and so she will not be jealous or fretted at being left sometimes to herself. She will make no demands for attention, and if treated with neglect or unkindness she will console herself with the thought that this is only a form of God's discipline, and that He will be pleased with her if she can bear it well. I am afraid I am preaching a sermon which your letter scarcely called for, but I have such a strong conviction that the view which we take of our work makes all the difference between leading a happy or an unhappy life,

Digitized by Google

that I cannot help giving you the result of the observation of many years. It is the old question whether we can fit ourselves to the world, or whether we require the world to fit itself to us. We cannot make the world accept the position of a governess as one worthy of all honour, because the world—taking it as a whole—is low-minded, and regards that which is done for payment as less honourable than that which is done without payment. But we can make ourselves view the matter in the light in which God views it; and when this is done the position is at once changed. When we take our appointed tasks direct from God, we can never be disappointed in our efforts to please. When we take them from our fellow-creatures we are at the mercy of every varying whim and temper.

But your cousin, you tell me, has a great wish for influence, and is so attractive to young people that she can scarcely fail to exercise it, and this you think is very desirable. It may, or it may not be—that is all I can say. As far as my experience goes I am inclined to think that the love of influence is a snare, and that in many cases, though it may work for good to a certain extent with the pupils, it does just the reverse with the parents. A mother is often jealous of a governess. No doubt this is a wrong feeling, and ought not to be indulged. But then, is not the governess bound to be on her guard against exciting it; and will not the love of influence tempt her to do so? The two positions are occasionally somewhat difficult to harmonise. The mother claims justly the first place in her child's affections, and expects to receive her confidence; but the child's daily interests depend upon the governess. The mother is an occasional visitor as it were; the governess is the constant companion. She may start at a great disadvantage, but when once she has begun her work, her opportunities for influence are very great, and the inducement to make the most of them takes the form of duty. Only one principle will be likely to keep her straight. I can best describe it by the word loyalty—loyalty to the mother, who has entrusted her with her most important and precious charge. *That* seems to me as imperative a duty in the case of a governess as loyalty to the sovereign is in the case of the governor of a town or province, The mother may be exacting, cold, imperious, suspicious—anything you please; but to attempt in any way to wean the child's affection from her is treason, and in too many cases the desire for influence leads to this attempt.

You see I am looking at the question only from one side. I am thinking only of what the governess's temptations and difficulties are likely to be; and especially I am thinking of your cousin. She would be what I should call an amateur governess; not absolutely obliged to work for herself; and most amateur governesses are liable to the infirmity of seeking influence; just as the governess, by necessity, is

Digitized by Google

liable to the infirmity of over-sensitiveness, and what is known as touchiness, because she estimates her position by man's judgment, and not as it is in the sight of God. These first principles of action work themselves out in innumerable ways, and according as they are true or false they make or mar the true legitimate influence which is the sweetest reward a governess can have. Every child feels—she cannot but feel—the motives which are at the root of her governess's actions. Let them be based on cheerful acceptance of God's will, and a noble devotion to duty, and there is no child, however wilful and spoilt, who will not recognise and honour, even though she may resist, the power to which she is called upon to submit.

Do say this to your cousin. Tell her it is my experience. If she should make influence her object, I fear she must and will be disappointed; but devotion to the one Loving Master, to whose service she has pledged herself, brings it own blest reward for Time as well as for Eternity. She knows this indeed as well as I do, and yet she may not be unwilling to hear it repeated by one who, like myself, has travelled far on in the journey of life, and can look back upon the history of years. The important question surely is, Do we regard ourselves as taking our work direct from God, or as receiving it by the intervention of man? In the former case, any kind of work will be acceptable, and the opportunity for influence will be a secondary consideration. If the latter, we shall naturally look at our position as the world looks at it; and as influence is an object of ambition in the world, so it will be an object of ambition to us. I will only say for myself that I prefer the former!

Ever yours,
E. M. S.

LETTER XXV.

THE POSITION OF A GOVERNESS.

My dear G——,—Not long ago I was asked the very same question which you have just proposed to me, What can be done to make the position of a governess more comfortable than it generally is?

I gave a most unsatisfactory reply to the inquirer, and I shall scarcely give anything better to you. But having the question plainly stated had this advantage—it set me thinking; and the first result of my thoughts was, that it is much more easy to give advice to the governess than to the lady of the house. There are some high principles, some self-evident truths, and some commonplace lessons of experience, which at once suggest themselves as regards a governess. Her duties will generally be marked out; her object will be definite, her difficulties are likely in many respects to be alike in every situa-

Digitized by Google

tion. But the lady of the house may be either rich, or comparatively poor; she may be mixing in society, or living in retirement; she may be a widow, and able to form her own plans; or a wife, obliged to consult her husband's wishes. I did not see, as I tried to think out the subject, that any satisfactory general rules could be suggested. It was like attempting to give advice as to 'how to live peaceably with all men,' the difficulty of which even an Apostle could see and acknowledge; for S. Paul adds, 'if it be possible, as much as lieth in you,' plainly, I think, implying that in some cases it may be impossible, or beyond the power of human infirmity.

But this doubtful answer, this confessing oneself vanquished, did not, I confess, please me. The fact that the position of a governess is difficult for both parties concerned in the implied relation could not, I felt sure, constitute an insoluble problem. And I went on thinking, trying to find out what could be amiss.

Two kind-hearted, sensible Christian women, I said to myself, have to live together and share the same interests. Why must they be mutually uncomfortable? Or if there is no *must* in the matter, why are they so frequently uncomfortable?

Men get on better. What is the matter with women? Is it pride, temper, selfishness? Possibly, in many cases; but very good women are supposed to be humble-minded, self-controlled, and disinterested—and still, in nine cases out of ten, the position on each side will be irksome.

An idea struck me. Men are accustomed to make a distinction between social and official superiority; women are not. Is the secret of the difficulty to be found in this?

I will explain more fully what I mean, and take the army as an illustration. A duke's son may be a lieutenant; the son of a commoner of low birth, but good education, may be his commanding officer. Put them together in general society, and the duke's son will take precedence. Put them together in barracks, and the commoner will demand and receive absolute obedience. The military relation is official, and it is accepted as such. The obedience required is given without hesitation, and without any sense of humiliation. I am taking it for granted that both officers are gentlemen in tone of mind and in manners. A vulgar commanding officer will make himself obnoxious, not because he commands, but because he is underbred.

Now it seems to me that if governesses and their employers could be made to look upon their reciprocal relation in like manner, as official rather than social, it would go far to soothe many susceptibilities, and cut the Gordian knot of many difficulties. The kind-hearted employer (I use the term because I can think of no other) is perhaps distressed when she feels that she has to order and direct another lady, probably by birth her equal, and in acquirements

Digitized by Google

her superior. In her anxiety to render the awkwardness of the relation less annoying, she perhaps begins by treating the governess as a guest. But this cannot continue; the governess is not a guest. Still less is she a friend—in the usual sense of the word. Persons who only met yesterday cannot suddenly jump into friendship. The uncertain relation causes uncertain conduct. One day the governess feels that she is admitted to intimacy, another day she finds herself put in the background. The awkwardness is increased by the very effort to lessen it. On the other hand, the governess has perhaps from the beginning felt herself socially on an equality with the lady of the house. She may have been accustomed to mix in the same kind of society. She can probably talk of mutual friends. She understands the habits and tone of well-bred people, and it seems to her very hard to be suddenly sent to a lower level, and placed in a position of inferiority. Unconsciously she makes an effort to regain what she feels to be her right place, and this leads to a little self-assertion, which is resented as not in perfect good taste. So the breach begins.

Now if the governess could fully recognise that the difference between the position of a guest and a governess is not so much social as official, I cannot but think that her wounded pride would be soothed. She would accept her duties as belonging to her office, and would therefore not feel the need of self-assertion. There would then be no want of good taste on her part, and therefore no cause for irritation on the part of the lady of the house, who, recognising in like manner the official position, would be less awkward in making her requests or issuing her orders; and being at ease herself, would be able to set her governess at ease also.

I am supposing that the two ladies, the mother and the governess, would hold the same social position if both were equally in affluent circumstances. It is in such cases, I think, that the strain of the uncomfortable, unsettled relation is most acutely felt. But there are no doubt a great many other cases, and they are increasing in number every day, where the governess does not really by birth belong to the same grade as the family into which she is admitted, though she may have received what is called a first-rate education.

The difficulty in this case, as in the other, would, I think, be lessened by the recognition of the official relation.

A young governess of a lower grade, taken from a school and holding certificates which do her great credit, is perhaps received into a family with which in her natural position she would have had no intimacy. She becomes acquainted with persons, her superiors in rank, and probably they are kind and thoughtful for her. In her ignorance of the world she accepts the attentions as if specially offered to herself. She is intimate, she cannot but be so, with all the little difficulties and secret workings of the household arrangements, and is in act, though

Digitized by Google

not in name, a member of the family. Forgetting that this intimacy is official, she begins to feel herself on a footing of equality. Her manner shows it; she loses her tone of deference, assumes an air of perfect familiarity, and offends unconsciously against the laws of good breeding. At last she does or says something which is taken notice of, and a separation is the result.

The mistake that has been made is not on her part alone; the mother, or the head of the house, has also probably made a blunder. A young person cannot be expected to discriminate between the kindness which is shown to her as an inmate of the house and that which would be hers as a chosen friend. There may be just as much real care and sympathy and attention when the young governess keeps the place which officially belongs to her, as there is when she is raised to a footing of social equality which is not naturally hers; with this advantage, that the kindness does not become unkindness by giving her untrue ideas of life, and rendering her unfit for the hardness and neglect which may await her in other homes.

For there is of course another side to the picture. There are mothers and heads of families who regard their governesses as mere machines for the imparting of a certain amount of information, and who treat them accordingly. The governess is isolated, and her life is embittered. The servants take their cue from their mistress, and neglect her; the children learn to look down upon her. But I confess I doubt whether this kind of treatment is not by degrees becoming the sign of a tone of mind belonging to a past generation.

The call for what is termed the higher education of women is beginning to raise the position of those who undertake to educate, and the independence of life in a great school is becoming so attractive to the young generation that it must, so it seems to me, act upon the position of private governesses, and any young governess who holds good certificates, will expect and will receive, on entering a family, a salary and a position proportioned to her acquirements, or she will decline private teaching and will seek a place in a school.

I do not think that this change will render it more easy for the head of the family to deal pleasantly with her governess—quite the contrary.

Oxford and Cambridge certificates can certify proficiency in algebra, mathematics, and classics, but they cannot certify good breeding and refinement and an acquaintance with the tone of cultivated society. The difficulty for the head of the family will be tenfold increased when the clever, ambitious young governess takes the place to which she feels she has a right, and whilst giving her pupils advanced head-knowledge, fails in setting them in all respects an example of good taste and good manners.

I have had but little experience in these matters, but it certainly

Digitized by Google

seems to me that in this, as in the other instances brought forward, the recognition of the official relation is essential. The absence of perfect good-taste must be quietly accepted, but if the teaching and general tone of the schoolroom are found to be satisfactory, it may be possible to show interest and sympathy without attempting to establish an unreal equality; and the official relation, tempered by the courtesy and consideration of good breeding on the one side, and the deference which such true politeness inevitably produces on the other, is likely to afford the only safe footing for both parties. It is always possible to advance, it is very difficult to draw back.

That there are cases of uncongeniality which cannot be overcome by any amount of reasoning or even of real esteem must be admitted. I believe myself that there is a great physical truth underlying the strange stories which are told about magnetism and mesmerism, and that persons are attracted to each other or repelled, they cannot tell why.

'I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But this I know full well,
That I don't like thee, Dr. Fell.'

If, as is said, Canning wrote these lines upon Addington, I dare say he actually knew perfectly why he did not like his Dr. Fell; but there are persons who can adopt his words, and really cannot give an explanation of their distaste. I would not for a moment allow that such distaste should be encouraged. I would only say that when it has been struggled against, and yet remains, it would seem better to part than to endeavour to put things on a better footing. And if the official relation has been prominent there will be less annoyance in the separation than there would be otherwise. The change of arrangements becomes then a matter of business rather than of liking and friendship, and can be accepted without irritation, though, it may be, not without disappointment.

All this is, I own, much more easily written than acted upon, and it is for this reason that I have hesitated to touch upon the governess question. It is also difficult to define precisely what is exactly meant by an official position, but so far I think is clear that if its existence were recognised, two stumbling blocks in the relation of the head of a family and the governess would be in a measure removed.

The former would not feel uncomfortable when unable to show the governess the attentions due to a guest, for she would know that such attentions would not be expected; whilst the governess, especially if young, would not be misled, and therefore disappointed, at finding herself at one moment an intimate member of the family circle, and at another left in the background.

There is an absurd old story showing the mistakes that

Digitized by Google

may be made by the acceptance of conventional forms as the expression of real feeling, which I must allude to as an illustration, though I am afraid I may blunder over it. It was (perhaps is), so I was told years ago, the custom in some official despatches from 'my lords' of an important Government department to address the persons to whom they wrote in a very remarkable way, the ending of the official letter being, 'We are your affectionate friends.'

A certain Captain Jack (so called), unaccustomed to such communications, was much touched by this, and thought it right to return the kindness by signing himself 'My lords' affectionate friend'—for which he received a severe official reprimand, and forthwith acknowledged the reproof by assuring 'my lords' that he had received their letter and was no longer their 'affectionate friend.'

There are many 'Captain Jacks' amongst young people who have to gain their first experience of life amongst strangers, and one must not blame them for blunders for which we are ourselves responsible; but it is surely better not to mislead them by allowing a freedom which is inconsistent with the duties they have undertaken, and which will probably end by encouraging wrong views of life and destined to disappointment.

The real value of a governess's position in a family can only be estimated as time goes on, and the official position has by mutual experience and esteem been converted into hearty, affectionate confidence. It is this which is the real help to the mother, and which is the happy reward of the governess. The friendship thus formed will outlive the storms and tempests of this life, for it is an affection born for Eternity. A mutual interest in the children, and a clear understanding and appreciation of family trials will form the basis of a tie than which none can be more important or more helpful. Only again I must say—it cannot be formed rapidly. The mother must be content to wait till she is understood, the governess must bear her position patiently until she has made herself appreciated. And it is this which I imagine constitutes the real difficulty on both sides, when there is no real uncongeniality or want of good-breeding. As a friend of mine who had had a personal experience in the matter, said to me not long ago, the young people too often do not recognise their duties as governesses when they first take a situation. They have an idea that they are just going to stay in a family as guests, and to employ themselves by teaching the children in the morning. But they are not guests, and cannot be so.

And my friend was quite right. The governess has her official position and her official duties. With these she must at first be content. The happier, more affectionate feeling must come afterwards.

In all that I have been saying I have certainly taken the best view of a governess's life. I have supposed her to be living in a family of

Digitized by Google

congenial tastes, with a kind and courteous superior; and I have also taken it for granted that the governess herself is trustworthy, efficient and able. It is useless to attempt to give advice with regard to the many exceptions to this happy state of things. Temper, and prejudice, and narrow-mindedness, and ignorance cannot be brought under any general rules, and therefore it is that I conclude my letter as I began it, by saying that it is almost as impossible to give useful suggestions to mothers and governesses as it is to attempt to teach them to live 'peaceably with all men.'

Then why have I written at all, you may ask. For two reasons, first, because I was asked to write, which I own is not a good reason if I have nothing to say; and next because I have a faint hope that the idea of the position being official rather than social may possibly strike some over-sensitive mother, or some depressed governess, and help to put matters right between them. At any rate it cannot make them worse. But the true Help, the only Help which can meet every case, comes from a far higher and nobler source than any earthly considerations.

Yours ever,
E. M. S.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS AND OCCASIONS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, AUTHOR OF 'THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION,' ETC.

III.

THE PEACE OF THE AFFLICTED.

[*This Hymn was written for 'The Society of S. Katharine, for Invalids,' of which the author is a Priest-Associate.*]

'*Thou wilt keep him in perfect Peace* (Heb.: *in Peace, Peace*) *whose mind is stayed on Thee*' (Isaiah xxvi. 3).
'*Peace I leave with you*' (S. John xiv. 27).
'*His Will is our Peace*' (Dante).

PEACE: legacy of mystic power
From Him Who conquered death;
Peace: benison of suffering Love
To each who suffereth;
Peace to the time-afflicted souls
Is heavenly life and breath.

Peace: for they know each pang is blest,
An offering not in vain,
Pledge of an everlasting bliss,
A more exceeding gain,
Through Him Who went not up to joy
But first He suffered pain.

Oh, clear it shines upon the page
Of th' Oracle Divine!
Oh, fair it shows on lip and brow
Down all the martyr line,
From Stephen first, the angel-faced,
To our Saint Katharine!

Oh, peacefully she smiled to scorn
The tyrant's evil will;
Peace crowned the height of all her woes
As morning crowns the hill;
And on the cruel Wheel at last
It shone above her still.

Digitized by Google

So on and on, from age to age,
The immortal host is seen,
In lonely ways or press of men,
In high estate or mean;
So crowned, still suffer and smile on
These warriors serene.

Peace lifts their eyes in press of fight
Up to the Hill of Shame,
Where out of blackness gleams the Cross,
With orient light aflame;
And 'mid all sadness of the world
She whispers the One Name.

Thy sweetest, mightiest Name, O LORD,
The Church's loveliest song!
Gate, wall, and bulwark making sure
The city of the strong;
The first and last of perfect Peace
In every grief or wrong.

Peace: Thy 'great calm' on Passion's sea,
Thy kind 'good cheer' in pain,
Thine 'It is I' in sickening doubt,
Or the rough world's disdain:
Thine 'I have lovëd thee' to fall
Upon dry hearts like rain.

So bless us, JESU, in our need!
If woe or want increase,
Thy Will be done; yet o'er us smile,
Till our long proving cease—
Till we shall pass Thy gates of Joy,
Keep us in Peace, in Peace.

Amen.

Digitized by Google

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

III.

THE PSALMS.

Susan. Now begins the Service of Praise.

Aunt Anne. For which the penitential opening was intended as a preparation. This is the old commencement of Matins; only in the ancient use the Lord's Prayer was said privately by the priest, and King Edward's First Prayer-book directed that he should 'begin with a loud voice the Lord's Prayer called the *Pater Noster*.' I suppose it was inferred that he, thus beginning, should be followed by the congregation; but the present rubric, directing that the people should say it wherever it occurs, was added by Bishop Cosin in the revision after the Restoration.

S. But we don't say it at the opening of the Communion Service.

A. 'The celebrant there uses it as a prevailing intercession, that he may be found not unworthy of his special office.' So says Mr. Blunt in his *Prayer-book Annotated.* This rubric does not apply to the Communion office, where you observe the Amen is differently printed.

S. And here the Lord's Prayer has its Doxology.

A. Whenever the Doxology is appended to it, as you know, it is in services of praise. You will find it in the Post Communion, in the Churching of Women, and in the Thanksgiving after a Storm at Sea. Where it has more of the character of a supplication, it is followed, or preceded, by the Lesser Litany.

S. The revised New Testament does not give the Doxology to the Lord's Prayer in the sixth chapter of S. Matthew.

A. The revisers came to the conclusion that the threefold praise was not to be found in the oldest MSS. of S. Matthew, and they think that, as it was often repeated with the Lord's Prayer, giving it the character of praise, some transcriber inserted it as part of the text. But this is still matter of controversy, and many believe that the ordinary reading is correct. There is no doubt of these two threefold conclusions—one of praise, the other of supplication, either Doxology or *Kyrie Eleison* (the Greek for the first Lesser Litany versicle) having been in use from the very earliest times, so as to add the acknowledgment of the Holy Trinity to the Prayer.

S. As the Doxology does to the Psalms.

A. Observe here the beautiful and appropriate manner in which the tone of worship is raised from penitence to praise, in the Versicle and Response.

Digitized by Google

S. From the fifty-first Psalm?

A. Yes, from the great Psalm of David's repentance, when he is just beginning to lift up his head, knowing himself forgiven. The other two are from the seventieth Psalm. These Versicles, in the use of Sarum, were the first words said *aloud* at Matins.

S. Then we stand up to begin our praise with the *Gloria.*

A. To begin, as we complete our praise, with the little Creed that turns imperfect Israelite hymns into praise of the Holy Trinity in Unity.

S. Nobody knows how old it is, I believe.

A. Like the Apostles' Creed, it comes out of the remotest antiquity of the Church. Justin Martyr, who almost reaches back to apostolic times, refers to something that can hardly be anything else. So does Clement of Alexandria, more expressly, a little later, and when the great disputes about the Arian heresy were going on, in the time of Constantine and his son, the heretics are mentioned as altering it, so as to avoid ascribing equal glory to the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity.

S. And that of course proves its universal use in the Church at that date. We conclude every Psalm or Canticle with it except the *Te Deum.*

A. The only one written in full Christian times, and a Doxology in itself. The Versicle and Response that follow have a history. In the Sarum use, they were to be said from Easter to Trinity Sunday, and the first Prayer-book of Edward VI. followed the custom. But the revisers, who hated rubrics and variations, dropped them altogether in the second Prayer-book. However, they were restored in the one prepared for Scotland under Charles I., and thence they were brought back at the revision after the Restoration.

S. It is the right introduction to the Psalms. They have always been the great staple, if one may say so, of praise.

A. They go farther back than any other integral part of our worship, beginning from the time when David and Solomon arranged the courses of the priests.

S. They were constantly sung, were they not?

A. As we gather from the First Book of Chronicles, David arranged twelve courses of priests to perform the priestly services at the sanctuary, each course taking a month at a time; and likewise the Levites were divided in the same manner, all being present together at the three great festivals. The Levites, as we know, were some door-keepers, some formed the Temple guard, others waited on the priests, and a great number were trained in music, both vocal and instrumental. These sang the Psalms—probably at the time of the morning and evening sacrifice. We are told that David delivered to them a Psalm, which you will find in 1 Chronicles xvi.

S. It is made up of bits of a great many Psalms.

Digitized by Google

A. I suppose they were afterwards filled out and arranged differently.

S. I used to think that David wrote all the Psalms, and that it was quite wrong to attribute any to other persons.

A. You could not have read the titles in the Bible then.

S. No. But there are Psalms of David's almost to the end of the book.

A. The collection seems to have grown up much as I have seen *Hymns Ancient and Modern* do. David gave the first book, going to the forty-first Psalm, and apparently all his own, at the time the ark was brought to Mount Zion. Then, when the Temple was dedicated, Solomon, and the Levites of his time, added a second book, ending with the seventy-second. It had many more of David's Psalms, two of Solomon's, one, namely, the forty-ninth, older, and some by a Levite named Asaph. Observe, the final Psalm of each book has a doxology.

S. 'Praised be the Lord for evermore. Amen and Amen.'

A. There was another great outpouring of spiritual gifts in the days of Hezekiah, and another book of Psalms was added, chiefly by the sons of Korah.

S. Is that really Korah?

A. Yes. Korah the son of Kohath. It was the children of Dathan and Abiram, who perished with them, swallowed up by the earth. Korah and his two hundred and fifty companions who sought the priesthood, were consumed by fire from the Sanctuary, at a distance from their families. I have sometimes thought that Korah may have had strongly those gifts of poetry and eloquence which seemed hereditary in his family, and that these may have been a snare to him, making him to think himself equal to Aaron. Hannah was one of the Korahite Levites, and Samuel founded those schools of the prophets where psalmody was regularly studied. When we hear of Saul and David prophesying among them, it evidently means singing psalms. David was thus a pupil of the Kohathites. Hezekiah's collection was mostly of these Psalms, though with one very old one, the eighty-eighth, said to have dated from the troubles in Egypt, and with one or two belonging to Jehosaphat's time.

S. That is the third book.

A. With which probably 'Asaph the Recorder' had much to do. Then comes the fourth, collected under Josiah, ending with the hundred and sixth. He included in the Temple service the ninetieth, the Psalm of Moses in the wilderness, and the Song of Hannah.

S. And the fifth?

A. Collected by Ezra, and including some of David's.

S. Is anything known of the manner of arranging them in the Temple service?

A. Not very much—at least not to me, though I believe Ezra, and afterwards the Great Synagogue, marked the liturgical use of some.

Digitized by Google

The ninety-second is marked as a Psalm for the Sabbath day, and the eight which follow it all seem to have been used as one great Sabbath hymn, all in the loftier notes of praise. Then there is the 'Greater Hallel,' the Psalms from the hundred and fourteenth to the hundred and eighteenth. This was sung at each new moon, and at the three great festivals.

S. I remember. It is thought to have been the hymn that our blessed Lord and His Apostles sung before going out into the Mount of Olives.

A. And it was sung at the Feast of the Tabernacles, by masses of Levites, answering one another on the marble steps, the people responded with Hosannas and Hallelujahs, and waved their boughs of citron, myrtle, and willow.

S. How glorious it must have been! And the Songs of Degrees?

A. You know there is much controversy whether these are Psalms sung on the Temple steps, or songs of the pilgrims to Jerusalem—Psalms of the Going up. They seem to me to fit perfectly with the last idea, but scholars, I believe, generally hold the first.

S. Then some Psalms are marked 'for the Sabbath day.'

A. Yes; there were Psalms for each day of the week. They were evidently thoroughly familiar to every one. The synagogues used them, appropriating them to seasons, so that they were the Prayer-book and hymn-book of the Jews, and as such, the Apostles carried them on to the Church.

S. The Apostles, in their speeches, are always quoting the Psalms.

A. And from the first they formed a large portion of the devotions of the Church. In many branches of the Church no one might be ordained who was not able to recite the Psalter from end to end by memory. Indeed, I think every ordinary Christian ought to try to be able to do so.

S. Every one?

A. Yes, I do think so. There are prayers and praises for every occasion, and think of the comfort of being able to recall them without using a book in long nights, when ill ourselves, or when nursing another person, when a light in the room might be a distress. Nor is there any great difficulty in the achievement, if we learn two or three verses each day. The younger we begin the better. But to return to the liturgical use of the Psalms. There were different systems in different branches of the Church. In Greek convents the whole Psalter was gone through daily. In the western, the Psalms were gone through weekly by the secular clergy; indeed, the canons of some cathedrals are still bound to go through them privately—the Breviary services dividing and arranging them so as to go along with the days of the week and hours of the day.

S. All aloud in church?

A. No. The seven hours were only sung aloud in church in

Digitized by Google

monastic establishments, but the clergy were bound to rehearse them to themselves. You know how a Roman Catholic priest is seen reading his Breviary. That is his way of following out the rule.

S. And do they go straight on as we do?

A. No; the Psalms are arranged on systems which used to vary when there were different 'uses' in different places, but all on the same general principle. Then there were appropriate Psalms sung in church, for every feast or fast, sometimes going on through their octaves. And their special application was pointed as it were by antiphons.

S. What are they?

A. The repetition of some one marked verse at intervals in chorus—something in the manner of the choral response in metrical litanies, or of the response to the Commandments. I will give you an instance from Drs. Neale and Littledale's Introduction. The first Psalm, on an ordinary Sunday, repeated the verse, 'Serve the Lord in fear, and rejoice unto Him with reverence.' On the feast of a martyr, 'His delight is in the law of the Lord.' On Passion Sunday, 'He hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly.' At Whitsuntide, 'Whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper.'

S. The meaning must have been beautifully brought out.

A. Really the spiritual comment which the Psalms were thus made to themselves was a most wonderful work, built up by ages of trained devotion and meditation! But it needed close devotional training to appreciate them, and much practice even to find the way about them. So the Reformers complained of the number of rules in that 'pye,' and swept off the whole elaborate structure at one swoop.

S. But they left us the Psalms themselves.

A. Yes, and remember, they really thus popularised their use, and made them familiar as a whole to the laity. Roman Catholic laity seldom know such a variety of Psalms as come before even the Sunday Church-goer in turn, though they may know special ones, like the Seven Penitential Psalms better.*

S. And we have the Proper Psalms.

A. Which do above all help to the special festival worship. Teaching about the Psalms can best radiate, as it were, from them.

S. Our Prayer-book Psalms are from the earliest English Bible, are they not?

A. From the translation made in 1540, which was pointed with a view to chanting. It may be viewed as the devotional version, while that of 1611 is more critical. The rhythm is more perfect in the first, and perhaps it flows more easily into prayer, as for instance in the ninetieth Psalm, 'Prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper Thou our handy work,' is an ejaculation we can carry about

* A recent convert to Romanism states that the Roman Catholic laity seldom know any Psalm but the 129th—*i.e.* our 130th—the *De Profundis*.

Digitized by Google

with us, better than 'Establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou.'

S. We always begin with the ninety-fifth.

A. That seems to have always been a portion of the daily worship of Christians, impressed I suppose on the mind of the Church by the way in which it is made at once our warning and encouragement in the Epistle to the Hebrews.

S. It gives praise first for creation, and the power of God over all the earth. But why corners of the earth?

A. Depths is, I believe, the right word. But how grand is 'the strength of the hills,' whether regarded as the framework or bones, as it were, of earth, or as the strong fastnesses that give stability to a country, and make it well nigh unconquerable.

S. Then gathering in the thoughts to ourselves, we call ourselves His people and sheep of His pasture.

A. Possessed of the blessed promises of Isaiah xl., of Ezekiel xxxiv., and of our Blessed Lord Himself in S. John x., the Good Shepherd. But then, bidding us not to presume, comes the warning not to be like Israel in the wilderness, suggesting all the analogies of our position, and all the warnings to hear, 'while it is called to-day,' lest we should fail to enter into the real and true Rest—the Rest that remaineth for the people of God. It seems to me that the *Gloria* is the thanksgiving for that Rest.

S. It is called the Invitatory Psalm, because it invites to worship.

A. Not exactly for that reason. The Psalm *Venite* used to be preceded by the real invitatory short anthem, a verse varying with the season, and giving the special note of the day—as in Advent, 'The King, the Lord that is to come,' at Christmas, 'Christ is born to us.' The Prayer-book of 1549 made an end of all these invitatories, but it seems to have been felt that something was wanting to give the key-note of the season, and so, in 1552, the Easter anthem was substituted for the *Venite* on that single day. Indeed the Easter anthem itself had been sung formerly in procession before Matins on Easter-day, and, when this custom was forbidden, the anthem was still preserved by being made to take the place of the invitatory.

S. It does mark Easter as the day of days.

A. But we have talked long enough, and you must have more than enough material for a lesson!

Digitized by Google

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

Arachne. So we meet again to compare notes on our two months' reading. And first let us mourn for the *Churchman's Companion*. It had a period of weakness, but it had risen out of it, and like the village choir in 'Under the Greenwood Tree' has 'died nobly.'

Spider. One could not help caring a great deal for the 'Tramp of Many Feet'—or rather for Dulcibella herself, for I never did feel that horrid, vehement Dorothea a reality.

Arachne. Aunt Judy goes on as usual delightfully. I particularly enjoy those Lizzie stories of Lady Lindsay. They give me a sense of truth. *Little Folks* is very good likewise, though I wish so many of the leading stories did not turn upon jealousies between children about property. The best of the former stories, *Mr. Burke's Nieces*, has been published by Messrs. Cassell separately, of which I am glad.

Spider. I have been much delighted with the last book by Professor Church, *Roman Life in the Time of Cicero* (Seeley). He takes Cicero's life and letters as a sort of backbone to his book, and tells the story of the education, the manners, the town and country life, and all the chief circumstances of the time in a most entertaining way. Cicero's grand pleading, his government of Cilicia, his villa, his relations with his son and brother, his freedman, and his friend Atticus are all brought before us in a most vivid way.

Arachne. Cicero is a man who always interested me much. There is something in him more comprehensible to the modern mind than in most of those great men of classical times; we feel in him more than in any other perhaps what heathen culture could do, and where it fell short; and besides he comes home to our feelings as standing at the very verge of a system that was passing away.

Spider. And he was such a victim! I never could forgive Augustus for consenting to his death!

Arachne. Here is another victim for you. Sara Tytler has written for Marcus Ward's *English Plutarch* a beautiful little life of poor Marie Antoinette. She has taken into account all that correspondence with Maria Theresa and Count de Mercy which did so much to reveal the seamy side, and to destroy people's enthusiasm.

Spider. I did not know that. Who was the Count de Mercy?

Arachne. The Austrian ambassador who was charged to watch over the young Dauphiness, and sometimes scold her. There was about ten or twelve years ago a great publication of confidential letters, written on the spur of the moment whenever the old Empress Queen thought

Digitized by Google

her daughter needed reproof. And there is no denying it, Marie Antoinette was a giddy little thing, as almost any girl of fifteen would be when turned loose into a court where she was the first lady in the kingdom—very ill educated too.

Spider. How was that? I thought Maria Theresa was a wise woman.

Arachne. So she was on many points, but education for women is always subject to fashion, and it was at a low ebb just then, the impulses towards its improvement coming from the philosophical quarter which the Empress disliked and distrusted. Besides Marie Antoinette was the youngest, the spoilt pet among the many children, and so she was sent out into the world without any ballast and very little training—no knowledge of history to serve as a kind of second experience in the signs of the times.

Spider. Do you suppose she could have done any good?

Arachne. I do not suppose she could have averted the storm. As Carlyle says in a sentence, quoted by the author, she was the symbol to the people of ages of tyranny. The horrors were—we cannot but say—national retribution upon national sin, accumulating for ages past, and the eager impulsive follies of the queen, and the king's hesitation and passiveness were part of the providential dispensation, when the sins of the fathers were so fearfully visited on the children, while yet the scourge became to them the palm of martyrdom.

Spider. If the queen had been less expensive—

Arachne. There, I think, popular report wronged her. Her pleasures made very little difference to the burdens of the people, and the huge cumbrous machinery of court-paid officials was an evil that had begun under Henri IV. But her unconventionality, and the novelties she introduced, drew attention to her, and everything was charged on her; while her real and fatal blunders were her using her influence first against Turgot and then against Neckar. But you must read the book itself, and you will have a very just picture of the poor queen in her happy German home, and in the glare of the French court, and then see her ripening through her almost unequalled sorrows to the end. 'Their departure is taken for misery, but they are at peace.'

Spider. Have you any more books to recommend me?

Arachne. A capital *Life of Maria Edgeworth*, by Helen Zimmern (Allen). You know I was brought up on her books. I have *Frank* and *Rosamond* in their original green-backed volumes, which I think were my favourite childish reading; *Excuses*, *Airs and Graces*, and *Petty Scandal* are strongly impressed on my mind even now, and all the mechanics I ever took in came out of *Harry and Lucy*. I have always wished for a good memoir of her, but there was only a short one in the *Quarterly Review* soon after her death, and it was then said that the family did not wish for the publication. Here, however, are extracts from letters which must have been obtained from the family, and most interesting they are—full of quaintness and fun. I never

Digitized by Google

guessed that she was so much like her own Rosamond! What do you think of her comparison of the motion of the first steamboat she went in? She said it was like the shaking of a car waiting at a cottage door when a pig was scratching itself against the hind wheel! It must have been a sensation familiar to her.

Spider. Mr. Mozley's *Recollections* say that her brother Frank did not seem to have a pleasant remembrance of her.

Arachne. I suspect that only meant that he did not like to be identified with Frank, and laughed at. Men always dislike that sort of thing. Francis Edgeworth did go back and join the great clan at Edgeworthstown, and died there, tended by his sister.

Spider. I met with a very pretty book the other day, *The City of the Sea* (Seeley), an early history of Venice, with charming pictures taken from old illuminations. The worst of it was that it had no dates, so that it is very hard to find anything in it.

Arachne. Your mother, who likes biographies full of letters, would delight in the *Life of Elizabeth Prentiss* (Low). I do not care for her little religious books for children, but the woman herself is delightful —so good, so cheerful, so sensible, so motherly, with such buoyant spirits and such a deep foundation that one cannot help loving her.

Spider. Wasn't she American?

Arachne. Yes, and not a Churchwoman; but it always seems to me that what Romanists call 'invincible ignorance' is in good domestic women real dutiful loyalty, so that the deficiency does comparatively little harm to the beauty of their character. Miss Carpenter and Ann Taylor, otherwise Mrs. Gilbert, are instances of what I mean. Their filial reverence kept them from seeing any defects in the systems of their fathers or husbands. Mrs. Prentiss is just one of those women, profiting to the utmost by what she had. She is so merry too, and writes such comical letters that you will be interested, though I warn you it is a big book.

Spider. Story books?

Arachne. There is *Queer People*, translated from the Swedish. The title is stupidly chosen, for most of the people are quite ordinary ones, only delightfully described in short sketches full of tender humour, rather like Souvestre's. Miss Birley's *Undine and other Stories* may be mentioned too, though I don't like her modern Undine as much as the ensuing tales, which have more sense and point in them. *Little King Davie*, which is founded on fact, is also a very pretty book. On the whole, however, I do not think this season shines in stories as much as some others.

Spider. Oh! but there is Florence Montgomery's *Blue Veil.* That is an excellent story, and full of fun; Archie is as good a character and as real a boy as ever I saw. The only question is, whether a child ever does appreciate that dry humorous description.

Arachne. Yes, I think it is more for the elders' enjoyment. Children

Digitized by Google

are not quite sure whether they are being laughed at. Before you go, however, let me show you something very different, namely, the *Churchman's Family Bible*, the quarto which the S.P.C.K. is issuing, with the Bishop of Bedford's notes, in twenty-four sixpenny parts, only fourpence halfpenny to members. You know how eager servants and poor people are to take in large Bibles in parts, which are often carried round by touters, and have notes of a dissenting tendency. It is a real kindness much appreciated to enable them to take in this beautiful book.

Spider. It is a beautiful book. But oh! look at this illustration for Easter Eve. Is it not a pity? They have put in a crescent moon, which it could not possibly have been.

Arachne. It is a pity, considering the impression sacred pictures make. It is impossible to be too careful to have all the details correct. Let me mention, for the special benefit of those who need good and instructive French reading, Madame de Witt's new volumes of *Scènes Historiques*, namely *Normands et Normandes*, from the Libraire Hachette, and her beautiful books of *Chroniqueurs Français*, the new one of which carries us on to the end of the wars with Edward III.

Digitized by Google

IN THE CRIMEA. DECEMBER, 1854.

After a sortie—We brought the Russian and English dead, and they rested together for a short time.

WHO are these in order ranged
With the soft white snow below them;
Form and feature so much changed,
Wife or mother scarce would know them?
These are they who side by side
Nobly for their country died.

Sad they look, but not appalling,
Those poor forms where we have laid them,
For the tender snow-flakes falling
Have a slender coverlet made them—
As though to hide with kind intent
Their wounds so mute, yet eloquent.

Though a few short hours ago, men,
Stern they fought with fierce endeavour;
Now they are no longer foemen,
Death hath made them friends for ever.
See how quiet there they lie
Underneath the wintry sky.

What are those pale thin hands grasping,
From whose veins the blood is drained?
What is yon dead soldier clasping?
Not a bayonet bent and stained,
But a cross his mother gave him;
Who knows, perchance, that cross will save him.

Mark yon slender object shining;
Comrade, look, *he* will not mind it;
Fallen from the blood-soaked lining
Lies a likeness, and behind it
Something lurks; well, I can guess,
It is a maiden's silky tress.

Digitized by Google

What to them are all things human
As they lie in this sad fashion;
Frown of man or smile of woman,
Mother's love or maiden's passion?
Soon the shallow earth shall cover
Mother's child and maiden's lover.

From their slumber nought will wake them:
Booming gun or crashing volley,
Thundering horse-hoofs will not shake them,
Victims to a proud man's folly.
Low they lie like sickled grain,
Ah! how much blood is shed in vain!

To make some name renowned in story
Sad Death, thy pallid realms are filled,
To win for one a crown of glory
How many a throbbing heart is stilled?
Poor babes are helpless orphans left,
And fathers of their sons bereft.

By dismal thoughts be not o'ercome, men,
With steadfast strength life's ills sustaining,
'Tis ours who follow beat of drum, men,
To bleed, to suffer uncomplaining.
Remembering what our Leader saith,
'Comrades, be faithful unto death.'

G. A. M.

NOTE.—We should be grateful if G. A. M. would communicate with us. We wrote, and a proof was sent to the address (as we thought), but both were returned from the dead letter office.

Digitized by Google

UNKNOWN.

Whose was the brain and hand from out that stone
That drew thy fragile beauty to be hurled
Adrift, unclaimed, upon a careless world—
How shall we name thee, beautiful Unknown?

Fair thought in marble! would that we might trace
Chiselled in lip and brow, and shaded eye—
Of thee, of him, the where, and whence, and why—
To him a name—to thee, give fitting place!

'Nay, I am beautiful: then ask no more,
But view earth's beauty as the shadow made
On life's dark mirror from a happier shore.

'When time shall perish, and earth's works shall die,
Seek these among the things that cannot fade—
Life, Beauty, Thought—theirs is Eternity.'

L. D.

*** Lines suggested by a beautiful 'head' from the Bologna Gallery—name, subject, sex, and sculptor unknown.

Digitized by Google

Spider Subjects.

ONLY one person, namely Kitten, has answered the question about the water-bottle. Miss Edgeworth long ago showed the causes very attractively in her *Harry and Lucy*.

EXPLAIN WHY A NARROW-NECKED BOTTLE OF WATER BREAKS IN A FROST.

THE general rule is that all substances are condensed and contracted by cold. Water, *after* it reaches 40° is an exception to this rule; it expands in volume, because the solid crystals of which ice is composed take up more room than the particles of the water did. Thus water contracts from cold until it is lowered to 40°, and then expands till it reaches the freezing point 32°.

Thus the water in any narrow-necked vessel when in a freezing state must burst the bottle in order to find room for its increased bulk; it cannot expand upwards because the surface of the water being in contact with the cold air freezes first, and forms a wall more difficult to burst than the earthenware bottle. A stone or a cannon-ball will be burst by ice in exactly the same way.

It is a popular delusion that water-pipes, &c., are fractured by a *thaw*; the thaw merely reveals the mischief done by the preceding frost. KITTEN.

The History of the Post Office—best by J. M. B.; Bath Brick, Nightingale, S. E., Vogelein, and A Bee all very good. This last mentions this remarkable address to a letter—

JOHN TODD,
Has a wooden leg, and lives somewhere about Bitchbum
High Crook.
Find him out, postman.

HOW DID THE POST OFFICE BEGIN?

"To my Lord Protector's Grace in haste; haste, post, haste, for thy life, for thy life, haste, haste."—*Endorsement of a letter from Lord Dacre to the Duke of Somerset*, A.D. 1550.

CYRUS, King of Persia, was the first to establish a regular line of post-houses with relays of horses throughout his dominions; but he did not admit his subjects to a share in these advantages. Among the Greeks, foot messengers of wonderful swiftness and endurance were employed to carry government despatches; and both foot and horse 'postmen' were used by the Romans for the same purpose. Only the Emperor's private letters were allowed to be carried by these messengers. Any citizen wishing to send a letter by the imperial couriers might do so by virtue of a *diploma* to be obtained from a

Digitized by Google

magistrate. This *diploma*, it has been suggested, would have to pass, with the letter, from courier to courier; and is thus 'a prototype of our postage stamps.' But, even in this case, the carrying of private letters by the government post was the exception, not the rule. With the fall of the Roman Empire the posts disappeared; and though Charlemagne re-established them, they vanished amid the general wreck of his great power.

The first regular European letter post for the conveyance of private letters was established in the League of the Hanse Towns, in the early part of the thirteenth century, for the convenience of the merchant citizens. During the same century Omodeo de' Tassi, 'the first recorded name in the family stem' of the great poet, invented or re-established the system of posts in the north of Italy; and in later times that family held the generalship of the posts 'in Italy, in Germany, in Flanders, and in Spain. Hence it was that they quartered a courier's horn in their armorial bearings, and hence the badger's skin which the post horses in old time carried on their frontlet; for Tasso signifies badger as well as yew.' Omodeo's descendant, Ruggiero, was the founder of the princely house of Thurn and Taxis. In 1543 the head of the house was created Oberpostmeister of the German Empire; and in 1616 the Emperor Matthias raised the Count of Taxis to the rank of 'Baron of the empire, transferring at the same time the impartial posts in fee upon himself and heirs.'

In England regular messengers were employed by the king as early as the reign of Henry I., and they were maintained in a state of greater or less efficiency by his successors; but it was not till ten years after the accession of Charles I. that the public was invited to make use of these 'posts.' In order, however, to trace the beginning of the post office in England satisfactorily, we must go back to the fourteenth century, at which period the Flemish merchants settled in England established a post for the conveyance of private letters between London and the Continent. The letters of English merchants, as well as those of foreigners, were carried by this means: but, when in 1558 the foreign merchants fell out among themselves over the appointment of a postmaster, and referred the matter to the English council, the English merchants earnestly petitioned against the appointment of a foreigner, alleging that their letters were frequently kept back to their disadvantage and the benefit of the foreign merchants. After long deliberation it was settled that the 'master of the postes,' who had hitherto had charge only of the government correspondence, should be placed at the head also of this foreign post, and that his title should be changed to chief postmaster. This arrangement was made in 1558, and the first chief postmaster was Thomes Randolph, afterwards Sir Thomas 'whom the Queen' (Elizabeth) 'employed so often on delicate missions and ambassadorial duties to Scotland and the Continent.'

James I. established a monopoly in the conveyance of foreign letters, and gave great offence to Lord Stanhope, the then 'chief postmaster,' by appointing a special postmaster to this business. In 1635 Thomas Witherings, nominally foreign postmaster, but with a coadjutor who seems to have been a mere cipher, proposed to 'settle a pacquet post between London and all parts of his Majesty's dominions for the carrying and recarrying of his subjects' letters.' This was the first

Digitized by Google

proposal ever made in England for a public letter post. 'Private letters' said Witherings in his memorial to Charles I.'s Council, 'private letters, being now carried by carriers or persons on foot, it is sometimes full two months before any answer can be received from Scotland or Ireland to London. . . . If any of his Majesty's subjects shall write to Madrid in Spain, he shall receive the answer sooner and surer than he shall out of Scotland or Ireland.' He proposed to have letters conveyed between London and Edinburgh in three days, when, 'if the post could be punctually paid the news will come sooner than thought.' His proposals were accepted; and two years later a monopoly of letter carrying was established, which has been preserved ever since by the government at the expense of much odium and sundry lawsuits. It is characteristic of the policy of the republican party that though they had loudly denounced the monopoly when practised by the lawful authority, as soon as they came into power themselves they took strong measures for enforcing it.

In 1696 the first cross post was established to go between Bristol and Exeter. Hitherto all letters had gone up to London and then down again into the country. It soon brought in a revenue of 4,000*l.* or 5,000*l.* per annum; nevertheless it was not till 1719 that any other cross posts were established.

The first *postmaster-general* was appointed in 1710, at which date all previous statutes relating to the post office were repealed, and a new act was passed which remained in force till 1837.

Until 1784 all letters were carried by mounted post boys; but in that year Mr. Pitt adopted the proposals of a Mr. Palmer, manager of the Bath and Bristol theatres, and obliged the post office authorities, much against their will, to try the experiment of sending some of the letters by coach. Averse as the postmaster-general and his subordinates had been to accept the plans of an outsider, those plans proved so satisfactory when given a fair trial that they speedily superseded the old methods of conveying letters.

The money order system was commenced in 1792. It originated in a wish, expressed by the government, for some means by which soldiers and sailors could transmit small sums to their homes. The inventors of the system were allowed a monopoly till 1838, when it was brought under the authority of the postmaster-general.

I have not spoken of the various rates of postage, all finally swept away by the establishment of the 'penny post' in 1840; nor have I described the many improvements which have taken place in the postal service in the course of this century, as they seemed beyond the scope of an answer to the question—'How did the post office *begin?*'

J. M. B.

EXETER, *January*, 1884.

AUTHORITIES—*Her Majesty's Mails*, Lewins; *Life of Tasso*, Milman.

Stamps received from Bath Brick, Bog Oak, and J. M. B.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Having received only one contribution this month I have no remarks to make on the flowers. But in answer to many inquiries, I should wish all the papers, &c., to reach me not later than the 10th of

Digitized by Google

the month. The book I would recommend to students is Hooker's *Student's Flora*. I know of no other that contains so much information in a small space, and it is thoroughly trustworthy. Many who proposed to join have not yet sent their subscriptions. I must consider that those who do not send their subscriptions during the present month do not wish to join; there are many other candidates for admission.

VERTUMMUS II.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

Name twenty flowers or plants, each with *one* legend attached to it.

Write the life of Marcus Aurelius.

Alison.—In the Choice of Faithful Men *David* was a misprint for Daniel. It escaped Arachne's notice in overlooking the proofs.

Notices to Correspondents.

M. C. M. informs *E. H. Y.* that the hymn for which she inquires was sung at one of the anniversary services of the Prince Consort's death. It was composed by the Rev. Gregory Smith, and set to music by Sir Herbert Oakley.

'*Heaviness may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning.*'

'Comes, at times, a stillness as of even,
Steeping the soul in memories of love,
As when the glow is fading out of heaven,
As when the twilight deepens in the grove.

'Comes, at length, a sound of many voices,
As when the waves break lightly on the shore;
As when, at dawn, the feathered choir rejoices,
Singing aloud because the night is o'er.

'Comes, at times, a voice of days departed,
On the dying breath of evening borne,
Sinks then the traveller, faint and weary-hearted,
"Long is the way," it whispers, "and forlorn."

'Comes, at last, a voice of thrilling gladness,
Borne on the breezes of the rising day:
Saying, "The Lord shall make an end of sadness,"
Saying, "The Lord shall wipe all tears away."'

S. S. G.—The words 'Only beginning the journey,' are by George Cooper. They were set to music, composed for *The Children's Friend*, by Joseph Parry, Pencerdd, America. See Vol. ix., Oct. No., 1869.—*M. C. M.*

If *S. S. G.* is unable to procure the music, and will send his address to *Miss Minty, Petersfield*, she will gladly copy it for him.

Digitized by Google

E. H. S. is glad to be able to inform *I.* that Miss Leigh's Home for Girls in Paris is at 77, Avenue Wagram. Visitors are admitted daily. *Echoes from Paris* is the monthly magazine containing all information respecting the Home and branch institutions. It may be obtained from Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London.

The lines beginning—

> 'The process slow of years,
> The discipline of life,' &c.,

from the 'Yoke,' are by the late Caroline Noel, and published by her in a little book called *The Name of Jesus, and other Poems.*—*M. C. M.* and *A. G.*

G. S. W.—'Perfect I call thy plan,' from *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, stanza 10, vol. iii., Browning's Poetical Works (Smith & Elder).—*C. B.*, *A. G.*, and *Cherry.*

Miss Warren.—The proper name of the poem on the faithful little acolyte is *The Three Crowns.* It is by the Rev. Sabine Baring Gould, and is to be found in his *Silver Store.*

Contributions of Q. Q. were by Jane Taylor. A new edition was brought out in 1866.—*A. T. C.* *Miss E. Sewell* is much obliged for the many answers sent to her, but she does not wish to borrow the book.

Mollie.—La Motte Fouque's works are very numerous. Excellent translations of the best of them were published by Burns between the years 1845 and 1855—notably *Sintram, Undine, The Magic Ring, Théodolf the Icelander, Minstrel Love.* They might probably be procured through a second-hand bookseller; there is no knowing at what price.

Curate.—Brand's *Popular Antiquities* quotes a poem on Christmas, speaking of 'the ponderous ashen faggot,' but gives no reason for the preference of that tree. May it not be connected with Ash and Embla, the primeval man and woman of Northern Myth and Ygzdrasil, which rendered the ash the sacred tree?

Are Faber's *Spiritual Conferences* still in print? and where can they be bought? Kindly state price.—*M. G. R.*

Mrs. Newell, Chiselborough Rectory, Ilminster, asks where to find the rest of this poem:

> 'Mr. Pillblister and Betsy his sister
> Determined on giving a treat. . . .
> At their house in Great Camomile Street,'

recollected fifty or sixty years ago.

Rather more than two years ago the readers of the *Monthly Packet* conferred 'a most valuable gift' on the patients in the hospitals, under the care of the Sisters of S. John Baptist at Calcutta, by sending Christmas and birthday cards, new and old, for the Sisters working there to distribute. The Sister Superior, writing last month from the Lady Canning Home, General Hospital, Calcutta, says—'We have patients from all the countries of Europe in our hospitals, and these cards have been a great delight to them, especially when I am able to fish out a card in their own language for any of them. I shall be very grateful for a fresh supply.' Will those who read this notice be so kind as to send some more of these greatly prized cards, &c., new and

Digitized by Google

old, to the care of *The Assistant Superior, The House of Mercy, Clewer, Windsor.*

Mrs. Fagg, Homeside, Duppas Hill Terrace, Croydon, gratefully acknowledges the following sums, which she has received since January the 8th:—Miss Nicholson, 2*s.* 6*d.*; E. D., 5*s.*; Mrs. Fagg, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Miss Edmonds, 5*s.*; Miss Newman, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Miss Buller, 5*s.*; Miss N., 10*s.*; Mr. F. Lord, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Mrs. Hart, 3*s.*; Miss Poole, 2*s.* 2*d.*; Miss Davidson, 3*d.*; Mrs. Reid, 1*l.* For the Daisy Chain Cot:—Rose Emma, 2*s.*

The Sister-in-Charge, All Hallows Mission House, gratefully acknowledges donations from Lettie B., and Ryde.

THE LAST OF THE DAME SCHOOLS.

'There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusty lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.'

Christian Year.

On the 18th of February, 1881, there died in a good old age, at the village school in Milford village, three miles from Stafford, Elizabeth, better known as Betty Dear, who for upwards of sixty-eight years had faithfully discharged her duty as schoolmistress there. She was placed there by the late Mrs. Levett, of Milford Hall, at a time when there was no other school in the parish, and was a thankful specimen of a class which as far as I know, is now extinct—the real Old Dame. Her face was as beautiful and refined as her mind.

'I ne'er shall look upon her like again,'

as seated in her tall high-backed arm-chair, her face encircled by a stiff cap border of the whitest muslin, and a neat kerchief pinned over the front of her dark dress, which was protected by a strong apron,

'She taught the boys to knit, the girls to spin,'

for in the corner stood the picturesque 'long wheel' which few of our present generation even know by sight.

Betty lived to teach three generations in Milford parish, and died loved alike by old and young, rich and poor. Gifted with great natural cleverness and strong faith, she had a peculiar talent for teaching, and I was always immensely struck by the way in which she drew a practical application for the children from every chapter in the Bible they read to her. 'And now, children, what are you and I to learn from what we have read to-day?' Many were the Psalms and hymns she knew by heart; and only a few hours before her death, at the age of eighty-seven, she repeated the whole of the 139th Psalm. If any text was put upon her gravestone she said, she wished it to be 'Cast thy bread upon the waters.' The work taught in that little Dame School, the backstitching, and the herring-boning, the marking, and the knitting, would put to shame the work nowadays shown in many a certificated school, and the writing and arithmetic

Digitized by Google

were both excellent in their kind. 'Mental arithmetic' she particularly excelled in, and many of the children in her head class would do a 'head sum' as quickly as a good many people I know would with a slate. On the table by her side lay an old-fashioned birch rod, *i.e.* a good sized bundle of birch twigs tied up with red braid, but it was more for show than use, and very rarely touched.

The principal punishment she inflicted was for the naughty child to stand on a wooden stool with a stiff yellow cap on its head on which was embroidered in large red letters the one word 'Dunce'!

A whole volume could easily be written of the life of this dear dame, but, at any rate, I think she deserves a corner of the *Monthly Packet*, where we often read a record of

'The short and simple annals of the poor.'

Besides educating the larger porportion of the villagers, she brought up a large family of children most respectably.

'The children shall rise up and call her blessed.'

In these degenerate days our old British poets are about as much put on the shelf as the dame and dame schools I am speaking of; but in Shenstone's *Village Schoolmistress* we find an exquisite description of the real village dame, her school, and her *garden*. With a short extract from which, I must close my account:—

'In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells in lowly shed and mean attire
A matron old whom we schoolmistress name.

* * *

Her cap far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron, dyed in grain as blue, I trowe,
As is the harebell that adorns the field.

* *

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air.
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare.
And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground!'

F. M. L.

S. Mary's Home, 27, Brompton Square, S.W.

Madam,—Many of your readers will doubtless remember that the above Home was founded about twenty years since by the liberality of Benjamin Lancaster, Esq., and known as S. Peter's Home and Sisterhood. Ten years ago the house passed into other hands, but the character of the work remained the same; now, owing to the great increase of accommodation for patients in the general hospitals, and the opening of wards for paying patients, there is not the same need as hitherto for invalid homes, it is thought advisable to restrict the work in future to the educational branch. The applications for admission to the Home are chiefly for girls of twelve or thirteen years of

Digitized by Google

age just leaving our national or board schools, and for these it is especially important that a few years of more decided religious training should be provided than is allowed at those schools, so that the girls may not approach the sacred rite of confirmation unprepared, and the solemn impression then received may not at once be choked or effaced by the struggle for life, which, alas! begins too soon for all who have their own way to make in the world. At the same time, the discipline of a working home is maintained, the girls are taught to be useful, practical, neat-handed maids, and when of a suitable age situations are carefully selected for them, where they may have a good home and such religious privileges as are not incompatible with an ordinarily well-regulated household. Your readers are earnestly intreated to help in providing for such children as are offered *free*, or only paid for *in part*. A subscriber or donor of 5*l*. 5*s*. can nominate a child, for whom the parents or other relatives are only then required to pay 6*l*. 10*s*. per annum. Others can help in giving an outfit to a child either entering or leaving the Home, or presents of books for instruction or reading. Other friends may contribute to the fund for paying off a debt of 300*l*., which sadly cripples the efforts of the sisters to maintain the efficiency of the Home. Donations, large or small, promises of annual subscriptions for *three* or *five* years, will be thankfully received by the Warden, Rev. F. H. Murray, Rector of Chislehurst, S.E., or by the Acting Chaplain, Rev. G. C. Campbell, 13, Gloucester Terrace, Campden Hill, Kensington, W.

To the Editor of the 'Monthly Packet.'

Having read in your August number the account of remarkable trees—a very interesting account—I would ask you to add the account of two trees of our own country. About thirty-five years ago an old tree, but still in full vigour, was cut down most barbarously by a person quite unauthorised. It was called 'County Oak,' because it divided the two counties of Surrey and Sussex. It stood on Longfield Heath, which was then doomed to be inclosed. The lords of the two manors of Ifield, in Sussex, and Charlwood, in Surrey, claimed the tree, but as the vicar of Ifield was at that time restoring the church of that parish, they kindly sold it to him at a low price, and a vestry screen was made from it, and two pieces, more beautifully veined than the rest, were inserted in the parquetted oak floor of the sacrarium within the altar rails. A bullet was found imbedded in the tree, which persons learned in the subject said must have been fired into the tree three hundred years before. The wood was beautifully veined owing to the cattle continually rubbing themselves against it. The other tree which I mentioned is an old elm, still existing on the left-hand side of Crawley Street. A young elm has been planted inside it to take its place when it finally drops to pieces. Thirty years ago it was still shooting forth leaves, though perfectly hollow, and so large that twelve persons could stand up inside it. It is said to have been there in the time of Queen Elizabeth. A door had been placed in one side of it, locked at night on account of riotous persons assembling in it to the annoyance of the inhabitants of the adjoining house.

G. H. S.,
Formerly Vicar of Ifield, Sussex.

Digitized by Google

The Monthly Packet.

APRIL, 1884.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IV.

TURNED IN AMONG THEM.

'Do you like pets?' asked Mysie eagerly, as her mother left the two girls together.

'I never had any,' said Dolores.

'Oh how dreadful! Why old Cockie, and Aga and Begum, the two oldest pussies, have been everywhere with us. And besides there's Basto, the big Pyrenean dog, and—oh here comes little Quiz, mamma's little Maltese—'Quiz, Quiz.'

Dolores started, she did not like either dogs or cats; and the little spun-glass looking dog smelt about her.

'I *must* go and feed my guinea-pig,' said Mysie; 'won't you come? Here are some overshoes and Poncho.'

Dolores was afraid Poncho was another beast, but it turned out to be a sort of cape, and she discovered that all the cloaks and most of the sticks had names of their own. She was afraid to be left standing on the steps alone lest any amount of animals or boys should fall on her there, so she consented to accompany Mysie, who shuffled along in a pair of overshoes vastly too big for her, since she had put her cousin into the well-fitting ones. She chattered all the way.

'We do like this place so. It is the nicest we have ever been in. All that is wanting is that papa and sisters should be at home. We hope papa will buy it and then we shall never go away again.'

It was a pleasant place, though not grand; a homely-looking, roomy, red-brick house, covered with creepers—the Virginian one with its leaves just beginning to be painted. There was a bright sunny

Digitized by Google

garden full of flowers in front, and then a paddock, with cows belonging to a farmer, Mysie said. It was her ambition to have them of their own 'when papa came home,' when all good things were to happen. Behind there were large stable-yards and offices, too large for Lady Merrifield's one horse and one pony, and thus available for the children's menagerie of rabbits, guinea-pigs, magpie, and the like. On the way Mysie was only too happy to explain the family as she called it, when she had recovered from her astonishment that Dolores, always iving in England, could not 'count up her cousins.' 'Why they always had been shown their photographs on a Sunday evening after the Bible pictures, and even little Primrose knew all the likenesses, even of those she had never seen.'

The catalogue of names and ages followed.

Dolores heard it with a feeling of bewilderment, and a sense that one Maude was worth all the eight put together with whom she was called on to be familiar. She found herself standing in a court, rather grass-grown, where Gillian, with little Primrose by her side, was flinging peas to a number of pigeons, grey, white, and brown, who fluttered round her. Valetta and Fergus were on the granary steps, throwing meal and sop mixed together to a host of cackling, struggling fowls, who tried to leap over each others' backs. Wilfred seemed busy at some hutches where some rabbits twitched their noses at cabbage-leaves. Mysie proceeded to minister to some black and rust-coloured guinea-pigs, which she required her cousin to pronounce lovely, but which Dolores thought very ugly, uninteresting, and odorous.

Then there were dogs jumping about everywhere, and cats and kittens parading before people's feet, so that Dolores felt as if she had been turned into a den of wild beasts, and resolved against ever again venturing into the court at 'feeding-time.' A big bell gathered all the children up together into a race to the house. There was another scurry to change shoes and wash hands, and then Mysie conducted her cousin into a large, cheerful, wainscotted room on the ground floor, with deep windows, and numerous little, solid-looking deal tables. There were Lady Merrifield, and a young lady in spectacles, to whom Dolores was presented as 'your new pupil,' and every one sat down at one of the little tables, on which there were Bibles and Prayer-books.

Lady Merrifield took the two youngest on each side of her. Dolores found a table ready for her with the books. A passage in the New Testament was given out and read verse by verse, to the end of the subject, which was the Parable of the Tares, and then Lady Merrifield gave a short lesson on it, asking questions, and causing references to be found, according to a book of notes she had ready at hand.

'Just like a charity school,' thought Dolores, when she was able to glance at the time-table, and saw that two days in the week there was

Digitized by Google

Old Testament, two days New, one day Catechism, one day Prayer-book. Only half an hour was thus appropriated, but to her mind it was an old-fashioned waste of time, and very tiresome.

Then came a ring at the door-bell. 'Mr. Poulter,' she heard, and to her amazement, she found that Gillian and Mysie, as well as their brothers, had Latin lessons in the dining-room with the Curate. The two girls and Fergus only went to him every other day, Wilfred every day, as Gillian was learning Greek and mathematics. What was Dolores to do?

'Have you done any Latin, my dear?' asked her aunt.

'Not yet. Father wished to be quite convinced that the professor was a good classical scholar,' said Dolores.

'Very well. We will wait a little,' said aunt Lilias, and Dolores indignantly thought that she was amused.

Mysie was sent off to her music in the drawing-room, whither her mother followed with Primrose's little lessons, leaving the schoolroom piano to Valetta, and Fergus to write copies and to do sums, while Miss Vincent examined the new comer, which she did by giving her some questions to answer in writing, and some French and German to translate and parse also in writing.

The music was inconvenient to a girl who had always prepared her work alone. She could do the language work easily, but the questions teased her. They seemed to her of no use, and quite out of her beat. No dates, none of the subjects she had specially got up. Why, if Miss Vincent did not know that people were not to be expected to answer stupid questions about history quite out of their own line, that was her fault.

She did what she knew, and then sat biting the top of her pen till her aunt came back, and there was a change in occupations all round, resulting in her having to read French aloud, which she knew she did well; but it was provoking to find that Gillian read quite as well, and knew a word at which she had made a shot, and a wrong one.

She heard the observation pass between her aunt and the governess. 'Languages fair, but she seems to have very little general information.'

General information, indeed! Just as if she who had lived in London, gone to lectures, and travelled on the Continent, must not know more than these children cast up and down in a soldier's life; and as if her Fräulein, with all her diplomas, must not be far superior to a mere little daily governess, and a mother! It was all for the sake of depreciating her.

At twelve o'clock, to her further indignation, she found there was to be an hour of reading aloud and of needlework—actual plain needlework. The three girls were making under garments for themselves; and on Dolores proving to have no work of any sort, her aunt sent Gillian to the drawer, and produced a child's pinafore, which she was

Digitized by Google

desired to hem. Each, however, had a quarter-of-an-hour's reading aloud of history to do in turn, all from one big book, a history of Rome, and there was a map hung up over the black board, where they were in turn to point to the places mentioned. Before Gillian began reading, the date, and something about the former lesson was required to be told by the children, and it came quite readily, Valetta especially declaring that she did love Pyrrhus, which the others seemed to think very bad taste.

Dolores knew nothing about ancient history, and thought it foolish to study anything that did not *tell* in a Cambridge examination; but she supposed they knew no better down there; and when it came to her turn to read, she mangled the names so, that Val burst out laughing when she spoke of A-pious-Claudius. Lady Merrifield hushed this at once, and the girl read in a bewildered manner, and as one affronted. She saw her aunt looking at her piece of hemming, which, to say the truth, would not have done credit to Primrose, and the recollection came across her of all the oppressed orphans who had been made household drudges, so that her reading did not become more intelligible. As the clock struck one, a warning gong was heard; everybody jumped up, the work was folded away, and with the obeisance at the door, Gillian and Val ran away.

Mysie stayed a little longer, it being her turn to tidy the room; and Lady Merrifield said to Dolores—

'I must teach you how to hold your needle to-morrow, my dear.'

'I hate work,' responded Dolores.

'Val does not like it,' said her aunt; 'nor indeed did I at your age; but one cannot be an independent woman without being able to take care of one's own clothes, so I resolved that these children should learn better than I did. Do you like to take a run with Mysie before dinner? Or there is the amusing shelf. Books may be taken out after one o'clock, and they must be put back at eight, or they are confiscated for the ensuing day,' she added, pointing to a paper pinned below where this sentence was written.

Dolores was still rather tired, and more inclined to make friends with the books than with the cousins. There were fewer than she expected, and nothing like so many absolute stories, as she was used to reading with Maude Sefton.

'Those are such grown-up books,' she said to Mysie, who came to assist her choice, and pointed to the upper shelves.

'Oh, but grown-up books are nicest!' returned Mysie; 'at least, when they don't begin being stupid and marrying too soon. They must do it at last to get out of the story, and it's nicer than dying, but they can have lots of nice adventures first. But here are the *Feats on the Fiord* and the *Crofton Boys* and *Water Babies*, and all the volumes of *Aunt Judy*, if you like the younger sort. Or the dear dear *Thorn Fortress*; that's good for young and old.'

Digitized by Google

Haven't you any books of your own?'

'Oh yes; this *Thorn Fortress* is Val's, and *A York and a Lancaster Rose* is mine, but whenever any one gives us a book, if it is not a weeny little gem like Gill's *Christian Year*, or my *Little Pillows*, or Val's *Children in the Wood*, we bring it to mother, and if it is nice, we keep it here, for every one to read. If it is just rather silly, and stupid, we may read it once, and then she keeps it; and if it is very silly indeed, she puts it out of the way.'

Mysie said it as if it had been killing an animal.

'Have you got many books?'

'Yes; but I don't mean to have them knocked about by all the boys, nor put out of the way neither.'

'Mamma said we were to be all like sisters,' said Mysie, with rather a craving for the new books; but Dolores tossed up her head and said—

'We can't be. It's nonsense to say so.'

To her surprise, Mysie turned round to Lady Merrifield, who was looking at some exercises that Miss Vincent had laid before her.

'Mamma,' she said, 'is it fair that Dolores should read our books if she won't give you up hers to look over, and be like ours?'

'Mysie,' said Lady Merrifield, 'you can't expect Dolores to like all our home plans till she is used to them. No, my dear, you need not be afraid; you shall keep your books in your own room, and nobody shall meddle with them. I am sure your cousins would not wish to be so unkind as to deprive you of the use of theirs.'

By the time Dolores had made up her mind to take *Tom Brown*, it was time for the general flight to prepare for dinner, and she found her room made to look very pleasant, and almost homelike, for her books and little knicknacks had been put out, not quite as she preferred, but still so as to make the place seem like her own. She was pleased enough to be quite gracious to Mysie and Val who came to visit her, and to offer to let them read any of her books; when they both thanked her and said—

'If mamma lets us.'

'Oh, then you won't have them,' said Dolores; 'I'm not going to let her have my books to take away.'

'You don't think she would take them away, when she said she wouldn't?' said Mysie, hotly.

'Why, what would she do if she didn't happen to approve of them?'

'Only tell us not to read them.'

'And wouldn't you?'

'Why, Dolores!' in such a tone as made her ashamed of her question; and she said, 'Well, father never makes any fuss about what I read. He has other things to think of.'

'How do you get books, then?

Digitized by Google

'I buy them. And Maude Sefton, she's my great friend, has lots given to her, but nobody bothers about reading them. They aren't grown-up books, you know.'

'How stupid,' said Val.' You had better read the *Talisman*, and then you'll see how nice a grown-up book is.'

'The *Talisman*! Why Maude Sefton's brother had to get it up for his holiday task, and he said it was all rot and bosh.'

'What a horridly stupid boy he must be,' returned Mysie. 'Why I remember when Jasper once had the *Talisman* to do, and the big ones were so delighted. Mamma read it out, and I was just old enough to listen. I remembered all about Sir Kenneth and Roswal.'

'Tom Sefton's not stupid!' said Dolores, in wrath; 'but—but the book is stupid and out of date! I heard father and the professor say it was gone by.'

Mysie and Valetta looked perfectly astounded, and Dolores pursued her advantage.

'Of course it is all very well for you that have never lived in London, nor had any advantages.'

But we have advantages!' cried Val.

'You don't know what advantages are,' said Dolores.

'There's the gong,' cried Mysie, and down they all plunged into the dining-room, where the family were again collected, with Hal at one end and his mother at the other.

Dolores was amazed when, at the first pause, after every one was helped, Valetta's voice arose.

'Mamma, what are advantages?'

'Don't you know, Val?'

'Dolores says we haven't any. And I said we have. And she says I don't know what advantages are.'

Hal and Gillian were both laughing with all their might. Their mother kept her countenance, and said—

'I suppose every one has advantages of some sort, and perhaps without knowing them.'

'I'm sure I know,' cried Fergus.

'Well, what are they?' asked Harry.

'Having mamma!' cried the little boy.

'Hear, hear! That's right, Fergy man! Couldn't be better!' cried Harry, and there was a general acclamation, which inspired gentle Mysie with the fear that her motherless cousin might feel the contrast, and though against rules she whispered—

'She will make you like one of us.'

'That wasn't what I meant,' returned Dolores, a little contemptuously.

'What did you mean?' said Mysie.

'Why, you've no classes, nor lectures, nor masters, and only just a mere daily governess.'

Digitized by Google

Dolores did not mean this to be heard beyond her neighbour, but Mysie demanded—

'What, do you want to be doing lessons all day long?'

'No, but good governesses never are daily!'

'That's a pity,' said Gillian, turning round on her. 'Perhaps you don't know that Miss Vincent has a First Class Cambridge Certificate in everything, and is daily, because she likes to live with her mother.'

'I think,' added Lady Merrifield, with a smile, 'that Dolores has been in the way of seeing more clever people, and getting superior teaching of some kind, but we will do the best we can for her, and try not to let her miss many advantages.'

Dolores felt a little abashed, and decidedly angry at being put in the wrong.

The elders kindly turned away the general attention from her. There was a great deal of merry family fun going on, which was quite like a new language to her. Fergus and Primrose wanted to go out in search of blackberries. Gillian undertook to drive them in the cart, but as the donkey had once or twice refused to cross a little stream of water that traversed the, road the brothers foretold that she would ignominiously come back again.

'Gill and water are perilous!' observed Hal.

'Jack's not here,' said Gillian; 'besides, it is down, not up the hill, and I'm sure I don't want to draw a pail of water.'

'No—Sancho will do that.'

'The gong will sound and sound, buzz and roar,' said Wilfred. 'No Gill! no little ones! We shall send out and find them stuck fast in the lane, Sancho with his feet spread out wide, Gill with three or four sticks lying broken on the road round her, the kids reduced to eating blackberries like the children in the wood.'

'Don't, Fred,' said Gillian. 'You'll frighten them.'

'Little donkeys!' said Wilfred.

'If they were, we shouldn't want Sancho,' said Val.

It was not a very sublime bit of wit, but there was a great laugh at it all round the table. Val and Fergus declared they would go too, till they heard that Nurse Halfpenny said she would not let the little ones go out without her to tear their clothes to pieces.

Every one unanimously declared that would be no fun at all, and turned to mamma to beg her to forbid nurse to come out and spoil everything.

'That's just her view,' said mamma, laughing; 'she thinks you spoil everything.'

'Oh, that's clothes! Spoiling fun is worse.'

'But were you really going with the old Halfpenny, Gill?' said Mysie, turning to her.

'Yes,' said Gillian. 'You know I can manage her pretty well when

Digitized by Google

it is only the little ones, and they wouldn't have any pleasure otherwise.'

'Oh come, Gill,' intreated Fergus, 'or nurse will make us sit in the donkey-cart all the time while Lois picks the blackberries!'

'Mamma, do tell her not to come,' intreated Valetta, and more of them joined in with her.

'No, my dears, I don't like to vex her when she thinks she is doing her duty.'

'She wouldn't come if you did, mamma,' and there was a general outcry of intreaty that mamma would come with them, and defend them from Mrs. Halfpenny, as Fergus, who was rather a formal little fellow, expressed it, and mamma, after a little consideration, consented to drive the pony-carriage in that direction, and to announce to Nurse Halfpenny that she herself would take charge of the children. Whereupon there was a whoop and a war-dance of jubilee, quite overwhelming to Dolores, who could not but privately ask Mysie if Nurse Halfpenny was so very cross.

'Awfully,' said Mysie, and Wilfred added—

'As savage as a bear with a sore head.'

'Like Mrs. Crabtree?' asked Dolores.

'Exactly. Jasper called her so when he wanted to lash her up, till at last she got hold of his *Holiday House* and threw it into the sea, and it was in Malta and we couldn't get another,' said Mysie.

'And haven't you one?'

'Yes, Gill and I saved for it; but mamma only let us have it on condition we made a solemn promise never to tease nurse about it.'

'And does she go at you with that dreadful thing—what's its name—the tawse?'

'Ah! you'll soon know,' said Wilfred.

'No, no, nonsense, Fred,' said Mysie, as Dolores' face worked with consternation. 'She never hits us, not if we are ever so tiresome. Papa and mamma would not let her.'

'But why do they let her be so dreadful? Maude's nurse used to be horrid and slap her, and when her mother found it out the woman was sent away directly.'

'Nurse Halfpenny isn't that sort,' said Mysie. 'Her husband was papa's colour-sergeant, and he got a sun-stroke and died, and then she came when Gillian was just born, and so weak and tiny that she would never have lived, if nurse hadn't watched her day and night, and so Gillian's her favourite, except the youngest, and she is ever so good, you know. I've heard the ladies, when we were with the dear old 111th, telling mamma how they envied her her trustworthy treasure.'

'I'm sure they might have had her at half price,' said Wilfred 'She'd be dear at a farthing!'

At that moment Mrs. Halfpenny's voice was heard demanding if it were really her ladyship's pleasure to go out, fatiguing herself to the very

Digitized by Google

death with all the children rampaging about her and tearing themselves to pieces, if not pisoning themselves with all sorts of nasty berries.

'Indeed I'll take care of them and bring them back safe to you,' responded her ladyship, very much in the tone of one of her own children making promises. 'Put them on their brown hollands and they can't come to much harm.'

'Well, if it's your wish, ma'am, my leddy; what must be, must, but I know how it will be—you'll come back tired out, fit to drop, and Miss Val and Miss Primrose won't have a rag fit to be seen on them. But if it's your will, what must be must, for you're no better than a bairn yourself, general's lady though you be, and K.C.B.'

'No, nurse, you'll be K.C.B.—Kitty Commander of the Bath—when we come home,' called out Hal, who was leaning on the banister at the bottom, and there was a general laugh, during which Dolly tardily climbed the stairs, so tardily that her aunt, meeting her, asked whether she were still tired, and if she would rather have the afternoon to arrange her room.

She said 'yes,' but not 'thank you,' and went on, relieved that Mysie did not offer to stay and help her and yet rather offended at being left alone, while all the others went their own way. She heard them pattering and clattering, shouting and calling up and down the passages, and then came a great silence, while they could be seen going down the drive, some on foot, some in the pony-chaise or donkey-cart.

Her things had all been unpacked and put in order, and her room had a very cheerful window. It was prettily furnished with fresh pink and white dimity, and choice-looking earthenware, but to London eyes like those of Dolores it seemed very old-fashioned and what she called 'poked up.' The paper was ugly, the chimney-piece was a narrow, painted thing, of the same dull, stone-colour as the door and the window-frame. And then the clear air, the perfect stillness, the absence of anything moving in the view from the window gave the city-bred child a sense of dreadful loneliness and dreariness as she sat on the side of her bed, with one foot under her, gazing dolefully round her, and in her head composing her own memoirs.

'Fully occupied with their own plans and amusements, the lonely orphan was left in solitude. Her aunt knew not how her heart ached after the home she had left, but the machine of the family went its own way and trod her under its wheels.'

This was such a fine sentence that it was almost a comfort, and she thought of writing it to Maude Sefton, but as she got up to fetch her writing-case from the school-room, she saw that her books were standing just in the way she did not like, and with all the volumes mixed up together. So she tumbled them all out of the shelves on the floor, and at that moment Mrs. Halfpenny looked into the room.

Digitized by Google

'Well, to be sure!' she exclaimed, 'when me and Lois have been working at them books all the morning.'

'They were all no how—as I don't like them,' said Dolores.

'Oh very well, please yourself then, miss, if that's all the thanks you have in your pocket, you may put them up your own way, for all I care. Only my lady *will* have the young ladies' rooms kept neat and orderly, or they lose marks for it.'

'I don't want any help,' said Dolores, crossly, and Mrs. Halfpenny shut the door with a bang. 'The menials are insulting me,' said Dolores to herself, and a tear came to her eye, while all the time there was a certain mournful satisfaction in being so entirely the heroine of a book.

She went to work upon her books, at first hotly and sharply, and very carefully putting the tallest in the centre so as to form a gradual ascent with the tops, and not for the world letting a second volume stand before its elder brother, but she soon got tired, took to peeping at one or two parting gifts which she had not yet been able to read, and at last got quite absorbed in the sorrows of a certain Clare, whose golden hair was cut short by her wicked aunt, because it outshone her cousin's sandy locks. There was reason to think that a tress of this same golden hair would lead to her recognition by some grandfather of unknown magnificence, as exactly like that of his long-lost Claribel, and this might result in her assuming splendours that would annihilate the aunt. Things seemed tending to a fracture of the ice under the cruellest cousin of all, and her rescue by Clare, when they would be carried senseless into the great house, and the recognition of Clare and the discomfiture of her foes would take place. How could Dolores shut the book at such a critical moment!

So there she was sitting, in the midst of her scattered books, when the galloping and scampering began again, and Mysie knocked at the door to tell her there were pears, apples, biscuits, and milk in the dining-room, and that after consuming them, lessons had to be learnt for the next day, and then would follow amusements, evening toilette, seven o'clock tea, and either games or reading aloud till bedtime. As to the books, Mysie stood aghast.

'I thought nurse and Lois had done them all for you.'

'They did them all wrong, so I took them down.'

'Oh, dear! We must put them in, or there'll be a report.'

'A report!'

'Yes, Nurse Halfpenny reports us whenever she doesn't find our rooms tidy, and then we get a bad mark. Perhaps mamma wouldn't give you one this first day, but it is best to make sure. Shall I help you, or you won't have time to eat any pears?'

Dolores was thankful for help, and the books were scrambled in any how on the shelves; for Mysie's good nature was endangering her share of the afternoon's *goûter*, though perhaps it consoled her that

Digitized by Google

her curiosity was gratified by a hasty glance at the backs of her cousin's story-books.

By the time the two girls got down to the dining-table, every one had left the room, and there only remained one doubtful pear, and three baked apples, besides the loaf and the jug of milk. Mysie explained that not being a regular meal, no one was obliged to come punctually to it, or to come at all, but those who came tardily might fare the worse. As to the blackberries, for which Dolores inquired, the girls were going to make jam of them themselves the next day; but Mysie added, with an effort, she would fetch some as her cousin had had none in the gathering.

'Oh no, thank you, I hate blackberries,' said Dolores, helping herself to an apple.

'Do you?' said Mysie, blankly. 'We don't. They are such fun. You can't think how delicious the great overhanging clusters are in the lane. Some were up so high that Hal had to stand up in the cart to reach them, and to take Fergus up on his shoulder. We never had such a blackberrying as with mamma and Hal to help us. And only think, a great carriage came by, with some very grand people in it; we think it was the Dean; and they looked down the lane and stared, so surprised to see what great giant could be standing up there. Wilfred had a great mind to call out, "Fee, faw, fum." You know nothing makes such a good giant as Fergus standing on Hal's shoulders, and a curtain over them to hide Hal's face. Oh, dear, I wish I hadn't told you! You would have been a new person to show it to.'

Dolores made very little answer, finished her apple, and followed to the school-room, where an irregular verb, some geography, and some dates awaited her.

Then followed another rush of the populace for the evening meal of the live stock, but in this Dolores was too wary to share. She made her way up to her retreat again, and tried to lose the sense of her troubles and loneliness in a book. Then came the warning bell, and a prodigious scuffling, racing and chasing, accompanied by yells as of terror and roars as of victory, all cut short by the growls of Mrs Halfpenny. Everything then subsided. The world was dressing, Dolores dressed too, feeling hurt and forlorn at no one's coming to help her, and yet worried when Mysie arrived with orders from Mrs. Halfpenny to come to her to have her sash tied.

'I think a servant ought to come to me. Caroline always does, said the only daughter with dignity.

'She can't, for she is putting Primrose to bed. Oh, it's so delicious to see Prim in her bath,' said Mysie, with a little skip. 'Make haste, or we shall miss her, the darling.'

Dolores did not feel pressed to behold the spectacle, and not being in the habit of dressing without assistance, she was tardy, and Mysie

Digitized by Google

fidgeted about and nearly distracted her. Thus, when she reached the nursery, Primrose was already in her little white bed-gown, and was being incited by Valetta to caper about on her cot, like a little acrobat, as her sisters said, while Mrs. Halfpenny declared that 'they were making the child *that* rampagious, she should not get her to sleep till midnight.'

They would have been turned out much sooner, and Primrose hushed into silence, if nurse's soul had not been horrified by the state of Dolores' hair and the general set of her garments.

'My certie!' she exclaimed—a dreadful exclamation in the eyes of the family, who knew it implied that in all her experience Mrs. Halfpenny had never known the like! And taking Dolores by the hand, she led the wrathful and indignant girl back into her bedroom, untied and tied, unbuttoned and buttoned, brushed and combed in spite of the second bell ringing, the general scamper, and the sudden apparition of Mysie and Val, whom she bade run away and tell her leddyship that 'Miss Mo*hoone* should come as soon as she was sorted, but she ought to come up early to have her hair looked to, for 'twas shame to see how thae fine London servants sorted a motherless bairn.'

Dolores felt herself insulted; she turned red all over, with feelings the old Scotchwoman could not understand. She expected to hear the message roared out to the whole assembly round the tea-table, but Mysie had discretion enough to withhold her sister from making it public.

The tea itself, though partaken of by Lady Merrifield, seemed an indignity to the young lady accustomed to late dinners. After it, the whole family played at 'dumb crambo.' Dolores was invited to join, and instructed to 'do the thing you think it is;' but she was entirely unused to social games, and thought it only ridiculous and stupid when the word being a rhyme to *ite*, Fergus gave rather too real a blow to Wilfred, and Gillian answered, ''Tis not smite;' Wilfred held out a hand, and was told, ''Tis not right;' Val flourished in the air as if holding a string, and was informed that 'kite' was wrong; when Hal ran away as if pursued by Fergus by way of flight; and Mysie performed antics which she was finally obliged to explain were those of a sprite. Dolores could not recollect anything, and only felt annoyed at being made to feel stupid by such nonsense, when Mysie tried to make her a present of a suggestion by pointing to the back of a letter. Neither write nor white would come into her head, though little Fergus signalised himself, just before he was swept off to bed, by seizing a pen and making strokes!

After his departure, Lady Merrifield read aloud *The Old Oak Staircase*, which had been kept to begin when Dolores came, Hal taking the book in turn with his mother.

And so ended Dolores' first day of banishment.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER VI.

MY LIFE, AND WHAT SHALL I DO WITH IT?

'The old order changeth, giving place to the new.'

Lady Anne Macdonald lived in a small cottage on the outskirts of Bridgehurst. She had one faithful old servant, who had come with her from Glenfern, and who did her best to keep up the refined stateliness of her lady's surroundings; but though Lady Anne had some very pretty filagree silver and some very valuable china cups, she was forced to live hardly and plainly. She possessed some yards of old lace which might well have been exhibited at South Kensington, beautiful shawls, and a few jewels—her share as the daughter of a great house; but she was forced to wear carmelite and alpaca, and to practise a strict economy in extra fires and little comforts.

Lady Anne Macdonald was understood not to go into society—indeed she would never have thought of the expense of a fly; but all the county ladies drove in to call on her, and those of lesser degree hesitated to intrude unless she signified through Mrs. Royland her willingness to receive their visits. She was a very good woman, with the sort of reactionary high principle sometimes produced in families which have suffered much from want of principle, and she hated debt and dishonour. She had made in her life once a great decision, and she tried ever after to live up to it, and perhaps to justify it, in detail. She had refused an offer from a man of great wealth but of no family, on the double ground that she did not love him, and that she thought the modern habit of considering that wealth could buy oblivion for a low origin utterly degrading.

'Having no affection for him,' she said once, 'I hope I should have refused him even if his father had been a gentleman; being who he was, I would not have accepted him even if I had been weak enough to care for him.'

Such was her rendering of *Noblesse Oblige*, and she did not consider that a lady of rank ought to abrogate her dignity in the slightest degree for any pleasure or advantage, and certainly never to stoop to any unbecoming action. Better lead a dull life than know second-rate people, better go without comforts than accept favours, better live on

Digitized by Google

a little than increase your income either by engaging in any contest for a livelihood with people of inferior station, or by any marriage but one perfectly suitable to family claims, and also one of affection; which last clause added the salt of romance to the other somewhat worldly and very impracticable sentiments.

Lady Anne had seen a great deal of trouble, but she was by no means a melancholy person; she approved of her own life, and was accustomed to its restrictions. The present Lord Glenfern was a child, and the property would have time to recover itself during his long minority; but in spite of the advantage of a comfort for her declining years, and the interest of watching her niece's development —all of which views of the subject were set forward by her friends— it may be doubted whether she was much the happier for Annie's presence.

Annie was an odd girl, and had very decided views of life of her own; but they clashed with her aunt's and with each other. She was quite as proud as Lady Anne, but not nearly so ready to submit to dulness and solitude. She liked companionship and play and pleasure; she knew that in a year or two's time she would like society, and that she would not have it; she knew that she was very ignorant. Lady Anne preferred ignorance to schools where there was 'a mixture,' and was not an intellectual woman herself.

Annie, however, was clever in a way, and would have liked to learn. Moreover, she had several, not exactly stolen acquaintances—for acquaintanceship was acknowledged—but stolen intimacies, with girls in the immediate neighbourhood, and acquaintances in plenty, which had no chance of being intimacies, with her aunt's more distant friends. So, as she said to herself, she knew a good deal of life.

There was a little strip of garden along the front of Lady Anne's cottage—the cottage had no name; Lady Anne thought that names for cottages had a suburban air and were not needed, since every one in Bridgehurst knew where she lived—and here, on a bench, sat Annie on the Wednesday afternoon after the school treat. A decorous and neatly clipped hawthorn hedge shut out the view of the road, and behind this screen the tall figure of Lady Anne, in a mushroom hat, might be seen moving about among the gay little flower-beds, for she was fond of gardening and took great pleasure in the pursuit.

Annie had a volume of Pinnock's *Rome* on her lap. She read history and French every day out of her aunt's old lesson books; but just now she was not reading, but thinking. Not dreaming—Annie's bright, keen grey eyes were always wide awake—and though she was thinking about her future life, she was not building airy castles, as might have been natural to a girl of sixteen on a sunny morning. Annie was acute and matter-of-fact, and prided herself on it.

'There are only two ways in which I can escape being like Aunt Anne,' thought she. 'And I sha'n't even have as much a year as she

Digitized by Google

has; she can't leave it all to me—she told me so. If I get married? That's very hard for girls of rank without any money. I'll *never* marry any one who isn't my equal, and I don't think I'm likely to know people that are. I know how it'll be; I shall be asked about now and then for balls. But it's only in novels that young men find out where you live and come and call the next day, and that one looks prettier in old India muslin than all the fine ladies. I don't believe that Aunt Anne's old India muslin would look well at all—it's limp and dismal. And I'm not going to be a beauty, especially with bad clothes and not knowing exactly the right way to do one's hair. There's one thing I know, and that is I'll never marry a man who drinks or gambles, or goes in for racing. No! I don't think I mind about being in love, but I will esteem him. And he shall not have made his fortune in trade! Oh, Aunt Anne's right there—it *is* low and mean to overlook vulgarity because people are rich. But there, it's twenty chances to one against his turning up, and I shall go on and be an Aunt Anne!'

Annie sighed deeply, and almost gave up her meditations and returned to Whitaker's Pinnock's Goldsmith's *Rome* instead. But as she read half a page she paused again.

'There it is! I know nothing at all. I can't sing, nor draw, nor chatter French like girls with grand governesses. I am afraid I'm too ignorant *even* for society, and I couldn't earn half a farthing a year as a governess! Now should I like being a governess better than being like Aunt Anne? and is it worth while giving up *that other little bit of a chance for it?* I've no time to lose. If I make up my mind I'll make Aunt Anne consent. Things are different nowadays. I should like, I think, "to move with the spirit of the age," as Agnes Royland said.'

Annie's sharp little face took an air of careful consideration. She had a plan in her head, but she was not sure of her own adhesion to it. She was afraid to burn her ships, and sat balancing the *pros* and *cons* of her scheme of life, one against the other, till Lady Anne came up to her and sat down by her side. She was on a larger scale than Annie, with a more decided air of distinction, and less pretension to prettiness.

'My dear,' she said, 'I have been thinking that my Sunday gown will serve me very well for this summer, and I could manage to buy you the white alpaca that you wanted for best.'

'Aunt Anne,' said Annie, 'I hate skimping and contriving.'

She was too much her aunt's child to have scruples about the sacrifice made for her; it was the general sense of poverty and discomfort that oppressed her.

'There's no shame in poverty, Annie,' said Lady Anne. 'Your position doesn't depend on your clothes.'

'No shame,' returned the girl, 'but a great deal of disagreeableness

Digitized by Google

and bother. Aunt Anne, I should like to go to school. I don't learn anything.'

'Ah, my dear,' said Lady Anne, 'it is a pity that you cannot. I think a year at a finishing school a very good thing for a young lady. But the cost of the Miss Bentleys' in London, where our family have generally been sent, is quite out of the question.'

'Oxley Manor is a very nice school,' said Annie.

'Yes. I might have allowed you to go to Oxley Manor; but I couldn't afford even that. I must try and get you a few singing lessons before you are eighteen.'

Annie held Pinnock's *Rome* tight in both hands.

'Every one doesn't pay full terms at Oxley Manor,' she said.

'You are not proposing to lay yourself under such an obligation?'

'No! They do something—they teach the little ones, and then they are taught themselves.'

'My dear!' exclaimed Lady Anne. 'What are you talking about? Do you think I should allow my niece to take such a position? To be a miserable drudge, to eat the crusts, and do the dirty work, and be despised by the girls!'

'Oh no, auntie. That's only in silly stories. That's quite an old-fashioned idea. It's not at all so at the Manor. Everything there is most modern and enlightened.'

'Indeed!' said Lady Anne drily; but Annie had found her tongue.

'Aunt Anne, I'm sixteen, and there's no time to lose, if I am ever to learn anything. If I went to school in that way for two years I might come back and be just a young lady afterwards, or I might—Aunt Anne, I'm nearly sure that I would rather be a governess than scrape along on nothing all my life. I've considered, and I don't think I should consider it degrading. But any way ignorance is always at a disadvantage.'

'Who told you that?' said Lady Anne, feeling sure that she listened to a quotation.

'Every one thinks so,' said Annie. 'Please auntie, don't be angry, but you see girls without any money don't often get married, and if I had two years' schooling I should be much fitter for anything that might turn up.'

'Get married?' said Lady Anne; 'a girl of your age has no business to think about getting married.'

'They do think—sometimes,' said Annie. 'You forget, Aunt Anne, that I didn't begin my life here. I know—a good deal. And there are some things that I'll never do. I'll never have anything to do with unsteady or extravagant people. I'd rather be like you, auntie, than that. Of course I should like best to come out and go to balls and to town for the season. But I can't. And I think it's more sensible to earn a little more money than to be very uncomfortable for the want of it.'

Digitized by Google

Annie spoke in short sentences, conscious of 'naughtiness' in opposing her aunt. She was a self-possessed girl not given to tears or spurts of temper, and having delivered her soul of these long-considered sentiments she awaited the answer in silence.

Lady Anne was very much astonished. She was not a reflective person, nor given to the study of character. As long as Annie behaved well, and appeared healthy and cheerful, she was quite satisfied with the results of her system.

It struck her now that the worldly wisdom which Annie had expressed was at variance with her years. A girl of sixteen had no business to speculate on her chances of marriage, and no one likes to hear their own career considered distasteful, however much they may be aware of the drawbacks to it.

'My dear Annie,' she said rather formally, 'the circumstances of our family are very unfortunate. If little Glenfern's long minority saves the estate, it is all we can hope for. I cannot give you any of the pleasures or advantages which you might like, but I can keep you from any unsuitable line of action. I think neither pleasure, nor money, nor even the education you think so much of ought to be pursued by ladies, if they sacrifice any sort of propriety to it. Nothing is worth it. And in our station many things are impossible that might suit Miss Royland, if she needed to earn money. Don't confound these restraints with pride, my dear. The slightest feeling of contempt for those differently placed from ourselves is un-Christian. It is not pride—it is duty.'

'Ladies do so many things now—they write books and give lectures,' said Annie.

'I do not suppose, my dear, that a *lady* would receive any money for a book if she did write one,' said Lady Anne, with unintentional satire; 'and as for lectures—I hope I shall never hear one. No, Annie, I could never allow such a thing. There is no hardship I would not endure sooner than see you enter the ranks of women earning their bread. Again, don't mistake me, it is most praiseworthy in those that are called to it, but to struggle against inferiors—to submit to public criticism—to be *employed*—— You must see the impropriety of it.'

'But suppose we had *no* money at all?' said Annie.

'My dear, good families, however straitened, rarely permit such an extremity.'

Annie was silent for a minute, and then said—

'Well, auntie, I can't do it without your leave; the Miss Vennings wouldn't have me; but I think you are mistaken, and that it will be hard on me by and by. I shouldn't care for the education any more than you do, if I was quite sure of the future.'

'Dear me, Annie, how can you say I don't care for education? I had an excellent governess, and practised three hours a day. I wish

Digitized by Google

you would, instead of suggesting impossibilities. Besides, you can study by yourself, you have plenty of time.'

'Yes, but I hate study,' said Annie, with apparent inconsistency; though in truth the spur of teaching and companionship is more needed by a mind without any natural taste for learning than by an intellectual girl who can help herself.

She was not keenly disappointed at being checked in her efforts after a career; she rather felt as if she had done a duty to herself, and that now what might happen in the future was not her fault. She knew that more words would be useless, and was not of a temperament to find useless words a relief to her feelings.

In the afternoon Charles Osgood called on Lady Anne, bringing with him Alick Leighton, whom he introduced as his college friend and old acquaintance. Lady Anne was a pleasant cheerful-mannered woman, and she liked pleasant and well-mannered young men. She made them welcome, showed Charles a black shade of their common relation, did the honours of her little parlour, and flattered them by appealing to their taste as to its decoration. 'This little table-cover —oh, it was very cheap, only one and sevenpence a yard—but was it the *right* colour? She was only an old woman, *quite* unenlightened and inartistic, but still she should like to know?'

She made herself so agreeable that Annie had hardly a chance to get a word in edgeways. Not that she shut the girl out from *malice prepense*, but she had that innate love of society and conversation that no solitude can kill; it was the greatest pleasure to her to make herself agreeable. The two boys were delighted, and instead of hurrying away from a tiresome duty remained to enjoy the raspberries and cups of tea which she offered them, listened to the whole pedigree of the curly sugar tongs which Alick had ventured artistically to admire, and finally accepted eagerly her permission to come again.

Annie's words had not been without effect. Willingham was quite a suitable house for Annie to visit at, and at the same time was quiet, out of the ordinary run of great houses, and would involve her in no expensive amusements and require no impossible toilets. Moreover, the education question, once suggested, did not pass away from her mind. It was quite true that Annie was too ignorant, and Lady Anne resolved on a line of action most disagreeable to her own feelings.

Her only sister had not shared her strong views, either as to equality of birth or romantic passion in marriage. She had married a man much older than herself, who possessed some very profitable dye works in the north of England. Lady Julia Woodford did not find her marriage stand much in her light with any one but her sister, who was glad to avail herself of the fact of distance to excuse a separation almost as complete as if there had been a formal breach between them. Some offers of assistance had been made when Annie was first left an orphan, but had been declined by Lady Anne. Now,

Digitized by Google

however, with a self-conquest that did her some credit, she wrote to her sister, and explained the difficulties that stood in the way of Annie's education, and the answer was kinder than Lady Anne deserved, for Lady Julia undertook to give Annie at least two years at school, and made a request that could not now be disregarded, that she should be allowed to visit her in the holidays.

So Annie went to Oxley Manor to school, and there at the French classes she met Dulcie Fordham, and, their common connection wtih the Osgoods forming a link, the two girls struck up a friendship for each other. They also met occasionally in the holidays at Willingham, when the London grandchildren were an excuse for summer picnics and Christmas dances.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FRENCH UNCLE.

'We'll have a speech straight.
Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.'

On a cold morning in the Christmas holidays, after Annie Macdonald was sent to school, Miss Florence Venning sat in the drawing-room at Oxley Manor reading the following letter:—

'Willingham Hall, *December 29th*, 18—.

'My dear Miss Venning,—I am writing to ask you if you can spare us a week of your holidays, and if you will undertake a great deal of trouble at my grandchildren's earnest request. You must forgive me for being anxious to indulge them. Effie and Charlie are crazy to get up some acting this Christmas, and, as we wish to give them a party, and Effie is too young for a ball and too old for children's amusements, the idea is not a bad one. The other boys are not smitten with the same mania; but Charlie declares that his friend Geoffrey Leighton has quite a talent for acting—so we think of asking him to spend a week here with his brother and sister. Our young cousins, the Fordhams, would be of the party, and I thought also of asking little Annie Macdonald. These are our resources; but you see they are all almost children together, as my daughter-in-law very properly dislikes the admission of strangers to the scheme, and they want a head to guide them. They all declare that no one could help them so well as Miss Florence Venning, and, indeed, we all remember the treat you gave us last year at the Manor. So if you do not mind the trouble of helping the young ones, and will join us from the 5th to the 12th, we shall *all* be charmed to see you.

'With kind regards to your sister, believe me,

'Very sincerely yours,

'Elizabeth Osgood.'

Florence Venning laid the letter down, and considered how far her time from the 5th to the 12th was at her own disposal, whether the week was clear from parochial teas and treats, and from more private engagements. For Florence at five-and-twenty was a very busy and rather important person, and had won by her talents and energy a position somewhat in advance of her years.

She had very early shown that she had the power to improve and extend her sister's already very successful school, and every one knew

Digitized by Google

that the ease and skill with which the Manor adapted itself to modern requirements without losing any former advantages was due to the enterprise and tact of the youngest Miss Venning. Moreover, her sister Clarissa used to say that Florence possessed the 'enthusiasm of humanity as applied exclusively to girls,' and, indeed, she had a wonderful power of attracting and influencing them, and a taste for them so strong that even her professional training could not damp it or make it mechanical. Even her sister's pupils did not satisfy her; she had a Sunday class, and a society for self-improvement, besides innumerable friends of her own age and younger. She wrote tales for them in her leisure moments, delightful at least to her own public, and profitable enough to give her extra pocket-money to expend on her various schemes. She corresponded with old governesses and old girls, and as she gained age and experience found more and more work to do for them. She had little to force her thoughts away from them. The school was too well established for serious money anxieties; her second sister, Clarissa, who had never liked school keeping, had gone to keep house for a widowed brother, and the eldest was still in the prime of life and energy.

The Miss Vennings were of good family, and had lived all their lives in Oxley, and held a position hitherto rather unusual with professional ladies. Florence was a tall, stately young woman, with blooming cheeks and a fine, open brow, crowned by an abundance of flaxen hair. She was handsomer at five-and-twenty than in earlier youth, when she had had something of a bouncing girl look, and as she was a perfectly unaffected person and very sociable, she was popular in society and thoroughly enjoyed it. Her chief friends were the Spencer Crichtons of Redhurst. For, years ago, when she was still herself a schoolgirl, her favourite companion had been Mysie Crofton, Mr. Crichton's cousin and ward, whose tragical death in early youth, and with the brightest prospects opening before her, had been Florence's first experience of personal sorrow. All connected with Mysie was thenceforth sacred to her, and though the flowers had long grown on her grave, though the young lover whose heart had been half broken by her loss was far away, and Redhurst was a cheerful house once more, for Florence it shone for ever in the light of a special tenderness, while the whole sorrowful story was whispered about among the Manor House girls with peculiar interest. The Crichtons had afforded another romance to Oxley Manor, for, some five years ago, a young Italian girl had spent a few months there as governess-pupil, and had won much affection from Miss Florence. Her history, and her marriage with Mr. Spencer Crichton of the Bank, have been already recorded, and are only here referred to because her intimate friendship with Florence Venning gave the latter special interests apart from her school life, and had been the means of her introduction to the Osgoods of Willingham. Young Mrs. Crichton was always afraid

Digitized by Google

that Florence would grow too busy and too learned, and coaxed her into all sorts of holiday gaieties. Florence was fond of acting and of making others act, and it was with decided satisfaction that she settled with herself that she was free to accept the invitation; and accordingly on the day named she presented herself at Willingham, and was seized upon at once by the eager boys and girls, who had all arrived the day before, and dragged into the library to hear the plans.

Willingham was a fine old house of a sober, dignified kind. When General and Mrs. Osgood were there alone nothing went on but a daily drive and an occasional dinner-party. Their daughters and their younger sons were settled far away, but the eldest, who was in the War Office, and lived in London, brought his large family twice a year to Willingham, and General Osgood's youngest brother, who was fellow and tutor of his college, came every Christmas, and did all that was expected of a bachelor uncle when he tipped the boys and complimented the young ladies. He used to shelter himself in a little study from their clatter and chatter, and take long strolling walks and rides by himself; but at meal times and in the evening he was always the pink of courtesy, and put himself to some trouble to take kindly notice of Alick and Geoffrey Leighton, attention which the latter instantly perceived—and resented.

Geoffrey, although as he grew up, he had come to think much less of the mystery connected with him, never heartily liked coming to Willingham; but he was at a stage of great delight in society, and would go anywhere for a dance or a play. Alick was less sociable; but home was perhaps less charming than usual, for his place in the school was not satisfactory, and though he had much fewer pursuits and tastes than Geoffrey, he spent a good deal more money, and never succeeded in making his allowance do. All this made a little change desirable, and they gladly joined the party of merry young people whose impossible ideas Florence was to reduce to order.

They were but boys and girls, but they afforded a great many types of society. Effie Osgood, with an air of fashion and of the great world, self-confident, and enterprising; May Leighton, well used also, according to her age, to society and its ways, but with an extra dash of intellectualism, and more knowledge of life outside the school-room; Dulcie, bashful, diffident, all smiles and blushes, too eager and clever to hold herself back, but terribly afraid of herself when she found herself the centre of attraction. How frightened she was before each rehearsal—frightened almost to tears when her turn came to begin, and then forgetting all in the delight of the performance, and the consciousness of her own success. Dulcie was full of impulses, which seemed all of equal force; whatever she had in hand at the moment seemed to absorb her whole being, and really almost to change her identity, so that she was sometimes a little stiff, unnoticeable schoolgirl, and sometimes a very sprite, all air and fire.

Digitized by Google

Like most young actors, they thought their audience could hardly have too much of a good thing; so the *Jacobite*, chosen as Effie Osgood had romantic tastes, was to be succeeded by *A Game of Romps*, and by *Ici on Parle Français*, and Geoffrey, incomparably the best actor, was the villain, the old tutor, and the Frenchman. He was stage manager, and thoroughly in his element in coaching and ordering his troop.

Mrs. Osgood and her daughter-in-law thought to preserve the childish and simple character of the entertainment by insisting on all costumes and decorations being of home contrivance, the wigs only, as a great concession, being allowed to be hired from London.

The ladies' maids might help them. Miss Florence brought sufficient judgment to repress the impossible, and the girls sewed and contrived under her direction.

Alick, who filled a variety of small parts, was inducing May to ornament his costume of the lawyer in the *Game of Romps* with lace ruffles and a 'steinkerk' made out of her own best necktie.

'The lawyer ought to be a gentlemanly sort of fellow, you see, May.'

'Certainly—only if you tear my necktie you will have to get me another, because, you know, I buy my own, and this cost two and ninepence.'

'Two and ninepence! Is that all? Girls' dress must be very cheap. My ties always cost at least seven and sixpence.'

'Dear me, Alick! How careful you ought to be with them! I'm sure Fred and Geoff don't give so much for theirs.'

'Well, you can't think how I lose my things. I don't know what becomes of them. Do look at those old fellows upon the wall. A pretty penny *their* clothes must have cost them. Plum-coloured velvet and gold, and no end of lace ruffles!'

'Well, you know, they ruined themselves. Those are mostly the old Willinghams, who had to sell the place. So perhaps their coats were too handsome for their fortunes.'

'Yes,' said Effie Osgood, 'but that little black man in the corner is a great-uncle Osgood, who lived abroad, and so he looks like a Frenchman. But the others belong to us in a sort of way, for our great-grandmother was a Miss Willingham, and that made great-grandpapa think of buying the place.'

The young people were sitting in the library during this colloquy, and had strewn the handsome old room with a mass of quaint and incongruous rubbish. Geoffrey, who was writing out a play-bill, looked up at the pictures for a moment, and then hastily down again at his writing, till he was interrupted by the rapid tap of high-heeled shoes, and in ran Dulcie, in scarlet petticoat and chintz bodice, crying out—

'Miss Florence has dressed me up, and wants to know if Effie thinks I shall do.'

Digitized by Google

'Charming. Doesn't the dress inspire you? Oh, what fun!'

'I must run up to Miss Florence, and get her to do mine,' and amid fifty such exclamations the subject of the picture was not renewed.

The day of the performance was passed in the usual distracting whirl of bustle and mistakes, aggravated by the fearful fact of the wigs having never made their appearance, and by General Osgood objecting to sending the servants four miles on a frosty day to meet *every* train that came from London.

'What an amount of trouble we all give to Geoff!' observed Alick, slily, as his brother ordered and arranged and stage-managed and consulted Miss Venning, and set the young ladies to rights with elaborate courtesy and the boys with determined self-assertion. Dulcie lost her book, and declared at the last moment that she had forgotten every word of her part.

'I shall never remember it, Miss Flossy, never!' she cried, all flushed and flurried, and ready to cry. 'Oh, what will become of me!'

'Nonsense,' said Florence. 'You knew it yesterday, and you'll remember it again in a minute. Effie looks well.'

'Lovely! Oh dear, I can't help it. I can't begin!'

'You should not be so self-conscious, Dulcie,' said May Leighton, sententiously, and this dreadful accusation fairly reduced the excitable girl to tears, and threatened the success of the performance.

'Don't cry, Dulcie, or you'll set me off too. I'm in such an awful funk!' said Alick.

'I'll stand at the side and prompt you all through the first scene,' said Geoffrey. 'Don't you know great geniuses are always nervous beforehand. Macready was.'

'Oh, Geoffrey, take care then *you* don't faint,' cried Dulcie, diverted, and laughing through her tears.

'I? Oh *I* have only a little talent,' said Geoffrey, with becoming modesty, at which speech there was a universal shout, and Dulcie's eyes grew bright again, as everybody's feelings were forgotten at the entrance of a large box containing the much-desired wigs.

No need to dwell on all the humours of that never-forgotten night, a sweet and merry memory in years to come to all the happy young creatures who trod their mimic stage.

Melodrama took the lead, and 'Lady Somerford's' high tragedy passed muster when helped out by Geoffrey's really clever acting, and by Dulcie's sweet presentment of 'Patty's' loyalty to her lady, and coquetry with her lover.

Then came the *Game of Romps*, a piece made to be played by pretty, half-grown girls, and the audience were delighted.

'So clever of the children.' All shyness and nervousness passed away before the hearty applause of admiring grandpapas and uncles,

Digitized by Google

and with the confidence inspired by becoming dress and effectual disguise. The powdered wigs, provided for the two first pieces, set off the young faces in quite a new light; while, of course, fronts and false whiskers were imperatively necessary to the comic effect of *Ici on parle Français*.

'What is Geoff about?' said Charles Osgood, rushing on to the stage before this latter piece began. 'Every one else is ready.'

'Getting himself up for the Frenchman. The black moustaches took a great deal of sticking,' replied Alick, arranging the carroty whiskers which were assumed to represent the genteel letter of lodgings.

'What a fright you look, Alick!' said May, who was trying to simper suitably as Angelina.

'Geoff, Geoffrey, I say!' cried Edgar Fordham. 'Time's up; make haste.'

There was no answer; but in a moment Geoffrey dashed out of the library, where the finishing touches were given, up stairs into Charles Osgood's bedroom, where the boys had dressed, and then, before any one could follow him, was down and on the stage, in the Frenchman's dress, but with his own smooth face and reddish hair, undisguised.

'Why! where's your wig? and the beard and moustaches?' cried half a dozen voices.

'They won't do. I can't wear them,' said Geoffrey, sharply and briefly. 'Come, it's time to begin. I must do without them.'

'Oh, what a dreadful pity!' cried Effie. 'They were capital; they were just the shape of our old French uncle's. Do have a cork moustache at least.'

'It won't do with my hair,' said Geoffrey, and he carried his point; but the few critics among the audience said that the Frenchman was stiff and tame, and a failure compared to Geoffrey Leighton's other performances.

But all the young hearts might be full of triumph as they came, in their own persons, into supper, for they knew that they had had a success. Mr. Spencer Crichton complimented Geoffrey on his really superior acting, and Mrs. Stafford flattered him and claimed him as her cousin, in a way that, from the head-master's wife, ought to have gratified him; but he responded shortly to both, and had none of his usual conversation at command. Dulcie, who had been certainly the greatest star among the maidens, blushed and retreated upon Miss Florence at Mrs. Stafford's too open praise, though she thought the head-master's wife by far the greatest lady in the neighbourhood; nor did she know how to answer when Dr. Osgood made her a superfine bow, and told her the company was indebted to her.

'I don't know what to say,' she whispered to Annie Macdonald.

'Oh,' returned Annie, 'if one has any knowledge of society, one ought to be able to talk to any one.' And she set herself to be agreeable to the stiff old-fashioned scholar with marked success.

Digitized by Google

Dulcie looked on surprised; but she was quite content with talking to Miss Florence, and with looking at young Mrs. Crichton, whose gracious beauty, soft eyes, and sweet foreign tongue entirely fulfilled her girlish ideal of perfection.

'All was *perfect* except the Frenchman,' Charles Osgood said; but the next morning, as he and Alick were packing up the wigs, the black beard and moustaches were nowhere to be found. They were just shutting up the box without them when the footman came in bringing a piece of charred hair.

'The housemaid, sir, found this in the grate in your bedroom,' he said.

'Why, Geoff must have pitched it into the fire!' exclaimed Charles, in surprise.

Alick coloured deeply.

'Don't say anything about it, Charlie,' he said. 'I'll stand the loss, and settle with Geoff afterwards.'

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

CLAUDE DE ST. ANGE.

A STORY OF THE CAMISARD WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VIVIA GREY,' ETC.

CONCLUSION.

WHEN the morning came, the bodies of Claude St. Ange, his friend, and the Carmelite were laid to rest, and the remainder of the family were escorted to Nismes. Even then the mutual love between Isabelle and Captain O'Neale was bringing joy in the midst of sorrow, though as he had to rejoin the army much anxiety was mixed with it.

The count did not stay at Nismes, but repaired as soon as possible to Paris, where he was received most favourably by Louis le Grand, and was made Marquis of St. Ange, a dearly-bought honour, for he had little save his title, the invasion of the Cevennes having well-nigh ruined him; and, after a short sojourn at court, he was beginning to cast his eyes about for a means of bettering his fortunes when he suddenly found that the favour of royalty began to waver, and even grow cold, for dark hints were being whispered that he was not what he wished to appear, namely, a genuine Catholic, and one day Madame de Maintenon remarked before the king, 'That though the loyalty of M. le Marquis de St. Ange was untainted, yet that Port Royal ideas were still too prevalent in the Church, and she hoped devoutly that report wronged M. le Marquis when it said that his wife was a Protestant and that his son had served in Cavalier's body guard.'

The count prudently took the hint and retired from court, and having shortly after been kindly informed that *lettres de cachet* were often employed against suspected Jansenists, he determined on the bold stroke of seeking his fortunes in a foreign country, more especially as he had no longer any particular reasons for remaining in France, Edward having died at his friend's monastery within a few weeks of the termination of the siege of St. Ange, and Annette having married with Count de la Fosse, a Gascon nobleman, while Beatriz had entered on her noviciate at the Carmelite Convent dedicated to our Lady of the White Sword, near Paris.

So the count wisely left France, and joined his wife and Isabelle in Scotland, but finding that the climate did not suit his advanced years, and having seen Isabelle happily wedded to O'Neale, who was in high favour at the French court, the count and his wife set sail from Leith and landed in Acadie (now Nova Scotia) in the spring of 1705.

Meanwhile, thanks to the wise and humane proceedings of Marshal

Digitized by Google

Villars, who had assumed the command in the Cevennes, the revolt was gradually subdued. Cavalier, in the opinion of some of his co-religionists, rather ungenerously made terms for himself and all who cared to surrender, and was received with high honours at the court of Versailles, but soon becoming alarmed at the persistent attempts made to convert him to the religion of the court, left France secretly and fled to England, where he died Governor of Chelsea Hospital.* Of the Camisard army, some submitted to the marshal, others fled to the Higher Cevennes and prepared for war to the bitter end; and against these Villars, justly incensed, waged a conflict of extermination, which soon ended in the entire subjugation and the partial depopulation of the Cevennes. The leaders of the more obstinate of the Camisards were hunted down like wolves in the fastnesses of the Cevennes, and perished either by the weapons of the soldiers or at the hands of the civil power; their followers either surrendered or shared the same fate; the Huguenot ministers and the prophets fled the country, or were seized and sent to the galleys, the wheel, or perpetual imprisonment, and soon not only in the Cevennes but throughout France Protestantism as an instrument of good was practically extinct. But the persecuting Church did not escape; the Huguenots could not rebuild their chapels or restore their ministers to life, but they could sow the seeds of hatred among the oppressed bourgeois and peasantry against their tyrants—they could undermine the power of the clergy. The priests, thinking that all was still, now the Huguenot heresy and its wild baseless teaching was practically extinct, did not see that a far worse evil was coming on—that heresy had but prepared the way for open infidelity, that the guillotine would avenge tenfold the sword of the dragoon and the wheel of intendant. Of a truth, during these years when priests and nuns, together with nobles and gentry, were hunted down throughout France, the sufferings of the peasantry of the Cevennes were well avenged, and beside that withering blast of infidelity which swept over France, and has not yet spent its force, how poor and trivial were the mad outcries of Calvinism. Had the Church not taken the sword in 1703 she might have escaped it in 1792.

It has long been a favourite boast of the Protestant party that had they been tolerated in France the Revolution would not have taken place, that the oppressions of Versailles drove the best men from the land, and left the country thus denuded to be the speedy prey of infidelity.

Indeed there is some truth in this arrogant boast; the best and most faithful of the Huguenots doubtless suffered death or exile, and the baser sort remained to infuse deeper and deeper the poison of heresy, and I doubt not that the seeds of anarchy and rebellion against God and man were left to fester in France, and to work the

* Or of the island of Jersey.

Digitized by Google

vengeance of God on the successors of those who took the sword when they ought to have striven with the weapons of meekness and zeal; but still the wars of extermination of the Huguenots against the League, and the savage revolt of the Cevennes, were only the fitting prelude of the massacres of September in Paris, and the subsequent fusillades and noyades of Lyons and Nantes. The followers of the bitter, mocking Voltaire, and that compound of feminine weakness and diabolical spite, Jean Jacques Rousseau, were true successors of the semi-Socinian teachers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who fought against the Church of God under the Protestant banners. From schism and heresy to atheism is no great step, and, as we know, the Revolution of 1792 and the Commune (its child) of 1871 directed their rage against Catholicism alone, and passed by Protestantism as unworthy of their notice. No Protestant minister, save Rabant the Girondist * (who richly deserved his fate, if he had a shred of belief, for concerting with such a miserable crew as the members of the Gironde), died on the guillotine, or fell beneath the rifles of the Communists; and yet if French Protestantism be Christianity, it had the same claim as Catholicism to incur the wrath of those who stood up 'against the Lord and His Anointed;' nor can the plea that Catholicism sat in high places beneath the smile of the court avail it, for the Jacobins, in a measure, and the Communists certainly, fought against *Christianity*, yet they both passed the Protestants by in indifference. Surely the Huguenots, if theirs was a truer, purer form of the worship of Christ, should have pressed forward to share the crown of martyrdom with the superstitious priests of Rome. Where was Protestantism and its votaries in the time of oppression, when priests fell by hundreds rather than bow before anarchy and infidelity? Were there no Huguenot ministers ready to die with the good abbés of Paris and devoted priests of la Vendée; to face the fire of the barricades at the side of Affré, or the rifles of the Commune with Darboy, Ducoudray, and Alexis Clerc; no Protestant maidens ready to drink the cup of horror with Marie de Sombreuil, or bow their necks to the guillotine with the nuns of Montmartre? Alas! we see now the reason. The Huguenots are fast showing themselves in their true colours. Calvin is practically forgotten among them, save by a fast-decreasing remnant; the roof is stripped from the edifice, and Socinus, who laid the foundations of Protestantism, stands declared as their master, thus well avenging the death-fire of Servetus on the followers of the gaunt Genevan. May God grant to France deliverance alike from the children of Loyola and those of Socinus, and once more raise up the great Gallican Church—the Church of Bossuet and Fenélon, the Church of Pascal and Angelique Arnaud—on the true foundation 'other than which no man can lay.'

* Fanchet, one of the twenty-two deputies of the Gironde, appears to have been a Huguenot.

Digitized by Google

THREE LITTLE DOGS.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GENTLE SAVAGE.

'But Phœbe screamed an awful scream,
To prove the seaman's text,
That after black appearances,
White squalls will follow next.'
T. Hood.

We got him home. By *him* I mean Roderick—Roderick Dhu, as the beast had been named, after much deliberation. But never shall I forget the horrors of that night—no, not if I live to a hundred.

'Catch Wopsky! Shut him up in the scullery!' is my first cry, which our maid Jessie hastens to obey, while Paul is shouting out to her a question about the butcher and 'graves.'

Then the whining, the yelping, the tearing sounds produced by those strong paws increase tenfold, and seem to multiply as they echo and re-echo in the passage.

Wopsky finds out there is something on foot, and joins his voice.

'Stop that howling little wretch!' exclaims Paul, and hurts my feelings; for have I not been leniency and self-denial personified in regard to his new purchase, who far better deserves the name?

There is a big shed at the far end of our garden, and Roderick was to live there. I had hoped he would be safely housed there at once. But alas! some part of his furniture was not ready, and he was shut up in the back kitchen. Nor was there any food ready for him at the moment. Our supper stood ready laid, cosy and pleasant. It was early autumn; the evenings were already chill. Jessie had with thoughtfulness lighted the fire in the dining-room—a bright, little, cheery, dancing fire. A lobster held up his pink claws, garnished with parsley, and there was some endive in the salad bowl, flanked by the oil and tarragon vinegar.

The concoction of a salad is one of Paul's favourite accomplishments. It is pleasant, when hungry and chilly after a drive, to sit down with drawn curtains by a brisk fire, with the one you love best, to enjoy rest and food. But such enjoyment was not for me. Paul was still rummaging in drawers of the hat-stand for straps or cords to insure his new treasure, when that treasure awoke to a sense of his position, after an interval of silence probably caused by extreme surprise. Mr.

Digitized by Google

Haywood had said, 'He has a fine voice, and already begins to bay.' Bay! I should think he did. 'The deep-mouthed bloodhound' was no longer a poetical image for me. Yells such as the demons of S. Anthony may have produced resounded through the passages. Great paws came tearing at the door of the kitchen. A passage in our curate's sermon on the previous Sunday came vividly before me. 'In how many points do the animals resemble man!' he said. 'Can they not feel pain, hunger, cold? Nay, are they not conscious of higher needs? Do they not dread rebuke and loneliness?' The living illustration of this passage, combining in himself the sensations of hunger and loneliness, was giving vent to his feelings in this terrible way.

At first I strove to bear it calmly. Paul will go to him directly, I thought. Paul did *not* go to him. I grew fidgety. Only old maids, I think, know what a real fit of the fidgets means. I rang the bell. Jessie came trembling.

'Is your master getting the dog's supper?' I asked, as calmly as I could.

'Oh, ma'am! he has told me to take him in a plate of bones; and I daren't, if it cost me my place.'

Here came Paul's welcome step striding along the passage. I rose in anger.

'Paul, I had not bargained for this. I will not have it. The dog shall not stop in the house.'

'He's only hungry,' returned Paul, laughing tranquilly. 'How would you like to be kept without your supper?'

'I *am*.'

'Well, feel for a fellow-creature, then. Haven't you taken in those bones, Jessie?'

Jessie turned an appealing eye on me.

'How can you expect a girl to go where such a creature is tearing and howling like a pack of wolves?'

'There, there; come along now, both of you. Give me the plate. Come and see what a tame monster it is.'

At this moment the bell rang. I am sure Jessie hailed the sound as an escape from her master's invitation.

We were standing in the passage as the door opened, but my brother vanished into the kitchen whence the howls proceeded. I will not deny that they changed to howls of joy on his entrance.

It was Colonel Malpas's Tamil, in his red turban, with teeth gleaming in his brown face. You could never tell whether his grin proceeded from fear or impudence.

'If you please,' he began, in a violent hurry, 'colonel's compliments, and what Mr. Lennox mean by dat howlin' brute.'

It was as I feared. We were already a nuisance to our neighbours, and the colonel's sweetness had rapidly turned sour. It was all I could do to maintain my dignity as I said—

Digitized by Google

'Tell your master, Jessie, the colonel's servant seems to have brought a message.'

I entered the parlour, shut the door, and subsided into tears in the depths of Paul's arm-chair. His brisk steps came tramping out of the back kitchen, followed immediately by howls from the monster, who had been silent while he had company.

'Look here,' said Paul's cheerful voice, 'tell your colonel, with my compliments, it is a very fine puppy I have just brought home, and he is going into the shed in an hour's time. And mind this, don't you come again bringing impertinent messages as if you did not know what they mean.'

The door banged violently; I heard the Tamil's feet scuttling along the path, and Paul, whistling, went back to his Roderick.

CHAPTER V.

THE COMPFIELD BEAUTY.

'Une idole du nord, une froide femelle,
Qui voudrait qu'on parlât, que l'on pensât pour elle;
Et, sans agir, sentir, craindre, ni desirer,
N'avoir que l'embarras d'être et de respirer.'

PIRON.

IT was some comfort to remember on the morrow that we were to dine at Fordham Park that evening. Not that I much like the Denyers, who are a rich brewer's family; but that it was consoling to feel we were not yet outcasts from society.

There was no doubt in my mind that the colonel would indict Paul as a nuisance on Roderick's account, and that Paul would have to go to prison, or pay a fine, or find bail, or something equally legal and disgraceful. But things had not yet reached that pitch: we might still for a few days bask in our neighbours' smiles.

Besides, when one has a new pearl-grey silk dress, given by a dear brother, who has said, 'Let it be really well-made now; none of your creases on the shoulders, and all that,' one feels an honest pride in wearing it with one's bit of family lace, and a rose or two in hair which is still abundant, and very lightly touched with grey.

At seven o'clock we were seated at Mrs. Denyer's long, well-filled table. It was a fine room of good proportions, with the beautiful dull green, less common then than now, on the walls. The great door-window was set open on to a verandah where rich flowers twined up the columns and clustered to the very threshold. A wide lawn melting into park, and all flecked and streaked with long shadows, lay further on; flower-beds shone in the foreground, and great trees stood up in the park. Behind all were softly-swelling blue hills, and a glow of sunset in the sky. A little moon was looking in also; she was cut in half by a fluttering spray of passion-flower.

Digitized by Google

Inside were light and sound and pleasant odours. But it seemed as if we could see nothing for a Birnam Wood of green cut paper pendent from the vast chandelier. The breeze came in and waved this artificial forest to and fro over the cut roses and the sweetmeats in the tall *épergne*. The effect was bewildering. One's opposite neighbour seemed lost in a cool glade as shadowless as the transformation scene of a pantomime.

When one got used to it all, one's eyes could rest occasionally on the good pictures on the walls. But though good, there was no unity in their selection. And Mrs. Denyer candidly explained the fact by saying, in her hearty bass—

'Mr. Denyer has some friends who take all the trouble of choosing his pictures for him—people that know the value of those things, you know. Oh! you may get cheated beyond belief if you go buying pictures for yourself.'

'*You may get cheated beyond belief!*' echoed Mr. Denyer from the other end of the long table.

In company he always echoed his wife's statements with double emphasis; and so, without taking the trouble of composing a single sentence for himself, held his place as the master-mind in the establishment. If one approves or disapproves of other people's ideas with sufficient strength one may gain easy credit for a good many of one's own.

There were handsome women in the room. The two Miss Denyers were magnificent pieces of womanhood. The eldest was a 'beauty,' a brunette. Tall, with great eyes of a rich red-brown, and lavish waves of black hair, waves so crisp that they almost suggested a drop of tropical blood in the veins; a mouth of the most coral red I ever saw, and of a perfect bow shape—a pouting mouth, far from sweet, but so exquisite that women, as well as men, could but gaze with delight on its form. She was engaged to a gentleman now present, Mr. Burton, a stockbroker, a plain young man, whose sensible face and kind though homely manners I was at once taken with. He was my partner at the table, and I found him intelligent and anxious to be agreeable. If a man will take the trouble to please an old maid, and yet is not one of the fools who are unhappy unless they can please everybody, take my word for it that man has a good heart and will make a good husband.

Miss Denyer—Coralie, the eldest, *his* Miss Denyer—did not pay him much attention. If he addressed a sentence to her—she being on his other hand—it was promptly snubbed or not heard. The second sister, Mathurine, was far kinder to him. She was less beautiful than Coralie—rather 'a fine woman' than a beauty. There were a coldness and want of life about her correct features. Her hair was long and thick, of a pale golden colour, and was tressed up very tastefully around her head. Both were tall fine figures, admirably dressed, unless

Digitized by Google

there was a fault of over-dressing for so small a company. The dark girl wore amber and white; the fair one, blue and silver. The one wore ornaments *en suite*, all of pale amber; the other had delicate Danish chains, and a coronet of frosted silver worked in little leaves.

The French names of the girls were in character with the whole taste of the family. French maids hovered about, smart and pert, and, to me, intensely objectionable. French novels lay open on the sofas. French was being chattered across the table by Coralie and an Italian gentleman who was of the party. Besides these, there was the curate of the village, Mr. Robertson, a sweet little man with a round baby-face, whom the girls were very fond of; and his wife, a good-looking young woman, well dressed in black. She had money of her own, and was rather haughty. She was now condescending to Mr. Denyer, at whose right hand she sat, and who was making much of her.

These, with ourselves, were all the party.

I enjoyed my dinner very much. The things were nice; every one was kind and merry; there was more noise than one finds at many tables. All the Denyer women had those odd brusque manners which one often sees in people who do not need to please in order to make their way in the world, and have never been taught to try to please either because it is right, or because it is graceful.

It was amusing to hear and to watch. Signor Luppi addressed a compliment to Miss Mathurine upon her riding. She gave him a good hard slap with her fan. Mrs. Denyer said—

'Law! Mathurine, you've hurt him.'

'Have I? Give me a bit of sticking-plaster, Charlie. You always have some about you,' responded Mathurine, with an impassive serenity, addressing Mr. Burton. Then around the table arose inquiries concerning Charlie's sticking-plaster, and family reminiscences of occasions on which it had been produced. He assured the company he had none; wished he had if the ladies wanted it. For Signor Luppi's finger? Oh! men didn't want such things except for shaving, and the signor didn't shave. Here the signor interposed that mademoiselle had done him well, not hurt; oh no! not at all.

Mr. Burton took the opportunity of asking Coralie to make him a plaster-case to carry about with him.

'You know, you never do anything for me,' he said, in a low tone, which I thought meant more than the words.

'*I* make little fid-fads like that? Don't you know me better!' was the loud answer, with a sweet, ringing, freezing laugh. I felt sorry for Mr. Burton, and, in a hurry to talk to him, found myself in the midst of woes about Roderick. He was rather absent at first, but when he found I was really in trouble, he entered into the matter, vowed bloodhounds were the most splendid creatures in the world, and

Digitized by Google

valuable! How much had my brother given? Oh! if the dog was worth anything, he was dirt cheap. Had he a well-shaped head? 'Like a thimble,' I answered. Ah! the conical shape, quite correct. Lennox was in luck, no doubt. Eat little dogs? Oh no. He had never heard of such a thing in his life. As to the threats of the colonel, he laughed them to scorn. He did me good. I was half reconciled to the brute before we rose from table.

In the drawing-room Mrs. Robertson seated herself near me, while Mathurine played softly on the great grand piano, and Coralie's figure lay like a sibyl's in a low chair by the window, where the moonlight gleamed on her lovely face, and the heavy curtain swayed to and fro as if it loved to caress her. She had withdrawn to a recess where the lamplight did not reach, and sat playing with her fan and humming the air her sister played. She never had much to say to women, and took no trouble to entertain us now. Mrs. Denyer had swept with a mountain of flounces into the still-room as we crossed the hall.

Mathurine had a gift for music. The girls were very accomplished, though ill-educated. Mrs. Robertson began to explain to me in a low voice her presence in that place.

'My husband likes us to come occasionally. They do a good deal in the way of coals, and they always have the school-treat on their lawn, you know.'

'They are very kind,' I said. 'Shall we not listen? That is Mozart.'

'Oh, yes! the *Fantasie in C minor*. Charming! Have you heard Hallé play it?'

Is it not odd that people who talk much of their love of music can so often prefer the sound of their own tongues? But I *would* listen, and by and by the gentlemen came in, softly, except Mr. Denyer, who yawned aloud, and came up to speak to me about the schools, in which he knew I was interested. Then, when the piece was ended, Mr. Robertson came to tell me about a poor girl who was ill. He was a good man, and his mild face was beloved in many a cottage. He used to carry nips of tea in his pocket for the old women, and sweets for the children. His wife told me that on one occasion he brought out his pocket-handkerchief at a dinner-party studded with raspberry drops, which had grown moist with the heat.

'I believe it is consumption,' he said. 'Your brother says he has little doubt. I wish we could get her to Brompton. Do you think the Denyers subscribe?'

'I don't think so.'

'They are so kind. If they don't, they will if I ask them. Capital people. I shall go and coax Mr. Denyer. Will you come and help?'

'If you want me. I think you will succeed without.'

'Well, I shall give you a sign if you are wanted.'

A minute later the curate had 'button-holed' our host.

Digitized by Google

'Mr. Lennox, come here.'

It was Coralie's rich voice that spoke. My brother went.

'All alone?' he asked.

'I don't want those stupid people,' she answered, low enough, but from where I sat I could hear perfectly. 'Look at that moonlight. Is it not delicious? One can hardly see it for the lamps.'

'Come out, then.'

'With pleasure.'

'Will you have a shawl?'

'A shawl? No. Do you think I look delicate?' she laughed.

Her laughter always seemed to be mocking something or some one.

'I think I cannot let you leave this warm room without one.'

'Oh, you are not the doctor now.'

'I am a doctor always. Here is something that will do.'

I saw the two, unobserved by the rest, pass out of the window in the recess, my Paul wrapping an Afghan rug round those shapely shoulders.

He was an honourable man, and she an engaged woman; but I did not like it, and I did not like her.

Mathurine shared my feeling in part. She came up to me soon and said in a low voice:

'Where's Coralie? Do you know?'

'In the garden with my brother. She asked him to go.'

'I say, Mr. Burton won't think it kind, and he going to America to-morrow. What a girl she is! Here, Signor Luppi!'

A movement of her fan brought the Italian to her side.

'Will you sing *La ci Darem* with Coralie?'

'Happiness!' he replied, with an ineffable gesture.

'Then go and fetch her: she is in the garden.'

'Certainly. Shall I not have the pleasure of your company?'

'Oh, no. She wouldn't come for me. You'll bring her. Charlie, come here and sing *If Doughty Deeds*. I'm going to accompany you.'

She struck boldly into the symphony, and the amiable young man came and found the music, put it before her, and did his best with a fairly good baritone and as much cultivation as his future sister-in-law had good-naturedly given him from time to time.

Presently Coralie came sauntering in, looking cross, with the Italian, who did not, or would not, observe her mood. Paul remained outside. She consented to sing after some pressure. As she did so she stood perfectly upright, her long, slender hands, glittering with heavy rings, hanging gracefully before her, holding either end of her fan. She sang with much real skill, but with apparent carelessness, with a full spontaneous gush of music in such a rich voice as one would expect from those full red lips, and in it was a touch of pathos and sweetness of which I have seldom heard the like—never in a public singer. She was a fascinating creature, so handsome, with

Digitized by Google

such a grand physical development. Her well-poised frame waved slightly to and fro as she sang, but there was no expression in her face.

The coy, coquettish Zerlina was as little like her as are the modest maidens who blush and hesitate in singing that questionable duet. She sang straight on, as simply as if the words had been merely 'Come to dinner.'

We went directly the song was over. She did not speak to Paul again. She gave me the mere shadow of a good evening. Then she said she had the headache and should go to bed. She was moving up the stairs as I crossed the hall. Mr. Burton stood at the foot with a vexed, hurt look on his sensible face. No doubt he had hoped for a few last words before his departure, and had not got them.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

A FRIENDLY TALK.

We were staying at S. Mary's last July. Mrs. Rowley had asked us down for some balls which were coming off the next week. It was Sunday afternoon, and the church had been oppressively hot in the morning. Under the trees on the lawn was the very place for dessert and coffee. No tennis interrupted the talk. A cool wind blew from the hills. Some of us were lying on rugs. The older ladies were sunk into basket chairs, so deep that it was impossible to think how they were ever to get out of them again. One or two had brought books to play with.

'Do you hear,' said Miss Rowley, 'that Edith Kemp is going to college after all?'

'Dear me, is she, indeed!' said Mrs. Swallow. 'And where, pray?'

'Why she's going to Lady Margaret Hall at Oxford. The new ladies' college, you know.'

'I thought she wanted to go to Girton,' said Harry Johnson. 'Oh, my! won't she be a Blue?'

'She did want to go to Girton,' said Miss Rowley, 'and her father would not let her; so this was a compromise. He objected to Girton because the education was non-religious.'

'I should think no one need be afraid of Lady Margaret,' said John Sneyd. 'It is pledged to Church principles, and the head of it is the daughter of the Bishop of Lincoln.'

'Well!' said Mrs. Brown, a stiff, practical, matter-of-fact woman, 'I think Mr. Kemp was simply neglecting his duty in sending the girl to such a place. But he was always over-ridden by those tall daughters of his. What good can it do her, I should like to know! She's a Blue now, but who'd marry a girl from college?'

'Why is going to college incompatible with matrimony?' asked John Sneyd.

'Because young men don't like Blues,' said Miss Rowley.

'What do you mean by Blues?' was the retort. 'It seems to me that a Blue is any woman who knows more than the lady who is speaking.'

'A Blue!' said Mrs. Brown. 'I can tell you fast enough. A young woman who talks Greek to you, and has all the "ologies" at

Digitized by Google

her fingers' ends, and appeals to the "late Mr. Mill." It is much better that women shouldn't trouble their heads with such things.'

'But if,' said Sneyd, 'men trouble their heads with such things, and women don't, it ends in entire want of sympathy between the two. It seems to me that women look too exclusively to making a marriage, not to making it happy. Talking nonsense and dancing lead to the marriage, and then the husband and wife find they have nothing in common but the butcher's bills and the measles. Both bills and measles try the temper, and the man walks off to the club.'

'That's just like a man!' said Mrs. Swallow. 'The supreme evil is that it's "detestably slow for the man."'

'You misconstrue my meaning, Mrs. Swallow, if you think that I advocate the better education of women on the ground that it would be better for the men. Incidentally, of course, it would be; but I think that a woman should be allowed to educate herself for her own sake. Why should a woman stick herself down to understand nothing but children and cookery? She might as well be bred a peasant, for any mental pleasure she can get. We were assuming that to be a good wife was the object of woman's existence. I only assumed that, in order to convince Mrs. Brown that, on her own showing, women should be better educated. I should not think even Harry Johnson thinks that the ideal woman is Milton's Eve. I see no reason why women should not educate themselves; indeed, all the reason is the other way.'

'I don't believe in education,' said Mrs. Brown.

'Then why do you send your boys to school?'

'Oh, boys are different. They have to get on in the world, and, I suppose, they must go to a public school first.'

'I am afraid there are a good many woman now who have to get on in the world too,' said Mrs. Rowley, 'and they would certainly have a better chance if they were better educated.'

'Oh, save me from an uneducated man!' said Miss Rowley. 'I had to entertain Mr. Stubbins, the new curate of S. James's, for more than half an hour the other day when mother was out. I thought he'd never go. Those sort of people talk of nothing but themselves. If they are clergymen, they talk clerical shop; if they're in business, they talk business shop. I can't think how they can go on only thinking of one thing.'

'And would you kindly explain the reason why education improves a man while it spoils a woman?' said Sneyd.

'Education makes a woman discontented,' said Mrs. Brown. 'She prefers poetry to darning, and botany to garden-parties.'

'But if she is a woman of principle, she makes up her mind that darning is to be done first, as a man knows that he must make his living. And to be a woman of principle, she must have education.'

Digitized by Google

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Sneyd, I beg your pardon,' said Mrs. Brown, hotly, 'religion is the only thing that can give principle.'

'I quite agree,' returned Sneyd, quietly. 'But I certainly meant to include religion in my system of education.'

'And if you send a girl to Lady Margaret,' said Mrs. Rowley, 'you do get religious education.'

'Perhaps I mean rather more by education than Mrs. Brown does,' said Sneyd. 'I mean the best preparation for life; and I think everybody will allow that there's not much education in darning stockings.'

'There you're wrong, John,' said Aunt Emily, with the air of a person who has mounted her favourite hobby. 'A girl cannot be educated in that sense, or gain real principle by any amount of intellectual teaching, nor merely by darning stockings, for that matter. But I believe far more education can be conveyed by darning stockings and work such as that, truly done under proper guidance, than can be got from the best of books, or the most learned professors.'

'And you would propose to educate a girl through darning rather than by sending her to college?' said Sneyd.

'Yes, I would; and I believe a girl kept at home from eighteen to twenty-one, and taught to manage the house, and to join heartily in home life, taking up its unostentatious burdens with simplicity and cheerfulness, will, by such daily self-discipline, attain to much higher capabilities of usefulness, and a much higher ideal of duty, than Oxford or Cambridge could teach her.'

'Well, I always knew you were a bold woman,' said Sneyd.

'I don't mean she'll know more, of course.'

'I know what you mean; that she'll make a better wife. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer; that's your idea of a wife. It isn't mine.'

'Go it, go it,' shouted Harry Johnson. 'Here's a regular "mill." Go it, John; go it, Aunt Emily.'

The rest of the company seeming to acquiesce in the duel, Aunt Emily continued—

'You're the most aggravating person to argue with, John. You always misrepresent your opponent. I believe young men think that no woman ever refused a man. Women have some ideals besides marriage. They don't care about it as much as you think.'

'Come, now, I appeal to everybody that that is a gross misrepresentation of me,' said Sneyd. 'Haven't I just been saying that my idea is that a woman should be educated for herself, and not for her husband?'

'Wrong again,' said Aunt Emily. 'No one ought to be educated for himself or herself.'

'No; but in the case of a woman for her husband, eh? I have no

Digitized by Google

objection, if you choose, to maintain that a man should be educated for his wife.'

'No, no; all people are not husbands and wives. A woman should be educated not for a particular man, but for men in general. Woman is not an independent whole, as you seem to think. She is one half, man is the other. She attains her highest development, therefore, by sympathising with his interests, supplying his deficiencies, and drawing out his capabilities.'

'And you think she can do all that by darning his stockings,' said Sneyd.

'Oh, you're incorrigible,' said Dorothy.

'Have you ever read Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies?*' said Mrs. Rowley. 'I remember how he insists that woman should be withdrawn from the arena of public life. She is to be queen in her own realm; but it is not the realm of man. The world is to be shut out of the house, and in the home, unpolluted by the world, the woman is to reign.* Surely, if that is her sphere, she does not want the same education as a man.'

'But what is public life?' said Sneyd, 'and why shouldn't woman

* 'The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle, and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is Praise: she enters into no contest, but infallibly adjudges the crown of contest. By her office and place she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial: to him, therefore, must be the failure, the offence, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued; often misled; and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error and offence. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of peace; the shelter not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over and lighted a fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise of Home. And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot: but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless.'—RUSKIN'S *Sesame and Lilies*. Lecture II. Section 67.

Digitized by Google

join in it? I came across a lady the other day who is going to be an oculist. In that case a woman's quality, namely, her delicacy of hand, will be invaluable to her, or rather has already brought her into notice.'

'Let me read you a piece out of my novel. I marked it yesterday,' said Aunt Emily. 'It is called *A Foregone Conclusion*, by Howells. He says: "It is from this heaven-born ignorance in women of the insuperable difficulties of doing right, that men take fire and accomplish the insuperable difficulties. Our sense of details, our fatal habits of reasoning paralyse us. We need the impulse of the pure ideal, which we can get only from them. These two" (the characters in the book) "were alike children as regarded the world, but he had a man's dark prevision of the means, and she a heavenly scorn of everything but the end to be achieved." Now does not that well express the effect of bringing down woman into the arena?'

'If you put women into business or the professions they would be just as shoppy as the men,' said Harry.

'And surely,' said Mr. Rowley, 'it is a good thing to have a class of people who are entirely removed from money-making motives. Women form the best of aristocracies. They do not work, because men will not let them.'

'That is the real difficulty of getting women into the professions,' said Sneyd. 'A man is willing enough that women in general shall work for their living. But when you come down to the particular woman, his wife, or his mother, or his sister, then it is quite a different matter. No, in spite of Burke, the age of chivalry is not gone.'

'Why, Mr. Sneyd, you've quite come round,' said Mrs. Brown.

'Not quite,' said Sneyd. 'Women must earn a living nowadays, some of them, in spite of chivalry. What I want is, first that they should be educated enough to do so. Besides, don't you see, that if women have not to work for their living, that is the very reason why they ought to be able to cultivate themselves. A woman, whether she is married or not, has as much time for self-cultivation as an ordinary man. A good woman will darn the stockings, or do whatever she has undertaken to do first; but if she has any time to spare she will be far better employed in some interesting study than in reading a silly novel, or dozing over the fire.'

'I must say that there are heaps of women who could not keep up their education if they had it,' said Mrs. Rowley. 'You can't educate everybody.'

'Of course not,' answered Sneyd. 'You don't educate many men now in my sense of the word. All I wish to maintain is that in cases where men are educated, women should be educated also; first for their own sakes, but at lowest for the sake of their husbands.'

Digitized by Google

'I should say at highest, not at lowest,' said Mrs. Swallow. At which there arose a chorus of approval from all the ladies.

'Perhaps we had better not go into that,' said Sneyd. 'But don't you agree with me, Mrs. Rowley, that a cultivated man should have a cultivated wife?'

'Clever men very often marry stupid women,' said Mrs. Rowley.

'I know they do; but it is not to their credit. It is often a mistake. A man reads his thoughts into a woman's words, and only finds out after marriage that his wife does not sympathise with his highest thoughts and feelings. More often, by reason of a false humility and want of education in women, a clever man thinks that one is as big a fool as another, and that it doesn't much matter which he takes. Many men look on woman as a mere plaything. From the way they treat them one would suppose they thought women had no souls, as Mahomet preached.'

'I believe Sneyd only means that you must get the right people together,' said Harry. 'If he likes to marry a Blue he may; she would worry me to death. I believe in a girl who can play tennis.'

'Of course the husband and wife must have something in common,' said Mrs. Rowley. 'For instance, it might be absolute penance to some young women to have to hear Mr. Sneyd lay down the law; but, of course, he'd say it was their want of education.'

'I know exactly the sort of woman that Mr. Sneyd will marry,' said Dorothy. 'A woman who is sharp enough to understand him, and meek enough to say "yes" to whatever he asserts.'

'Come, come,' said Sneyd, 'you are descending to personalities. Never mind whom I am going to marry. If a woman were bored by a cultivated man's conversation, it would be because she was not educated enough to understand him. But I maintain that even Harry's test of being able to play lawn-tennis is hardly sufficient. The fact is that a great many women, who do marry, are not fit to marry any one. They have had no education, no preparation for the duties of life. They cannot do much that is useful. They cannot even amuse themselves, except by dressing and flirting. The worst of it is that dressing and flirting lead to marriage; but afterwards dressing is expensive, and flirting out of place.'

'Well, I never did care for dress,' said Mrs. Brown. The admirable woman did not mean to be funny, but a smile passed between some of the ladies; for Mrs. Brown, as Daisy once remarked, always looked as if she had put on the clothes of two differently shaped women with two different complexions.

'You see the evil, John,' said Aunt Emily; 'but you won't see that your remedy is the wrong one. We all agree with you about the evil.'

'If your ladyships please,' said Sneyd, mockingly.

Digitized by Google

'Now don't interrupt. The real question is, what ought a woman's education to be? You say a preparation for life. Very well. Does a college course prepare a girl for life, for the management of a household, for the bringing up of children? No; it hardens her, fits her to rub shoulders with the world, fits her for anything rather than to be such a queen as Ruskin speaks of. She gets intellectual education, but sacrifices something far more valuable, moral education. Her capacity for organising a house is what wants drawing out, a home not necessarily for a hypothetical husband, but for any of the homeless ones of this world who may have fallen among thieves.'

'I am very glad you said that,' put in Mrs. Rowley; 'it is all very well to live in gardens; but do we always remember that there are people who never can live in them, but must always remain outside?'

'Did you see a picture in the Grosvenor last year or the year before,' said Eleanor, 'called the *Grey Sisters*, by Miss Pickering? A man had built himself a garden and walled it in carefully from the world. The four sisters, Hunger, Debt, Necessity, and Care, approach his gate. The first three he repulses and they turn away, but Care surmounts the walls and stays with him.'

There was a pause; then Aunt Emily said—

'And surely there are wide spheres of educational and philanthropic work, both at home and abroad, which woman can fill, and which are left unfilled, because women are entering into competition with men in those branches of work in which there is every reason to believe he can altogether out-rival her.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Swallow; 'but if a woman is to undertake to educate others, she must have been thoroughly well educated herself. An education which merely produces a superficial knowledge of music and drawing, and enough of other subjects just to talk of, will not be enough. And then again any real philanthropy requires application, method, and judgment. The foundation of such qualities must be laid in a thorough mental training, and a practical knowledge of the world. They cannot be gained in a narrow circle. That is why so many posts are vacant, and yet so many women want something to do. And another thing I should like to say, that a high and pure ideal cannot be upheld by any one whose imagination has been fed (or rather starved) on such conversation as "Whose carriage is that? What is the last bonnet shape? What a quantity of butter cook uses?"'

'I have no objection to high schools or the highest mental training, if the girl is living at home,' said Aunt Emily. 'But she must be at home when she is seventeen or eighteen; for that, I maintain, is the only time when she can learn what I want her to know.'

'That is, her mental training stops just at the time when a man's begins to be serious,' said Sneyd.

Digitized by Google

'But surely she can educate herself at home. She can often attend lectures, always undertake systematic reading, and of course she ought to be brought into contact with superior minds.'

'But superior minds are not like blackberries,' said Eleanor. 'They don't grow on every hedge. Besides, it appears to me, that Aunt Emily's system of education could not be carried out, except where there is a large family. With an active mother, and no one at home, a girl is thrown on her own resources. It does not matter what she does. I should like to be obliged to do something. Even if I made my own dresses, it would be voluntary work still; not necessary.'

'Why, the girl you describe is the very girl who ought to go to college,' said Sneyd.

'No, that's the worst of it,' returned Eleanor; 'such is the contradiction of the world, that she is the very girl who can't, because she is the only one at home. And self-education does not satisfy one. It may be because I am a woman, but it is the fact that self-development seems to me to be only another word for selfishness.'

'Ah, but it is not the same really,' said Sneyd. 'Look at Goethe.'

'The incarnation of selfishness,' was the reply. 'I want something to do. Think! think! think! What's the good of it all, though I spoke with the tongue of men and angels, and understood all mysteries and all knowledge, and yet had not the love which works for others. I feel I should be nothing.'

'Never mind, Eleanor,' said Mrs. Rowley. 'Work for others is sure to come to any one who feels that.'

'You were saying something about high schools just now,' said Daisy, turning to Aunt Emily. 'Now I know something of them, and my experience is that they turn people into mere teaching machines. High school girls get up a given number of subjects, but they have not the least idea what their knowledge learnt by rote has to do with anything.'

'You mean they don't think; they don't apply their knowledge to life,' said Sneyd. 'That's just how boys come up to Oxford, and that's just what Oxford makes them do. I don't know much of women's colleges, but what a university education ought to do is to make people assimilate their knowledge, make it part of themselves.'

'You're beyond me,' said Mrs. Brown.

'I mean that cultivation in the best sense is no use except for its own sake. It is the ornament of life. The substance may be making a living, bringing up children or what not; but just as a man ought to do something beyond making a living, so a woman ought to do something beyond bringing up children. The present ornament of a woman's mind is a tawdry fringe, fashions, balls, and "society" in its worst sense. I want to make it like the frieze of a Grecian temple, or

Digitized by Google

the carving of a Gothic church, something really worthy, a solace to life, and an aiming at higher things.'

'There's something in that,' said Mr. Rowley.

'Why does a man tell you that he has forgotten all his Greek, or neglected the studies which once delighted him, unless it is that his wife's notion of relief from the routine of life is gossip rather than these things.'

"I certainly think a woman ought to be well educated in order to appreciate a well-educated man, whether her husband or not,' said Mrs. Rowley.

'I would not put it on that ground myself,' said Sneyd. 'A woman ought to be well educated for her own sake.'

'There we differ,' said Mrs. Swallow. 'Woman was made for man.'

'And man for woman, said Sneyd.

'Not in the same sense,' returned Mrs. Swallow. 'You would not say man was made for sheep, but sheep for man.'

'I say, mamma,' said Miss Swallow, 'you don't mean to put sheep and women on a level?'

'I don't know that it is quite certain that sheep were made for man,' said Sneyd. 'But apart from that, man and woman are, as Aunt Emily said some time back, halves of one whole. If you are studying any animal, say the cray-fish, you look at the male and female as on the same level in the scale of being. And the very expression for a happy match is that "they were made for each other."'

'Well, I think there should 'be one head, and that's the husband,' said Mrs. Brown.

'And I think that two heads are wiser than one,' said Sneyd. 'And why should you restrict the unfortunate spinster to doing doubtful philanthropy, wrongly named "good works." Why shouldn't she do something intellectual. If she is to do that, she must be educated early and systematically.'

'Yes,' said Miss Rowley, 'it must be dreadfully hard for a girl to begin something quite new when she's thirty.'

'It's almost a pity,' said Harry, 'that you could not draft them off like they do puppies, so many to the marriage market and so many to the professions. If you began young enough they'd never know the difference.'

'Where have we got to?' said Mrs. Rowley.

'We have gone over a good deal of ground certainly,' said Sneyd.

'And as usual, come to no conclusion,' said Miss Swallow.

'Oh, yes; I think we have,' said Sneyd.

'Sneyd had better sum it up, then,' said Harry, 'for I'm blowed if I know what it is.'

'I should say it was a conclusion against himself,' said Aunt Emily.

Digitized by Google

'Nay, I don't admit that,' said Harry.

'I don't believe anything would ever convince him he was wrong,' said Dorothy.

'I'll sum up the conversation impartially,' said Sneyd, 'on the one condition that no one will interrupt me.'

'We won't interrupt you,' said Mrs. Rowley; 'you will just have time to lay down the law concisely before tea, unless, indeed, want of contradiction brings you to a standstill.'

'Well,' said Sneyd, 'we are agreed that education means a preparation for life. The first thing in life is to live, so I think every one ought to be able to make their own living; and I don't think any one seriously disagrees. After that, I think we are divided into two main parties. Aunt Emily thinks that the moral discipline of a home is a better education than the intellectual discipline of a college. She seems to think that woman's sphere must be exclusively emotional and practical, while a man's is mental and theoretical. Women who marry are apparently to cultivate their husbands, rather than themselves, and must do any good they wish to do in the world through their children. Women who do not marry are to be philanthropists, with just enough to live on. For though there is plenty of philanthropic work to be done, I am afraid Aunt Emily must allow that there is very little to be got by doing it. I am a little doubtful whether my theory is inconsistent with this. I am not inclined to divide men and women by any sharp line. Some men are practical, some theoretical, and so it would be among women, if they were properly educated. I agree that women might (some of them do) accomplish all that Aunt Emily says they ought. But I think my theory includes hers.' (Murmurs of dissent.) 'I want to see some women, however few, lead a cultivated life. They must always be few, as there are few cultivated men compared with the men who do the necessary work of the world, the digging, the buying and selling. But would it not be possible for a woman, who would never have to earn her own living, to do good, intellectual work, more or less original? Some of us seem to think that, if such a woman marries, she must drop her life-work in order to take up her husband's hobby. I think that a fine husband and wife would be able to sympathise with each other's work, without giving up their own. I agree that bringing up children would interfere with a woman's special subject; but it seems to me that she would have at least as much time for it, if she were properly trained, as a man ordinarily has. And would not some interest of this kind be invaluable to the childless wife, who is too often a person without an object or an interest in the world. Those seem to me to be the opposing views, if they are indeed opposed to each other. Aunt Emily propounded one, I propounded the other. The rest of the company seem to me to lie scattered and divided half way between the two, except Mrs. Brown and Harry Johnson. Mrs. Brown wants no

Digitized by Google

change whatever. And Harry Johnson does not care what happens in general, as long as he can secure a wife, in other respects suitable, who can play lawn-tennis.'

At the end of this harangue, there were some jokes against Harry. Then some one called for a show of hands. John Sneyd supported his own theory in a minority of one, and the rest of us voted for Aunt Emily. After that we all went to tea, John Sneyd, like the Duke of Wellington, apparently quite unconscious that he was beaten.

OUTSIDER.

Digitized by Google

HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS AND OCCASIONS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, AUTHOR OF 'THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION,' ETC.

IV.

HYMN FOR EASTER.

[*Written for Processional use at Easter: but it is adaptable for any Lord's-Day Service. The Music is from a Litany of Loretto, adapted and harmonised by T. C. Lewis, and published by Novello. The Hymn can also be sung to the Tune* 392, *Ancient and Modern.*]

'*Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the Day of God.*'
2 S. PETER iii. 12.

EASTWARD, ever eastward,
Dark or light the way,
Pressing towards the promise,
We salute the day.
O'er the mountains yonder
Shines the orient gleam,
Yonder sweetest voices
Call across the stream.

Eastward, ever eastward,
Dark or light the way,
Pressing towards the promise,
We salute the day.

To those border mountains
Lift we then our eyes:
Thence our Help smiles on us,
There is set our Prize—
There, like sound of trumpet
Clear, and loud, and long,
Easter splendour streaming
Greets our Easter song.
Eastward, &c.

Flow life's river cheerly—
Flow it dark and chill—
O'er its changeful waters
Constant look we still.

Digitized by Google

Clear across them beckons
The unchanging shore,
Where the life and beauty
Is for evermore.
Eastward, &c.

Saints and Angels call us—
Angels of the height,
Who at Incarnation
Sang the new-born Light:
Saints gone on before us,
Past our life forlorn,
Who in Eden's Vigil
Wait the greater Morn.
Eastward, &c.

Death of woeful winter!
Dawn of happy spring!
Listen! all the woodlands
Of the wide world ring!
Look! the waste lands blossom
'Neath the gracious rain,
And all beauty buried
Takes its life again.
Eastward, &c.

Oh! the end of patience,
And the close of strife.
Oh! the joy of morning,
And the gift of life!
Oh! the grace, the glory,
Of the great Reward;
Oh! the blessed Vision,
Jesus Christ our Lord.
Eastward, &c.
Amen.

Digitized by Google

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCVIII.

1626—1627.

CHARLES'S SECOND PARLIAMENT.

THERE were two great battles to be fought out in the days of Charles I. One was whether the Catholic and Apostolic Church should mould the English people, or whether the loudest-voiced of the English people should manipulate religion, till all the essentials of a Church vanished under their hands. The other was whether the Crown or the House of Commons should be the first power in the nation, and the opponents of Church and Crown made common cause. Both were aggressive. Though the Commons might talk of Witen-a-Gemôts, and here and there the lawyers might discover a precedent, the truth was that after the Norman Conquest, the Crown had been supreme, and that Magna Charta had only thrown power into the hands of the turbulent nobility, while the Commons had only been called to grant supplies, with licence to mention their grievances, and that their claim to dictate to the whole kingdom was an absolute novelty, only rendered possible by the weakness of James I., and by their own conscious strength. As to meddling with the Church, and censuring doctrine or practice, for that they had not the slighest precedent in the history of the constitution. They could only assume it on the same grounds as the Lords of the Congregation in Scotland, or the Dutch republicans, who had persecuted the Arminians and slaughtered Barneveldt.

Calvinism, or, as they termed it, Puritanism, had been eating its way into the nation all through the last two reigns. Opposition to Spain and the Church she upheld had made all Elizabeth's great men strong Protestants, and, with the exception of Parker, all her higher clergy had been of the same mould, and thus the religious system had come to be an Episcopal Calvinism, with the Liturgy indeed, but with the utmost laxity of ritual, while controversial and political sermons and lectures were passionately sought after, and were often full of coarse invective against all the remains of Catholicism in the Church. Ordination was almost as easily attainable as before the Reformation; no definite cure of souls, nor regular appointment or maintenance, such as is now termed a title for Orders, was necessary, testimonials or examination were little thought of, and the swarm of unbeneficed clergy found employment as chaplains in private families, or as

Digitized by Google

lecturers. Lectureships were founded by endowments, and were courses of sermons preached in the Church without relation to its services or regular incumbent; while some, which were termed running lectures, were preached in a whole circle of country churches. It was a strange reaction from the days when sermons were rare events, taking place only in Lent, or on great occasions; and the whole world flocked to them on market-days, and on evenings as well as on Sundays, listening fervently to what was not nearly so much devotional as controversial, and even denunciatory and political. To preach morality was viewed as a return to the bondage of the Law. Calvinism at that day required the constant proclamation of predestination, and the lectures further took the place of the newspapers and essays, political and religious, of our own day. Thus the people were in many places permeated with Calvinistic doctrine, and their strongest instinct was hatred to Popery, and what they called Arminianism, which in England simply meant the true Catholic doctrine.

Under all these unfavourable circumstances a man had arisen whose one idea was to restore the English Church, and enable her again to show forth her true doctrine, and assert herself as no creature of Luther, Calvin, or Cranmer, but a true branch of the Church, continuous from the days of the Apostles, once laden with errors, and now nearly torn to pieces in ridding herself of them, but still capable of recovery and revival. This was William Laud, at present Bishop of S. David's, and one of the royal chaplains. He was one of the most devout and scrupulous men in the world, but he believed that the revival of the Church must be worked out by authority from above, and therefore he had attached himself to Court life, and striven to begin by moulding and convincing those in whose hands was government.

He was greatly respected by the young King, and likewise by the Duke of Buckingham. This man, though in history he appears in such an unfavourable light, as arrogant, presumptuous, domineering, and grasping, must have had about him some great charm of fascination. Not only was he the only royal favourite on record, equally beloved by father and son, men very dissimilar to one another; but in the midst of the brilliant French court, he caught the fancy of the stately Spanish-born Queen: he was warmly loved by many, and there is no doubt that the pious and devout Laud was genuinely attached to him. The diary in which Laud records his own failings, his penitence, his dreams, everything that touched him, makes it certain that his affection for Buckingham was true and devoted. As the Duke's religious adviser and confessor, he knew the strong devotional feeling and the repentance that prevailed in the wayward heart, and that there was a very different side of character to the man whom England regarded as its greatest foe. There is no doubt that Buckingham was a spoiled child, and that his personal charms, by giving him exclusive

Digitized by Google

ascendancy over his sovereigns, had raised him to a post that he was totally unfitted for. He had no idea of statesmanship, no comprehension of the duty of a sovereign. Probably he really had not the brain to take in the notion, and all he could understand was that royalty should be splendid, glorious in war, and beneficent, especially towards himself and his friends, and for these purposes, money must be raised by any means that could be devised. It was the nation's business to minister to the needs of the King, and it must be made to do so, whether by Parliamentary grants, imposts, customs, or forced loans! Such was his notion of government, and he gave further offence by the arrogance of manner and extravagance of expenditure which were chiefly the consequence of the vanity excited by the King's distinguishing favour; but we may remember in his favour, that, though gay, luxurious, and pleasure-loving, there was no deep stain of vice or profligacy on his character, and that though he made many enemies, he was never vindictive, nor used his power to gratify personal enmity. He was a warm friend, and made himself personally beloved; and his errors, though grievous and fatal, were chiefly those caused by vanity, a weak head, and a position which drove him into undertakings which he was unequal to conduct properly, and which he therefore tried to carry out by improper and unjustifiable means.

All this could not but make him the object of bitter hatred to the nation at large. The nobility despised and hated him as an upstart who had obtained the ear of the King, and engrossed for himself and his connections all sorts of offices and emoluments; the wise and statesmanlike gentlemen looked with dismay at the blunders in policy to which he committed the nation; the Puritans regarded with horror his magnificence and love of pleasure and amusement, and the whole country was resolved to make a stand against the demands for money which the people regarded as extortions, impoverishing them under pretext of recovering the Palatinate, but chiefly lavished on the favourite and his followers. Buckingham wished no harm to any one, but his incapacity, recklessness, and bad management produced rapacity and oppression, and rendered him the object of universal obloquy.

Facing a Parliament was the ordeal most dreaded by both the King and Buckingham, and yet the Commons must be assembled or supplies could not be obtained. Charles had tried to reduce the number of the Duke's enemies when he looked over the list of high sheriffs for the counties for the year 1626. Three names for each county are always submitted to the sovereign as a matter of form, but there is in point of fact no exercise of choice, for each is pricked off to serve in rotation. Charles, on this occasion, departed from the regular custom by changing seven of the names for those of gentlemen who had shown themselves most hostile to Buckingham in the preceding session; thus causing them to return the members elected, and disqualifying them for the coming Parliament. He considered himself to be acting

Digitized by Google

perfectly within his rights in thus excluding men whom he viewed as factious and spiteful, but the measure was viewed as unfair, and increased the general discontent.

Williams was no longer Lord Keeper; Buckingham disliked and distrusted him, and indeed, though one of the ablest and most industrious statesmen in England, he was altogether unprincipled. On the plea that King James had considered that no Lord Keeper should hold office more than three years at a time the Great Seal was taken from him and given to Sir Thomas Coventry, who had been Attorney-General.

Four days after the Coronation, on the 6th of February, 1626, the King opened Parliament. He had a slight impediment in speech, which made public speaking very difficult to him, so he only said he was no orator, and should leave the Lord Keeper to speak for him; and this Coventry did very decisively, but without impressing much submission on the Commons. They began by resuming their attack on Dr. Montagu and on another divine named Mainwaring. So virulent were they that Charles thought it safer to call in Montagu's book, and Mainwaring was imprisoned, fined, suspended, and forced to ask pardon on his knees of this new hydra-headed Pope of England.

The true Churchmen, with Laud at their head, were grieved at this concession to the Puritans, but Charles made it up to the sufferers as soon as he could, and before long Montagu and Mainwaring were on the bench of Bishops.

The House next offered to the King a list of sixteen grievances, the chief of which were monopolies, the system of impositions or forced loans, the purveyance by which provisions for the King's household were collected at a fixed rate within sixty miles of the Court, and the collection of tonnage and poundage, although the bill sanctioning it had not been fully passed in the last Parliament. To this it was answered that these imposts made part of the regular revenue, and that it was the Commons who had departed from the stated rule and made the difficulty. Hopes were held out to the King of a grant provided all these were redressed, and all the blame was laid on a certain 'great delinquent.'

Charles, however, did not choose to allow what he held as the rights of his Crown to be purchased from him for a sum of money, and he tried the effect of the sharp reprimands, threats, and commands which the Tudors were wont to employ. 'I wish you would hasten my supply,' he wrote, 'or it shall be the worse for yourselves.'

The threat only made the Commons more determined in their resistance, to submit to no encroachment of the Crown, and to impeach 'the great delinquent' on whom they laid all the blame. Sir Dudley Carleton, who had been much abroad, cautioned them not to drive the King to extremity and make him 'out of love with Parliaments,' lest he should dispense with them altogether, as had been

Digitized by Google

done in almost all the other kingdoms of Europe. 'In foreign countries,' he said, 'the people look, not like ours with store of flesh on their backs, but like ghosts, being nothing but skin and bone, with some thin cover to their nakedness, and wearing wooden shoes on their feet—a misery beyond expression and that we are yet free from; and let us not lose the repute of a free-born nation by our turbulency in Parliament.'

Sir Dudley never seems to have doubted of the royal power to overthrow the Parliament, as Louis XIII. had overthrown the States General, or Charles V. the Cortes; but probably with neither of those bodies would the welfare of the poor have been a plea.

Charles came down himself to address the Commons, and reminded them that the very existence of a Parliament depended on his pleasure. They retired to deliberate, but locked themselves into their chamber and gave the key to the Speaker, Sir Heneage Finch. It was plain that there must be some measures of conciliation, and Charles invited them to hold a conference with the Lords. There Buckingham tried to explain away a good deal, and offered, on the King's behalf, that a secret committee should investigate the various grievances they complained of.

But the Commons had made up their minds to impeach the Duke himself, and when the recess for Easter took place it was well known that this was their intention. Charles, on his side, sought to diminish the number of his friend's opponents, and among them he noted the Earl of Arundel, Thomas Howard, the same who had been born while his father was in the Tower. He had been restored to the family honours, and had the regular hatred of the older nobility to the upstart. He held in his hands five proxies of other peers, and it was matter of rejoicing to the Court to find that he had incurred a penalty by the marriage of his son, Lord Maltravers, to a daughter of the Duke of Lennox, without the royal licence. The fact was that it was a stolen match, arranged between the two mothers, without the Earl's knowledge; but this exculpation was not allowed to prevent him from, pending an inquiry, being sent to the Tower by royal warrant, and Charles was surprised to find that the Peers considered this as a breach of their privileges. Certainly they never would have dared to make any such protest to Henry VIII. or Elizabeth, and the knowledge that no ill was intended to the Earl, but that he was simply to be kept out of the way, only increased their indignation, and they passed a resolution to deal with no other concern till Arundel was set at liberty. This was done after three months.

There was another enemy of Buckingham whom the King strove to keep at a distance, namely, John Digby, Earl of Bristol, who had been ambassador in Spain at the time of the visit of the Prince and Duke, and who had a very different story to tell about the courtship from that which Buckingham had publicly told, with Charles's assent.

Digitized by Google

Bristol had been prevented from contradicting this statement on that occasion by being ordered down into the country, and kept at his estate at Sherborne. He had again and again petitioned the Kings, father and son, to be allowed to come to London and to be heard in his own defence, and now he made a fresh demand to know why the writ, summoning him to take his seat among his peers, had never been issued. It was impossible not to send the summons, but a private letter accompanied it, bidding him stay away on pain of the king's displeasure. Bristol sent the letter to the House of Lords, asking for their advice, and demanding permission to cite Buckingham to their bar for high crimes and misdemeanours.

On this the Attorney-General, at the bar of the House, accused Bristol himself of high treason, intending to silence his voice; but the Lords ruled that the two causes should be heard in succession, and that the Earl's impeachment should not invalidate his testimony. Thereupon Bristol came to the House of Lords as in triumph, with eight horses to his coach, adorned with cloth of gold, and a grand retinue, while Buckingham, contrary to his usual habits, used only an old coach and brought merely a few footmen.

Bristol then accused him of plotting with Gondomar to get the Prince of Wales into Spain, so that he might be converted to Romanism before his marriage; of having himself conformed to Popish rites; of having brought contempt on the Prince by his misconduct at Madrid; and of having broken off the treaty of marriage out of spite, and then of the deceiving the King and Parliament with a false narration.

On the other hand the Attorney-General, Heath, retorted on Bristol the charge of wanting to make the Prince change his religion, accused him of falsely declaring the Spanish Government sincere, of trying to drive Charles into the match, and of sending a scandalous report to King James.

The Lords decided that Bristol's cause should first be heard, whereupon the Attorney-General was asked who was the prosecuting witness. He answered that the prosecution had been commanded by the King, and that his Majesty had dictated some of the charges. The Earl drily replied that he could not contend with his sovereign, but that it might have dangerous consequences for the King to be accuser, witness, judge, and receiver of the confiscation. Charles, however, sent Lord-Keeper Coventry to tell the Lords that of his own knowledge he could exculpate the Duke, and that Bristol, by impeaching Buckingham's narrative, insulted royalty, since he himself had vouched for it.

The Lords paid no attention to this message, and Charles endeavoured to remove the cause to the Court of Queen's Bench, but in vain; and an inquiry was made of the Judges whether the King could be a witness in a case of high treason. Charles forbade them to answer

Digitized by Google

it, and in the meantime Bristol answered the charges by a vindication and explanation of his own conduct.

Without waiting for the inquiry of the Lords, the Commons had meantime drawn up thirteen articles against Buckingham, and had voted that the Lords should consider of sending him to the Tower.

Of the thirteen articles, most were the extortion or misapplication of money; but one declared that he had lent English ships to be employed against the Huguenot city of Rochelle, and the last that he had presumed to apply a plaster and administer a drink to the late King without the knowledge of the physicians. Eight messengers were sent up to the lords with this accusation, at the head of whom were Sir Dudley Digges and Sir John Eliot. The latter of these, a Cornishman from St. Germain, was a thoroughly devout and conscientious gentleman, filled with indignation against wrong and oppression, and with a strong conviction that if Englishmen stood on the rights and privileges of which he believed there were germs in the Constitution, the Crown could be prevented from endangering their liberties and property. He thought himself only defensive, while to the other party he appeared aggressive to an unjustifiable degree.

Digges spoke first, comparing the constitution to the universe, in which the King was the sun, the Lords the stars, the Commons the lower world, and Buckingham a portentous comet. The other members pressed the individual charges, and Eliot wound up by likening the Duke first to a blurred and spotted beast called by the ancients *Stellionatus*, and afterwards to Sejanus, the wicked favourite of Tiberius, quoting Tacitus's description in the original Latin, and then pointing the application with 'My Lords, you see the man! By him came all the evils. In him we find the cause. On him we expect the remedies.'

Buckingham laughed scornfully at the 'Stellionatus,' and one of the deputation exclaimed, 'My Lord, do you jeer me! Are these things to be jeered at? My Lord, I can show you where a man of a greater blood than your lordship, as high in place and power, and as deep in the favour of the King as you, hath been hanged for as small a crime as the least of these articles contain.'

He probably had in his mind the favourites of Edward II. and Richard II. Any way, Charles felt the attack to be quite as much on himself as on his friend. If Buckingham were Sejanus, then *he* must be Tiberius, and besides, he was told that the allegation about the plaster and the potion was intended to imply that his father had been poisoned with his consent; whereas, as all conversant with the court knew, it had been simply the very common case of a kind lady coming in with her nostrum, and administering it in her own way, in contempt of physicians, nor was there any reasonable cause to suppose that it had done the King any harm; but just as the populace chose to think that poor King James had murdered his son, so they now liked to whisper

Digitized by Google

that Charles had murdered his father. The horrible implication, like the mutual accusations of wanting to Romanise the Prince, must have been added for popularity's sake. Bristol and Buckingham must have known that neither had any desire for so ruinous a step as this latter.

Charles was thoroughly incensed. He sent for Digges and Eliot out of the House of Commons, and had them conveyed to the Tower by water. On the tidings, the House rang with cries of 'Rise! Rise!' Mr. Pym, a cautious lawyer, stood up and began to advise patience and prudence, upon which one Walters declared that he mistook, and that the members were only going to rise to go away to dinner.

The King hurried to the House of Lords and made an indignant speech, calling on the peers to vindicate the honour both of himself and Buckingham. On the other hand, the Commons refused to attend to any business till Eliot and Digges were released, and Charles was forced to give them up after a few days.

Just then the Earl of Suffolk died. He was Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and Charles instantly resolved that by way of compensation for what he considered the vile injustice of the Commons, the Duke should succeed to the office. Dr. Wilson, chaplain to the Bishop of London, arrived with a verbal message to that effect to the Heads of Houses almost at the same time that they received intelligence of the vacancy. The Heads were ready to obey, but Cambridge had become the head-quarters of Puritanism, and the younger fellows and tutors set up in opposition the Earl of Berkshire, without his own knowledge. Buckingham was elected by a majority of three, to the extreme wrath of the Commons, who sent a letter to reproach them for electing a nobleman under impeachment, and were even about to summon the Doctors to answer for themselves, but this act of insolence was summarily prohibited.

Buckingham read his defence. To the Lords it appeared satisfactory; to the Commons it was the reverse, and they were about to insist on his dismissal, and the reform of the abuses they complained of, as the price of the grant they were prepared to make, when they were summoned to the House of Lords to find themselves dissolved. The Lords, shrinking from the unpopularity of the measure, counselled a short delay, but Charles answered 'No, not one minute!'

To him the Commons seemed a presumptuous mob, who thought to buy the right of insulting him and all that he held dearest, while, in their eyes, royalty was a tyranny that needed to be bound; and they stretched every precedent to the utmost, and arrogated to themselves rights that had never been heard of before, showing a violence, presumption, and self-conceit that might naturally provoke a King whose predecessors had never seen any such conduct on the part of their Parliaments.

Charles imprisoned Bristol and Arundel, and turned his whole attention to acquiring, without Parliament, the sums he could not

Digitized by Google

obtain from the Lower House without concessions that he deemed unworthy. He sent out his officers to collect the duties of tonnage and poundage, established a commission for making the utmost of the Crown lands, caused the Roman Catholic recusants to be sued for the arrears of their fines, and demanded, under the Privy Seal, loans from the richer nobles, and 120,000*l.* from the city of London. In his eyes these were measures within his authority, to which he was driven by the disloyalty of the Parliament, and the clergy were directed thus to instruct the people. But to the other party they were simply extortions to be passively resisted as the only means of forcing the Parliament to be re-elected. Men who refused the forced loan were imprisoned, and among the gentlemen who did so were Sir John Eliot, Sir Thomas Wentworth, a Yorkshire baronet, and Mr. John Hampden, a Buckinghamshire squire. An assize sermon by one Robert Sibthorp, on the rights and powers of kings, went so far in assertion that Archbishop Abbot refused to license it for publication when it was sent to him by Mr. Murray, a young gentleman of Buckingham's. He was very feeble at the time, and unequal to controversy, but he adhered to his opinion, and submitted to a brief exile from court at his country house at Ford, while Bishop Montaigne exercised his office of censor of the press. Charles, however, respected his conscientiousness, invited him to court at Christmas, and showed him all marks of honour. No one then understood the danger of identifying politics with religion, but each party strengthened itself to the utmost by appealing to the grounds of the faith, regarding State and Church as one and the same, and thus, with few exceptions, High Churchmanship and loyal principles went together, while Puritanism and Parliaments were the cry on the other side. Sermons were often only public speeches, and men went to hear preachers as they now read leading articles. On the whole the Puritan clergy, at their week-day lectureships, made by far the greatest use of religion as a political engine, but Laud and Montaigne tried to have them met on their own ground, and in this probably committed an error of judgment, connecting the Church in men's minds with the oppressions and abuses of the State.

Of course nothing but popular prejudice could suppose Buckingham the author of all the troubles of England. The real cause of these—and after all they were not grievances that pressed heavily on most people—was that the nation had outgrown feudalism, so that well-educated men could no longer be treated as their half-animal forefathers had been. The constitution had been undefined in the earlier times, and when the strength of the turbulent nobility was broken the Crown had profited by it. But the franklin, once a mere prosperous rustic, had developed into the squire with a university education, completed by a year or two at the Inns of Court; and though the royal demands might not in themselves hurt him much, he was resolved to give

Digitized by Google

nothing without knowing the reason why, and to stand on his rights, and get them acknowledged, using the King's necessity as the opportunity for obtaining such recognition. Naturally the King, who had on his side the Tudor precedents, resisted them; and Buckingham bore the odium of that resistance, because he was well known to be a favourite, and because his sudden elevation from an obscure station had excited jealousy. His honours had no doubt turned his head, and rendered him vain, boastful, and presumptuous, and he had not abilities to fulfil the duties of the situation into which the private friendship of the King's had thrust him; but he had never been malignant against any man, nor used his power for injury to others, and had certainly done nothing to justify the savage and fanatical hatred that was directed against him. He was simply an empty-headed man in a place too high for him; whereas the nation thought him a double-dyed traitor and enemy to his country. He was not an irreligious man, but he was no Puritan, and this added to the general hatred.

Digitized by Google

THE SAMARITAN PASSOVER, 1861.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH HAMMOND

[The following account of the Samaritan Passover, as witnessed in the spring of 1861, requires a few words of preface. It is printed, with the addition of two or three sentences, as it was preached in S. Austell church a few weeks ago, on the occasion of a visit of two Samaritans to the town. This will explain to the reader its now didactic, now hortatory features. It was thought that such an account might fittingly be given from the pulpit as being perhaps the best exposition we can have of the narrative of Exodus xii. And it is hoped that, notwithstanding its homiletic origin, it may have an interest for the readers of the *Monthly Packet* as being the account of an eye witness, largely written down at the time, while the Passover was in progress, of a ceremonial of profound antiquity, of deep scriptural interest, and one which at that date hardly a dozen Europeans had witnessed. It was seen in the following year by the Prince of Wales and his suite, and the rite was graphically described by Dean Stanley in vol. i. of his *Jewish Church*; but the ceremony, as witnessed by myself and my three travelling companions, differed in several particulars from the rite as there portrayed. I may add that the Samaritans *claim* to be of pure Hebrew descent, descendants of Ephraim, or Manasseh, with three families of the tribe of Levi, but the true account of their origin is that they are the representatives of those emigrants from Cuthah, and Ava, and Hamath, and Sepharvaim (2 Kings, xvii. 24), which Esarhaddon, King of Assyria, and the 'great and noble Asnapper' brought over about B.C. 670, and planted in the cities of Samaria, in the place of the Israelites whom Shalmaneser had transported to the cities of Media. These immigrants would intermarry with the small remnant of Jews left in the land, and this mixed race became the parent stock of the modern Samaritans. They now (1884) number 145 souls.]

THE entire Samaritan race—all but a few women detained at home by ritual reasons—is assembled here, on this ancient mount, 2,600 feet above the sea level. Centuries of oppression, and of late years constant intermarriage, have reduced their numbers to about a hundred and forty. A century ago they had synagogues both in Damascus and Gaza; now they are found at Nablous only. Here, then, are the representatives of those Samaritans with whom our Lord sojourned, and over whom His tender heart yearned; those Samaritans to whom Philip preached, and for whom SS. Peter and John prayed. They are assembled to perform the most sacred rite of their ancestral faith. 'As did their fathers, so do they unto this day' (2 Kings, xvii. 41), a sentence, it is worth remembering, penned about Samaritans over 2,000 years ago. Still they worship in this mountain, still they cling to their local *cultus*. Not yet have they learned that 'neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem shall men worship the Father,' nor that 'they that worship Him must worship Him in *spirit* and in *truth*.'

Digitized by Google

The view is impressive: in the foreground the white tents of the Samaritans; in the distance, the purple mountains of Moab to the east, the blue Mediterranean to the west; on the north the snowy head of Hermon, on the south the hills of Judæa; at our feet, the vale of Shechem, and the great plain of Mukhna, surrounded by a perfect network of hills and valleys. Fit scene for worship and sacrifice!

The first thing that I observe is a Samaritan washing his feet. I am at once reminded of that blessed act of humility which preceded the *great* Passover—the one *true* Passover—the washing of the *disciples'* feet. I now see the meaning of the words, 'He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet.' This man had doubtless performed the customary lustration of the body at home. It was only the *feet*, soiled by ascending the mountain, or by the dust of its summit, which needed to be washed now.

There are eighteen tents in all, the homes of the Samaritans for the week. The oven where the lambs are to be roasted—a circular pit dug in the ground, about two feet in diameter, and rising up into a bank or mound of earth, about three feet square—a common Eastern oven, that is to say, on a large scale—the oven has been filled with wood, and the flames are now leaping forth. I observe *six* lambs browsing on the scant herbage of the mountain-top. I had understood that the usual number offered was seven—the perfect, the covenant number—and I ask my guide why there are only six. He answers me that this year the Samaritans are too poor, or too few, to offer more; again reminding me of the words of Holy Writ—'If the household be too little for the lamb, let him and his neighbour next unto his house take it, according to the number of the souls.' I see a little Samaritan boy—it was his own idea, no doubt, but to me it was touching and beautiful—go up to one of the lambs, clasp its head in his arms, and kiss it on its brow. Would that Christ, our Passover, had as warm a place in our hearts! Who would not kiss His dear hands and feet!

And now the little band of *men*—for the women are merely spectators, and take no part in the ritual; it is only our blessed Christianity knows no distinction of 'male or female' in drawing near to God—the men turn with their faces toward Gerizim, the *Kiblah*, or holy place of the Samaritans, just as the Jew worshipped '*toward* the temple,' just as Daniel prayed 'with his face toward Jerusalem.' Now they kneel, and now they stand and chant the monotonous hymns of the East with great vehemence. It was just such worship as this that our Blessed Lord witnessed, just such music as this that He heard. They are all clad in holiday costume, many of them in garments of pure white. Again I am reminded of the words—'They shall walk with Me in *white*. . . . He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.' A few aged men with long grisly beards are conspicuous among them. I take my stand by the side of the old

Digitized by Google

priest—or, rather, Levite, for the Samaritans say the last of their priests, *i.e.*, of the line of Aaron, died a few years ago—the Levite Amran. I observe a great diversity in the complexion and physiognomy of those present. Most of the faces, however, appeared to me to have a decidedly Jewish caste, though some travellers have asserted the contrary. They hold MS. prayer-books—the Samaritan liturgy—in their hands. I notice that forms of prayer are no innovation; the Christian Church has inherited them from its Jewish predecessor. I observe, too, that the chanting is *antiphonal*, or responsive, like that of Miriam and her maidens: like that of many a homely village choir. But I cannot help remarking, at the same time, the apparent—I say *apparent*—absence of *devotion*, of spiritual worship, in the service. The old priest is an exception to the general rule; the rest go through their prayers and chants and prostrations in a seemingly perfunctory and matter-of-fact way. But then, I am reminded, alas, that the worship of Gerizim is not singular in this respect: one has too often seen this kind of thing much nearer home! But it is sad to think that Samaria, where the true idea of worship was first expounded to the world, has still to learn that blessed primal lesson—that 'the Lord looketh at the heart.'

The sun is very near the horizon; it is dipping in a sheet of flame over the western sea, the Mediterranean, which is distinctly visible from this point. A sheep has been brought, the wood is laid in order. The children of the community squat, as the Easterns commonly do, on the ground, near two large iron cauldrons filled with boiling water. The persons appointed to this service now bring the other sheep, and the little ones rush forward to see the sight. The Levite Amran and his nephew Jacob presently consult together and ascertain the time by watch. The lambs are arranged alongside the cauldrons, between us and the group of men, who are still sonorously chanting their prayers. At the bidding of Amran the six lambs are placed in a circle round the furnace, each head facing the other's tail. The men gird up their long flowing garments, so as to be ready for their work. The six *Shochetim*, or slaughterers, appointed to slay the lambs, take up their station by the side of their victims. And now the chanting ceases, and the voice of the young Levite Jacob alone is heard, loud and clear. The rest fold their hands and repeat their prayers. Now and then Jacob prolongs the note—a signal to the rest to respond. Here again, we may recognise the influence of the East upon the West, of the Mosaic order upon Christianity; for a similar note is sometimes heard in our own churches. The sun dips lower and lower into its watery bed. At last, just as it disappears, and the paschal moon is revealed at the full, Jacob has reached the verse—the 6th verse of Exodus xii.—'the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening,' or, as the margin has, 'between the two evenings,' *i.e.*, according to Samaritan ideas, between sunset and deep twilight, or,

Digitized by Google

as we read in Deut. xvi. 6, 'at even, at the going down of the sun, at the season that thou camest forth out of Egypt.' He recites this verse, and as he pronounces the word וְשָׁחֲטוּ '*they shall kill it*,' the six lambs are seized, and six knives are, in a moment, drawn across their throats. They are held till their quiverings have ceased, *i.e.* till life is extinct. But not a cry escapes them, not one plaintive bleat. They die in profound silence. 'He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth,'

> 'Seven times *He* spake, seven words of love;
> And all *three hours His silence* cried
> For mercy on the souls of men.'

The gentle victims are then lifted up and passed on from hand to hand, and are laid round the fire. At a signal, the crowd rushes forward to strip off the wool. But I observe that immediately after the throat was cut, and the blood, 'the life of the flesh,' gushed forth (a reminder of that moment of which it is written 'Forthwith came there out blood and water'), some of the elders dipped their fingers in the crimson tide, and streaked it on the foreheads of the young children. I was subsequently told that the spot of blood was only marked on the brow of each *first-born* child, a touching reminiscence of that first passover, when the blood was sprinkled on the 'lintel and the two side posts,' in order that the first-born of Israel might be spared. I was also told that this brand of blood is allowed to remain on the forehead for a day or two. And no sooner had this red stamp been put upon the brow than—touching spectacle—brother gave to brother, Samaritan to Samaritan, the kiss of peace. ('Greet ye one another,' says S. Paul, 'with a holy kiss.') Every man of the community—so far as I could see—embraced each and all of his brethren. Two kisses were bestowed, one over each shoulder; but the young men kissed the *hands* of their elders. It was not only a moving, it was an instructive sight to see this small and stricken remnant of a once numerous people, thus proclaiming their charity and brotherhood on their solemn feast-day; a lesson to us that our sacrament of love should be a seal of forgiveness, and pledge of brotherly kindness. But the Passover Feast is now being prepared. While some are busy stripping off the skins, others, book in hand, are reciting the portions of their liturgy appropriate to this office. The women now gather round the cauldrons and watch the men dressing the lambs. A youth goes round, bearing a rude tray made of straw, on which are little morsels of unleavened bread, each inclosing a piece of bitter lettuce—for these are 'the days of unleavened bread.' The children, who do not understand its significance, clamour for more. Thoughtlessly moved by curiosity, I ask my guide if I may not taste it with the rest. He tells me 'No, the Samaritans would not allow it on any account.' They are only true to the Divine precept. 'A foreigner

Digitized by Google

shall not eat thereof.' 'No uncircumcised person shall eat thereof.' By this time the dressing and preparing of the lambs is completed. I stand almost rooted to the spot with astonishment as I observe that each lamb in turn is suspended on a rude cross of wood. This is merely designed, no doubt, as a spit; as a convenient instrument for holding the lamb both while it is being dressed and when it is placed in the oven, and also for exposing the interior of the carcase to the flame; but it gives me a thrill to find the Passover lamb fastened to a tree, hung upon a cross. How close, though all unconscious, the correspondence between type and antitype! Nor is this any innovation of later days, for Justin Martyr, one of the early Christian fathers, who was a native of Nablous, tells us that in his day, seventeen centuries ago, the Samaritans did the same. For seventeen centuries, that is to say, possibly for three and twenty, the Samaritan paschal lamb has hung upon a wooden cross. The cleaning and disembowelling of the lambs was a long process; but it was made a religious service, for the chanting or recitation was never discontinued. The entrails, I hear, are always buried. And from each lamb, when suspended on these cross poles, a shoulder was cut off. I ask the meaning of this. I am told it is the portion of Levi, the part assigned to the priest. 'And this shall be the priest's due from the people, from them that offer a sacrifice . . . they shall give unto the priest the shoulder,' &c. At last the six lambs are duly prepared for roasting. They are now lifted up, and a goodly number of men stand with them, again in a circle, round the fire. The recitation of the liturgy is resumed, and, at a certain point of the prayers, they are simultaneously, as by the arm of one man, plunged into the open mouth of the furnace, which has just been plentifully fed with thorns, the flames again leaping forth to the great delight of the children. All the prayers or hymns are taken from the Samaritan Prayer-book. All is done—so the Levite Amran assures me—in exact accordance with the law. A stout wooden or wicker framework is then placed upon the mouth of the pit. This is covered over with grass. Earth is heaped on to this, and the whole is cemented and plastered down with water. Thus, as Jonah was in the whale's belly, so 'the paschal lamb is buried' in the heart of the earth. The type, as shown on Gerizim, that is to say, speaks both of crucifixion and of burial. For awhile we stand watching the dull smoke ascending slowly into the quiet heavens whilst 'the moon that shone in Paradise,' looks down on the weird spectacle, and then we retire into the chief's tent to rest awhile. But whilst we are sleeping, all through those silent hours—

'Curling to the skies
Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice.'

At half-past ten I am roused by my hospitable friend to witness the Passover *feast*. So far I have spoken to you only of the *sacrifice*.

Digitized by Google

Now follows the *feast* upon the sacrifice, a type of Him who not only died for us, but gave His flesh to be the food and life of the world. The Sheykh tells me the lambs will shortly be eaten, as it was judged from the smell that they were by this time sufficiently cooked. As before, the men take up their position round the fire, and the congregation—still in the same monotonous tones, I had almost called them Gregorian—joins in the appointed prayers. They have reached a certain point, when the pickaxes are raised in the air, the mound is opened, the earth is cleared away, and one after another the lambs are taken out—surely a rude foreshadowing of a resurrection. The use of the cross now becomes apparent. Only thus could the lamb be handled. I observe how much the carcases have been charred and burnt. 'His visage,' I am reminded, 'was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men.' I am told that especial care is used in removing the baked or roasted lamb from the oven, that it should not touch the sides of the pit. 'A bone of him shall not be broken.' When taken out, they are placed on trays or mats of straw, and carried to the spot where they were before they were killed. Now the paschal feast commences. Crouching on the ground, sitting on their haunches, 'their loins girded, their shoes on their feet, their staff in their hand,' like men in haste they eat the Passover. Some, I observe, take a morsel, and walk about while eating it. They are arranged in groups, a group round each lamb. A considerable time is occupied over the feast, notwithstanding that they eat in haste. At the close the bones and fragments are carefully collected, according to the law, and burnt with fire—thus fulfilling the injunction of the text, 'And ye shall let nothing of it remain until the morning, and that which remaineth of it until the morning, ye shall burn with fire.' I have understood that on some occasions the ground is searched with lighted candles lest any fragment should escape them; but this was not done in the year 1861.

My kind host (who is amongst us to-day) was anxious that we should spend the night on the sacred mount. But we were wearied with the long journey of that day, under the tropical sun, and therefore after some conversation with Amran (who has since gone to his rest), after trying to lift his thoughts from the type to the blessed antitype, we preferred to decsend to our tents at Nablous. The paschal moon touched the mountain-top, and every leaf and blade of umbrageous Shechem, with liquid silver, and glorified the sides of Mount Ebal, and illumined the endless chain of hills and valleys, as, with chastened and thankful hearts, we left the Samaritan encampment and the historic race. Like the first Passover in the land of Egypt, it was 'a night to be much remembered unto the Lord,' and we felt as we descended, silently and full of thought, to the valley, that we had seen what 'many prophets and kings desired to see,' and that our feet had stood on holy ground.

Digitized by Google

ELEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY.

V.

THE EYE.

It is almost impossible to convey a right understanding of the structure of the eye to any one not acquainted with optics, or the laws governing light and vision. We will endeavour, however, to give some idea of its formation.

The globe of the eye, or 'eyeball,' is shaped somewhat like a grape, of which the stalk would represent the optic nerve. It measures from front to back about an inch, and seven-eighths of an inch from side to side. The *skin* of this grape is a structure consisting of three coats or tunics, and is filled with certain transparent matters of which we shall give an account by and by. It has two round openings, a large one in front and a small one behind, which latter serves as a passage to the optic nerve.

The three coats of the eye are named respectively the *sclerotic*, from a Greek word signifying firm, hard; the *choroid*, and the *retina*.

The sclerotic is an opaque, tough membrane, upon which the maintenance of the form of the eye chiefly depends. It is composed of bundles of strong white fibres, interlacing each other in all directions. What we call *the white of the eye* is a portion of it.

Inside the sclerotic, and in contact with it, is the dark membrane called the choroid, which is coated with a black pigment.

Inside the choroid is the retina. This is a soft, thin, pulpy, delicate membrane, greyish in colour and perfectly transparent. It is formed of the fibres of the optic nerve, which enters the eyeball through the small opening at the back and spreads itself out as the third coating. The use of the retina is to receive the images of external objects.

The large opening in front of the eye is covered by a transparent membrane called the *cornea*, from the Latin *corneus*, 'horny,' in reference to its texture. The cornea is convex in shape; it projects outwards, something like a watch glass over the face of a watch, and is, as it were, *set* into the edges of the sclerotic. It covers all the coloured part of the eye.

As the large opening in the sclerotic is covered by the cornea, so the corresponding opening in the choroid is covered by a transparent double convex piece called the *crystalline lens*. The Latin *lens* means a lentil, and our word lens means a piece of glass or other transparent substance, which was originally spherically convex on both sides, that is, shaped like a lentil. The crystalline lens is a transparent body

Digitized by Google

inclosed in a membranous sac, and having the form of a lens. Its use is to refract or bend the rays of light which enter the eye. (Latin, *refrango, refractus*, to break.)

Between the cornea and the crystalline lens there is a space which is divided by the *iris* into two unequal cavities, called the *anterior* and the *posterior* chamber.

The *iris* is from a Greek word signifying the rainbow, and is so called from the diversity of its colouring. It is like a thin, flat, broad ring in shape. Its external surface is—or should be—blue, black, brown, or hazel, and is the part which, seen through the transparent cornea, gives the characteristic colour to the eye. Occasionally it strikes out eccentricities for itself in the way of colouring. And these eccentricities are sometimes gruesome enough. The *back* of the iris is covered by a black pigment contained in a thin transparent membrane called the *uvea*, from the Latin *uva*, a grape. This black pigment absorbs all the stray rays of light which might otherwise be reflected in different directions and serve to confuse the image formed on the retina. The iris dilates and contracts round a circular opening called the pupil, and by this dilatation and contraction it regulates the quantity of luminous rays to the amount necessary for distinct vision. These rays penetrate the cornea, and are transmitted through the pupil or opening to the crystalline lens. If there is an insufficiency of rays, in other words, if the room is dark, the iris contracts so as to allow of a greater number passing through the pupil. In bright sunshine, on the contrary, it dilates, so as to limit the quantity of light poured into the eye. This dilatation and contraction occupy some little time. On a sudden transition from light to comparative darkness—as, for instance, in stepping from the sunshine of the Plaza into Seville Cathedral—we can see nothing, because the iris has not yet shifted to admit a sufficiency of light, while a sudden transition from darkness to light half blinds us, because the iris has not had time to expand and shut out the superfluous light from the eye. There is nothing analogous to this arrangement in any machinery of mere human construction, but some idea of it may be got at by imagining—as nearly as you can manage to imagine—a 'revolving' iron shop shutter, which, instead of working up and down, should open from the middle outwards. Some old-fashioned cupboards have sliding doors on the same principle, another instance of which may be found in the pantomime tricks when the clown jumps in through the window, and 'lodgings to let' changes itself to 'taken in and done for.'

The *pupil* derives its name from the Latin *pupilla*, diminutive of *pupa*, a puppet. It is so called because it reflects the diminished image of the person who looks into it.

The space between the cornea and the crystalline lens traversed by the iris, that is to say the anterior and posterior chambers, is filled with a fluid called the *aqueous humour, aqua* being Latin for water. This fluid holds in solution very minute quantities of albumen

(the substance of which white of egg is composed) and common salt. It is separated from the cornea by an extremely thin, transparent membrane, called the membrane of the aqueous humour.

All the remaining interior of the eye, that is to say the part *behind* the crystalline lens, is filled with the *vitreous humour* (*vitreus, vitrum*, Latin for glass), a transparent gelatinous mass contained in cells, and having, with the aqueous humour, the power of refracting light. The vitreous humour is preserved from direct contact with the retina by being inclosed in a fine transparent membrane called the *hyaloid*, or as one might say, glassy.

The eye is really an optical instrument which collects the rays of light and brings them to a meeting point or *focus* * on the retina. The rays penetrate the transparent cornea, are refracted by the aqueous humour in the anterior chamber, then pour through the pupil, to be again refracted by the aqueous humour in the posterior chamber and by the crystalline lens. They penetrate the latter and are again refracted by the vitreous humour on their way to the retina, which is transparent, and has a dark membrane, the choroid, behind it. We all know that if a piece of black silk is placed behind a pane of glass, no light can pass through, but that which strikes on the front of the glass is reflected back. It is on this principle that looking-glasses are made, the quicksilver at the back preventing any light from passing through, and causing the glass to reflect or give back the images cast upon it. This is the best explanation we can give of the functions of the choroid and retina.

The eyeballs are placed in bony cavities of suitable magnitude and form in the upper part of the front of the skull. In this position they are admirably protected from violence, while at the same time they are so placed as to command the most extensive range of sight. The cavities are lined with soft matter, serving as a cushion for the protection of the eyeballs, which can move freely in them by the aid of certain muscles. The eyes are further protected by the projecting bones of the forehead above, forming the brows, the bones of the temples on the outside, those of the cheeks below, and those of the nose on the inside.

The eyelids may be described as movable screens, which instinctively close, and shelter the eyes at any threat of danger to these valuable organs. They are not in immediate contact with the sclerotic or the cornea. A fine mucous membrane called the *conjunctiva*, because it unites the globe of the eye with the eyelids, lines the inside of the latter, and is reflected over the fore part of the sclerotic and the outer surface of the cornea.

The eyelashes shade the eyes from an excess of light, and combine with the eyebrows in protecting those organs from dust and small insects.†

* *Focus*, Latin for hearth.

† That at least is their assigned function: on the sacred principle that everything must be for practical use, and that the idea of mere 'ornament' is derogatory and

A word must be said about the *lachrymal gland.** A gland (from the Latin *glans, glandis*, an acorn) is a soft, granular, lobated organ of the body, consisting of a collection of blood-vessels and nerves, and a peculiar tissue. Some of these glands secrete, or separate from the blood, peculiar fluids, and this is the case with the lachrymal gland, which secretes tears—secreting, be it observed, in this case meaning just the reverse of its ordinary interpretation. The lachrymal gland is placed over the eyeball, and the fluid secreted by it is spread over the surface of the sclerotic by the motion of the eyelids in blinking, the superfluous moisture being carried away by the lachrymal *duct*. Any strange substance introduced into the eye immediately induces a rush of tears, which overflow, for the purpose of washing it away. This is what we mean when we say that the eye waters. The same effect is produced by irritation of the conjunctiva in other ways.

It must be remembered that the rays from a luminous body diverge or spread out, and the object of the eye's mechanism is to bring together the divergent rays and cause them to converge or come to a meeting point on the retina. It sometimes happens that an eye possesses too little convergent power—the rays are diffused, and in order to concentrate them, recourse is had to concave or convergent lenses. This defect is popularly called *long sight*, and is an almost invariable trouble of persons advancing in life. Occasionally the rays are brought to a focus before they reach the retina. This is owing to an excess of converging power, and is called *short sight*. The remedy consists in the use of convex or divergent glasses. All optical instruments are merely lenses cut in such a manner as to alter the disposition of the rays of light. These lenses are sometimes inserted in tubes or cases lined with black.

The distinctness of the image formed upon the retina depends not only on proper focussing, but upon the amount of light which enters the eye. Thus there are innumerable stars which transmit light to the retina, but which we cannot see, because the impression made upon the latter is so faint as to be imperceptible. If a telescope be directed to these stars, so as to collect a greater quantity of their light upon the retina, they will become visible. On the other hand if we look at the sun when it is at its height, we cannot see it, but that is from the *excess* of light, which so dazzles the eye that it is unable to distinguish the solar disc, just as sounds may be so loud as to be inaudible. If we interpose a piece of coloured glass between the sun and our eyes, and so diminish the amount of light, the shape of the orb becomes visible at once.

The immediate impression received from the sense of sight is that

wicked. Practically, it must be admitted, we have encountered persons in whose facial economy eyelashes were, to say the least, not the most prominent feature, yet who have managed to keep their eyes sufficiently clear to see their way about the world with some accuracy.

* *Lachryma*, Latin for a tear.

of light. The impressions of distance, magnitude, form, and motion are the mixed results of the sense of sight and the experience of touch. These perceptions increase with cultivation, as does also the sense of colour. It may be doubted whether any two persons see colour precisely the same, and there is a curious affection called colour blindness, which apparently mainly depends upon the quality of the aqueous and vitreous humours. If these are not absolutely transparent and colourless, the image formed on the retina, though corresponding in form and outline with the object, will not correspond in colour. Some people can only distinguish black and white, and we have all heard of the man who saw everything of one colour, and when asked the name of it said he could only describe it as being like the sound of a trumpet! Colour blindness in engine drivers has been the cause of many accidents, the men mistaking a red signal for a green, and *vice versâ*, but they are now subjected to rigorous tests before being intrusted with the care of a train.

While we are on the subject of eye maladies and illusions, it may be worth while to point out what we believe to be a fruitful source of stories of apparitions and such like. In the first place, perfect vision depending greatly upon the proper refraction of rays of light, and light being capable of refraction in many different ways, a variety of effects is often produced which astonishes and alarms the beholder. We *think* it was Sir Walter Scott who was considerably startled by an apparition of Lord Byron in the hall at Abbotsford, which apparition eventually resolved itself into a hat-stand covered with cloaks, the appearance having evidently been caused by some peculiar refraction of light. Added to this, the instruments of vision are liable to be deranged in sympathy with many ailments of our system, more especially of the nervous system, which is not wonderful, considering that in the case of both eye and ear, the principal part of the organ consists in a nerve. Thus both eye and ear are occasionally subject to delusions, and see sights and hear sounds which have no objective existence, though they are sufficiently startling to any one not aware of their true origin.

Many painful eye affections result also from neglect of premonitory symptoms which occur in children. People are apt to treat dimness of vision in a child as 'all nonsense,' whereas a pair of spectacles resorted to in time would often obviate the wearing of those unsightly instruments in later life. Insufficiency of light is a great evil. The light should come from *behind* the child reading or writing, and fall upon its book or paper, not into its unfortunate eyes, and it should neither be allowed to stoop nor to write with its head on one side, which causes it to use one eye more than the other, greatly to the detriment of both. Another great mistake is to make a child lie down flat and hold the book above its head. All these unnatural positions of the eye destroy the proper focus and force the blood into the wrong place. When a lamp is used, it should have a shade to shield the eyes and throw the light on book, work, or writing.

Digitized by Google

A very interesting study might be made of the eyes of animals, which show a marvellous adaptability to the habits of the creatures to which they belong. In animals which seek their prey by night, a different arrangement of the pupil of the eye allows of a greater degree of dilatation than is possible in the case of a human being. Thus all the members of the cat family have pupils which are reduced in the day-time to a mere oval slit, and dilate into a great round orb in the dark. Another curious fact is that while man naturally directs his gaze straight forward, the eyes of animals are placed more or less laterally, so that in some species the sphere of vision of each eye is wholly different from that of the other. The use of this arrangement for attack and defence is obvious. Birds have the sense of sight highly developed, and possess moreover, wonderful powers of adaptation. Those species which, like the eagle and vulture, rise to a great height in the air and yet get their prey from the ground, are provided with an apparatus by which the creature can render its eyes telescopic. Thus, when these large birds have attained to such an altitude that they are scarcely distinguishable to a human eye, they will suddenly drop from the clouds and alight with unerring precision upon a piece of carrion lying on the ground. Birds' eyes are protected by a semi-transparent membrane, in addition to their eyelids, called the *membrana nictitans* (Latin *nicto, nictatum*, to blink). This third eyelid can be drawn over the entire surface of the eye, and its presence may perhaps account for the idea that the eagle can gaze unharmed at the sun.

The lachrymal apparatus is absent in cetacea, amphibia, and fishes. So that though, as we know, 'an oyster may be crossed in love,' he or she cannot weep over the catastrophe. The eyes of fishes are very slightly movable, and possess but little contractile power, owing probably to the subdued light in which the creatures live. The skin passes over them, and is sufficiently transparent to allow of the penetration of light. It must be remembered that the refracting power of the eye depends largely upon the density of the medium through which the rays have to pass. The thicker the medium the greater the power required. Water is of course much more dense than air, and accordingly we find that the crystalline lenses of animals which live in water are much more convex, and therefore much more powerful, than those of animals which live surrounded by air. The *proteida* and *cæcilians* (from the Latin *cæcus*, blind), two species of salamander which inhabit the water in dark caves or make holes for themselves in dark moist places, are only provided with rudimentary eyes. Such also are the eyeless fish in Wookey Hole.

It is curious that as we descend in the scale of created beings, we find creatures endowed with a multiplicity of organs of sight. This is the case with a great part of the insect tribe. They have what is called compound eyes, each consisting of a great number of simple eyes closely united together, and some species possess separate simple

Digitized by Google

ones in addition. The eyes of mollusks also present some peculiar features. What we call the *horns* of a snail are in reality its *eyes*, mounted on a peduncle or stalk. Some headless mollusks have what are called eye-dots in different parts of their bodies. These are simply little bladders coated with pigment, which apparently enable the creatures to distinguish light from darkness.

The eye has been made the subject of several superstitions. An idea was at one time prevalent that the colour of the iris was an index to character. We do not at this moment remember the precise classifications given, but think that brown indicated a passionate, blue a treacherous, and grey a faithful disposition. In Longfellow's translation of the description of a false beauty, taken from the German, we find, however, that 'She has two eyes so soft and *brown*.' Dante compared Beatrice's eyes to two living emeralds, and we believe that irises of a deep green do occasionally occur, and are said to be remarkably beautiful.

Every one has heard of the superstition of the 'evil eye,' the unfortunate possessor of which is supposed to bring misfortune upon every person and thing gazed at. In what the peculiarity consists we do not know; possibly in some undue prominence or convexity of the cornea. It is not always united to a malevolent disposition, the exercise of the gift being quite independent of the will of the owner. The superstition still prevails in Southern Italy, where wonderful tales are adduced to prove its truth, and where, to avert the spell, little gold and coral charms are made, in the shape of a hand with the fore and little fingers stretched out, the third and middle ones being folded over the thumb. It is not unusual to see people walking along the street and gesticulating with the right hand partially clenched in this fashion, because they fancy that the friend or companion with whom they are talking, has the evil eye. The belief has descended to us from the ancient Greeks and Romans, and is frequently alluded to by classical writers. In one of Virgil's *Eclogues* the poet speaks of his lambs being fascinated by an unknown eye, and strange to say an English clergyman visiting Anathoth (where there is a fine Roman pavement) got into great disfavour with the owner of a sick sheep by *looking* at it, although compassionately. The superstition prevails at Jerusalem, where Holman Hunt was abandoned by his models in consequence, and it seems as if the Greeks and Romans may have imbibed the idea from the Jews. The *Jewish Chronicle* informs us that at the inauguration of the religious head of a new sect of Jews at Jerusalem, the former was protected from the evil eye by the print of a bloody hand on his door, the said hand having been dipped in the blood of a newly-slaughtered sheep. It would appear that at Tangier, a red hand painted outside a door is a favourite charm for the same purpose. Is it possible that the superstition can have in any way originated with the marking of the door-posts at the Passover?

Digitized by Google

LETTERS ON DAILY LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

LETTER XXVI.

A COURSE OF STUDY.

MY DEAR A——,—If I could bring before you a perfectly satisfactory course of study, I should be much wiser than I am—wiser I mean in the sense of learning. These are very different days from those of my youth, and if you wish to compete with your contemporaries you must be instructed by them. What I can give you which will be likely to be profitable, will be chiefly based on the experience of my own deficiencies. There are a few things indeed which I have learnt that may be useful to you. One is, that if you really care for reading, you will be likely to enjoy it all the more for having two or three books on hand at a time. Young people sometimes plod laboriously through a long history, feeling impatient all the time, counting the pages to see how much they have read, and how much remains to be read, and longing to be able with a clear conscience to indulge themselves with a novel. Let me recommend you to take your long history in moderate quantities, and intersperse it with something lighter. Read it in the morning when your attention is awake, and (if you can manage it) take a few short notes from it. Then, when you have really worked, give yourself the refreshment of a biography, or a book of travels, and keep a novel on hand for moments of weariness. Don't think you must always be studying, but don't think you can ever afford absolutely to give up study. A custom which I found useful, when I was your age, was to make a memorandum of any word or allusion which I did not understand, so that I might inquire into it afterwards. One may thus pick up a great deal of useful and general information, and the width of interest needed in society can only be acquired in this way. Don't be afraid of being superficial. We are all in some sense superficial. We must be so. And don't take alarm at the idea of considering what is required for society. It sounds worldly, it may be worldly, but then on the other hand it may be, and ought to be, only the right effort which is needed to make ourselves pleasant to our fellow-creatures. Intelligent ignorance is always rather agreeable both to the teacher and the learner, the philosopher and his disciple. Suppose you study the outlines of geology, for instance, and teach yourself the meaning of the technical

Digitized by Google

terms; when you come across a geologist, though your knowledge may be of the most superficial character, you will be able to ask questions, and give an interested attention to all he has to tell you, and so he will have pleasure in talking to you, and you will have pleasure in listening to him. In history, geography, art, it is the same. At your age it is impossible that you can be absolutely thorough in any one subject. Exact you may be, and careful, and intelligent enough to have some faint idea of the extent of your ignorance; but unless you give your undivided attention to some one subject for a considerable time, you cannot really master it so as to lay claim to the praise of being thorough in your knowledge of it; and whether you would derive any advantage from such a special study, depends upon special circumstances.

But do not misunderstand me; you are nineteen; you have been really well grounded at school—that is one great good of the present educational movement. Elementary history, grammar, geography, are *thoroughly* taught; so are also the elements of sciences. If this foundation had not been laid, I should urge you to apply yourself to laying it, before you undertake anything else. But looking at the claims of your home, and of society, which you cannot ignore, I believe that you will fit yourself for your position in life better by opening a good many of the doors of knowledge, and getting a general view of the treasures within, than by opening one only and inquiring minutely into the contents of a single room.

There was an article in the *Times* not long ago which spoke of a celebrated Florentine librarian, Magliabechi, who was so perfectly acquainted with all the great libraries of Europe, that he could tell the precise shelf on which a book in the library at Constantinople was to be found, though he had never in his life been farther from Florence than Prato. He was *thorough*, there can be no doubt, upon that point, and his knowledge was greatly to be admired, seeing that his business in life was to be a librarian. He lived in his library, and even had his meals in it. But if Magliabechi had been called upon to entertain a party at dinner, or to make himself agreeable in a family circle, I suspect he would have found his intimate acquaintance with the library at Constantinople of very little use to him, unless he could have taken the lead in conversation, and directed it to the one subject in which he felt himself at home.

The safest guide in all these matters is, I think, to be found by looking first at our position in life, and then at our acquirements and talents, and trying to fit them in the best way we can into a harmonious whole. If you had any particular taste, any special liking for botany, or geology, or mathematics, I would say cultivate it by all means, but I would still urge you to keep your mind open to other subjects so as not to be exclusive. As it is I fancy you may do better by taking up any subject which presents itself, and which you like,

Digitized by Google

and can share with others,—for companionship in study is not only a help intellectually but it awakens kindly feeling and arouses mutual interest. Lectures given in a town, for instance, will do good more by inducing young people to work together in following them up, than by any actual information which they afford. The essay clubs, reading societies, &c., which are so much in vogue now, have all this advantage, though, like other things, they may be misused and made ridiculous by exaggeration. I don't myself think that a girl's mind is intended to be a hot-house for the cultivation of rare exotics, which may gain the prize at a flower show; but rather a free, open-air garden, in which all bright and pleasant flowers may flourish and put forth their sweetness for the passers by, though there may be not one blossom which a stranger would gather and marvel at.

Many good and wise persons will, I know, differ from me, and think that the complete study of one subject is the thing to be aimed at, and they may be right and I may be wrong, but I can only give you my own opinion.

I confess that my fear as regards the rising generation of carefully-instructed girls is that they may be pedantic; by which I mean that they may be tempted to accept an acquaintance with technical terms and phrases as real knowledge, and may make use of them in society as an evidence that they have really studied the subjects to which the terms belong. This sort of pretence is as detrimental to the character as it is absurd and disagreeable. A young girl may have passed an examination in some particular science and even taken honours, and so far she will be advanced beyond others of her age, and will perhaps be looked upon by her friends as a marvel of cleverness, but after all she is only just at the threshold of the science, and she cannot expect to make any further marked progress unless she is able to devote herself to it exclusively, which probably not one woman in a thousand can do.

Her knowledge, therefore, must, and always will be, elementary—sufficient for use and interest, sufficient to enable her to ground others, but not sufficient to give her a claim to real distinction. And yet she will be distinguished. Her friends will be proud of her, her companions will admire her, the scientific men whom she may meet will be interested in talking to her. Unless gifted with singular humility, based on a clear apprehension of the height, depth, and breadth of the world of science which lies around her, she will with difficulty escape the temptation to make a show of her small attainments, or at any rate to look down upon those who are less gifted or who have had less opportunities of improvement than herself.

Devotion to one subject of study has its dangers as well as its advantages. It is narrowing in its tendency, and may be as pretentious as the endeavour to know something of everything. What in fact we all have to do is to look around and beyond and above

Digitized by Google

ourselves continually. It is only in this way that we can hope to obtain a real estimate of our own powers and attainments.

It was brought home to me once very forcibly how easily and naturally the most minute particle of information may be made to imply a full acquaintance with the subject discussed. I was with a party of friends—Americans—who were talking about New Zealand. The country was quite unknown to them, but I had relations there, and was familiar with the description of the localities. Some one spoke of the means of communication between Lyttelton and Christ Church in the Canterbury Settlement (it was in the early days before a railway had been made). 'Oh!' I said, 'there is a bridle-path over the hill.' My friend turned round with an expression of profound astonishment, 'Have you been to New Zealand?' he exclaimed. It seemed impossible to him that any one who had not been in the country should know anything about a bridle-path. I only laughed, and repudiated the idea of having been such a traveller, but the little incident rested in my mind as an illustration of the way in which, without any intention, one may gain credit for information which one does not possess. There was indeed no credit attached to having been in New Zealand, but scientific information is creditable, and as such likely to be a temptation to pretence.

This, of course, is no reason for neglecting its attainment. The more science—true science—you can learn, the better. But for the cultivation of the mind generally I would recommend the study—as study—of the classical English writers—Bacon, Butler, Addison, Johnson, Coleridge, &c. I mention them because it is almost impossible at school to gain any real acquaintance with the English classics, and yet they are invaluable for the formation of the mind and character. They may seem to you dry, and even commonplace. They will bring before you truths which may appear to you self-evident, but some of those I have mentioned are really giants of thought, upon whose foundation all that is valuable in the philosophy of the present day will, I am convinced, be found ultimately to rest. They were, in fact, the discoverers of the truths which are now deemed self-evident, and for that very reason are too often disregarded.

You may probably have seen cards, printed for amusement, in which faces of certain persons are hidden in the outlines of flowers and fruit. I remember one such which used to amuse me as a child, and which contained the likenesses, concealed amidst roses and leaves, of the allied sovereigns who visited England in 1815. Once discovered, they were more evident than the flowers, in fact, one could not look at the card without seeing them—they were self-evident; but until they were discovered, the outline of the flowers and leaves was perfect, and no one would have imagined what lay hidden amongst them. Just so, it seems to me, that such men as Lord Bacon and Bishop Butler discovered certain fundamental truths of science and morals which lay hidden in

Digitized by Google

the depths of our nature. Once perceived, they strike the mind directly as true, and the marvel then is that they were not perceived before.

It would be impossible for me now to enter into any minute explanation of what I mean. I will merely mention, as an illustration, the scientific principle of Induction, set forth by Lord Bacon, and the value of Analogy, so powerfully urged by Bishop Butler. Induction taught men that they were to draw their scientific conclusions from a most careful and wide examination into facts, and not from any preconceived theories; and Analogy taught them that they were to form their ideas of the Divine government of the universe, not from their own notions of what would be best, but from what they saw to be the principles of God's government as exhibited around them.

These two principles do not appear to us, now that they are generally accepted, to be in any way abstruse, or difficult to recognise and understand; yet I think I am justified in saying that they created, each in its day, a revolution in scientific and moral studies; and it is because there is a tendency at the present time to accept new teachers and lean upon new guides, that I would urge upon you to store your mind with what the giants of old have said, before you venture to grapple with forms of thought, which may, or may not be, sound, but which you really will not be in a position to estimate fairly until you have mastered what has been said upon such subjects by the deep thinkers of former generations.

It is not a very tempting study which I am urging upon you. Lord Bacon's style is curt and quaint; Bishop Butler's very confused. Their works are not light reading, and unless you really mean to exert your mind, you will never have the courage to persist in your study of them.

But I give you the result of my own experience when I tell you that to the study of Butler's *Analogy*, and the *Sermons upon Human Nature* (the former read when I was about your age), I owe, under God's blessing, the support of principles that have afforded me a sense of rest amidst the conflicting chaos of thought which is rife in the present day; and that, although I have never studied Bacon in the same way, yet the little that I have read has given me such confidence in the humility and caution of a really scientific mind, that I can hear, almost with indifference, the startling and unproved assertions which are so often the cause of distress to those who are ready to accept as fact any and every thing which is stated dogmatically.

It must be remembered, however, that I give you this advice as to your course of reading, because I believe you have sufficient energy and power of thought to follow it. I should by no means give it to every one. Only I would say to all, that if young persons have not time, and intellect, and inclination to study and to comprehend the classical writers of former days, who, by the verdict of generations are acknowledged as teachers, they certainly are neither wise nor right in accepting upon hearsay, or even upon superficial inquiry, the new

Digitized by Google

theories which have received no such sanction, and which, though set up to-day, may be discarded to-morrow. If they cannot read and understand the old writers, they had much better not trouble themselves with the new, for they will assuredly get beyond their depth.

And to them, as to the more studious and intellectual, I would venture to suggest that when the routine of the school-room is over some time should be snatched from the rush after modern books, to be devoted to an acquaintance with the most important (even though not the philosophical) literature of a past generation. Two years in part devoted to this kind of reading would very greatly tend to steady the mind. I am not at all asserting that we should agree with, or admire everything these old writers say, but the mere effort to throw oneself back into the tone of thought of a former period is strengthening to the intellect, by awakening comparison and stimulating thought. Self-denial would, no doubt, be required. It would not be easy to turn aside from some brilliant essayist of the present day, and devote oneself to a paper in the *Spectator* which has no special interest; but I think that the reward would be found eventually in a more sober judgment, and a more exact appreciation of what constitutes real literary merit. I only throw out the idea as a suggestion. Of reading as 'of making many books, there is no end.' Most true, of the present day! But there is an end—a limit to the books of a former generation—and to study them for a year or two, may possibly tend not to weariness but to rest.

Yours ever,

E. M. S.

P.S.—On showing this letter to a friend, I was reminded that it would be well to give a list of books which should be read; but the suggestion put me into a difficulty. My own reading has been very slight and desultory, and I don't like to recommend what I have not read myself. Moreover, these old books are not so easy to be procured, and in order to carry out a regular course of study, it would be necessary to have access to a really well-furnished library. The utmost that I can do is to give the names of some books, which I have either read myself, or of which I know something from good authority. First, then, I would mention for actual, careful study, Bishop Butler's *Analogy* and the *Sermons on Human Nature*, Bacon's *Essays*, with Annotations by Archbishop Whately, Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, first book. And, for more general religious reading, Jeremy Taylor's *Sermons* (which I was taught to delight in from my girlhood), and South and Barrow's *Sermons*, which I know only from a few extracts; also the writings of Bishop Beveridge and Archbishop Leighton. I name Taylor's *Sermons* because they are so much less generally circulated than the *Holy Living and Dying*, and yet they contain some of the most beautiful and impressive passages in all his writings, though I quite own that he is often very severe.

Digitized by Google

Milton's prose works would no doubt well repay any attention bestowed upon them, though they are political and controversial, but I cannot say that I know anything of them beyond extracts.

In addition to these I must give a scanty heterogeneous list, carried down to comparatively modern days. Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* (known only from extracts), Fuller's *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*, Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Walton's *Lives*, Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* (which every one knows), Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* and *Thoughts concerning Education*, Defoe's *History of the Plague* (also well known), Addison's papers in the *Spectator*, Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas* and *Lives of the Poets*, and some of the papers in the *Rambler*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, Horace Walpole's *Letters*, Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, and *The Friend* (which are very difficult reading, but most useful for compelling one to think), Southey's *Colloquies*, and his *Life of Nelson*, Lamb's *Elia's Essays*—and here I must stop. Gibbon is too long; Lady Mary Wortley Montague too coarse for my purpose. I have left the poets, because a general acquaintance with them is now recognised as a necessary part of school education. But what would be far better for you than any suggestions of mine would be the advice of some well-read man who has had a University education.

LETTER XXVII.

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

My dear R——,—I wish I could write to you as I do to many, with the pleasant confidence that I understand their difficulties, and am likely really to be of use to them.

You and I know each other very well—I may even say intimately—when we meet upon the high ground of abstract religion or morality. We like the same books, we esteem the same persons, we look upon each other as having the same hopes and the same causes for thankfulness as regards our existence in the world beyond the grave; but in the things of this world we stand in a measure apart, so that when you ask me to give you counsel as to the temptations of your life and the employment of your time I find myself at a disadvantage.

Your place by birth is amongst the so-called upper ten thousand, and your special circle brings you into contact with what is generally recognised as the gayest portion of the fashionable world. A London season with its dissipation and amusements; a country season of visits to friends, or of guests at home, when gentlemen assemble for hunting and shooting, and ladies for dinner parties and balls, for the most part constitute your life. Mine, on the other hand, is spent in a quiet neighbourhood, which has but little of amusement or excitement for

Digitized by Google

any one, whilst specially as regards myself I have á busy, plodding, rather monotonous existence, the chief interest of which lies in care for others.

How can we understand each other? How can I help you? I look out upon your London life, and it seems to me a world with which I have little or no concern. My views of human existence, its duties, its privileges, its hopes, seem to have no connection with it. It is to me a kind of play. I hear stories of what goes on, and sometimes they shock and sometimes they amuse me. I know that we are all beings with the same human nature, but your surroundings are so decked out with gilding, and ornament, and fashion, that it is often difficult to reach underneath 'the touch of nature which makes all men kin.' I don't say that this state of things is desirable, neither can I say that there is any real fault in it on either side. It is the outcome of circumstances over which neither of us has much control, but it certainly does come in the way of the help which you ask for.

A person who can thoroughly and wisely help another must be able by personal experience to put himself or herself in imagination in the place of the one who asks counsel; and again and again when you have come to me with your regrets for failures, and your wish to improve, and I have given you some general words of sympathy, and what I would fain hope may have been useful advice, I have felt as I uttered the words that they must fall on your ear almost unmeaningly; that there must be in your home hidden difficulties which you cannot explain, temptations and pitfalls of which I must be entirely unaware, and the sense of powerlessness would be crushing if it were not for the privilege of commending those for whom we are interested to the Blessed Spirit Who knoweth all things, and Who can give the only help which is always availing.

To tell you that I think the position in which you are placed by inheritance is one of great temptation is uttering a truism. Rank and wealth must always be more or less temptations; but to add that at the present day the character of the specially fashionable society with which you frequently mix does not stand high in the opinion of the really noble, the persons whom the great God will one day honour, may perhaps distress you. And yet it is well that you should know it, because only so can you be brought to the convictions that will rouse your energy, and give you the impulse which, through God's blessing, may enable you to do your part towards its regeneration.

I imagine I see you start at the words. Very young—a girl—with no wonderful gifts, no remarkable beauty, no great wealth, compared with many of your intimate acquaintances, what can you do but follow the course of the stream, regretting probably its direction, but unable to alter, and therefore, for your own peace of mind, resigning yourself to it?

Do I not speak truly? Is not this the anodyne which you are

Digitized by Google

tempted to apply to the occasional sharp pricking of conscience, when you have heard an eloquent sermon, or listened to some stirring appeal against the sinful fashions of the day?

You can do nothing. You would only make yourself singular and absurd by attempting to reform society, and as you are not prepared to give it up you have no choice but to go with it.

Now I am not going to controvert this assertion; it is true up to a certain point, but untrue beyond it. What I wish to do is to pass beyond the immediate questions which touch yourself. I want to awaken your mind to a truth which, looking out from my far-away quiet home upon the brilliant vortex of fashionable life, and pondering upon the painful rumours which reach me from time to time, and which you yourself have acknowledged to be only too well founded, has latterly forced itself strongly upon me.

No society, humanly speaking, can really be regenerated except by itself. The impulse for good may be received from without, but the motive power must come from within. The poor alone can reform the habits of the poor. The wealthy alone can rightly direct the use of wealth, and from the midst of the upper ten thousand of English society alone can come the effort which is to regenerate and purify fashionable life, if it be not destined, like that of the degraded nobility of the reign of Louis Quinze, to carry on its dance of profligacy and dissipation until the giddy whirl is changed into the dance of death, and aristocracy, whether guilty or innocent, sinks in the gulf of a social revolution.

It seems so hard to say this—so cynical and hard judging. There are so many amongst the upper ten thousand who are setting an example of personal self-denial, who are stretching out their hands to the poor, who are earnest in their religious observances, and live with the fear of God before their eyes. Surely if ten righteous men might have saved Sodom and Gomorrah, the prayers and the work of these Christian nobles will save England.

Yes, it may be so. God grant it. But I will ask you from your own experience, do not some of the especially earnest-minded members of the aristocracy, whose private character would have the greatest influence, try to keep themselves entirely aloof from fashionable life, and decline to mingle with the gay world? Have they influence in it? Are they able, in any true sense, to mould it; or rather, do they not say by act what you say by word, 'I cannot improve it;' and do they not therefore withdraw from it?

No one can blame them, least of all one who has for the greater part of her life lived out of what is called the world, and has therefore escaped any position of social difficulty. Indeed, I am the last person who has a right to speak confidently upon these subjects, and any suggestions I make must be made with misgiving; but still again and again, after hearing stories of what is sometimes termed high life, I

Digitized by Google

come round to the same conclusion that reformation, if it is to come at all in any real form, must be the work of those very persons who are living in this fashionable world, and who understand its snares, because they have not only seen but have been able to watch against them.

The thought rests in my mind at all times. It has pressed upon me with special force lately, and not long ago it came upon me with such a strength of conviction that for a day and a half I indulged in a dream, which, so far as I can now judge, is as little likely to be realised in my own time as that of a perfect Utopia, but which, whilst I indulged in it, was exciting, hopeful, and helpful. It was rudely and rapidly dispelled by the waking realities of my everyday life. Yet I still cherish it, and if I tell you what it was, it is with the scarcely acknowledged hope that perhaps after all it was not Utopian, perhaps there was a germ of possibility in it which some one else—years hence it may be—will work into a reality, and through it create a power which, if it cannot wholly regenerate, may at least purify the world of fashion, till it shall cease to be what too often it now is, a blot upon the fair character of Englishmen and Englishwomen, and a canker eating into the very heart of the national life.

I was thinking of the young generation, more especially of the girls educated now in fashionable homes, under foreign governesses, having the 'pomps and vanities' of life about them from their cradles, and hampered and guided by the traditions of centuries of ever-increasing luxury and self-indulgence.

My dream carried me away from this fashionable existence. I imagined to myself a house in the country, once a nobleman's mansion, having all the usual appurtenances—garden, pleasure-ground, park. I supposed it inhabited by a lady whose birth entitled her to the highest position of nobility, and whose acquaintance with the trials and difficulties of the fashionable world had been gained by a personal knowledge. I made her in my own mind all that is involved in the term, a Christian lady; and I supposed her to undertake the education of, say, twenty young girls, born, like herself, to rank and the enjoyments of wealth. I did not imagine her rich, but possessed of an income sufficient to make her quite independent of her pupils. But I made my twenty girls pay a large sum for their education, and after providing them with a working governess, and masters and mistresses to the fullest extent required, I appropriated the profits of the experiment to the education of governess pupils—not noble, but gentle by birth, who by family misfortune were suddenly called upon to teach in private families, and felt themselves not sufficiently qualified for the undertaking. In my dreams the various members of the little community of course worked together harmoniously; the lady at the head of the establishment exercised a most beneficial influence upon the principles, the tone, and manners of the young people, who were led by her to be simple and unworldly as well as graceful and

Digitized by Google

cultivated; and a spirit of earnest, religious, refined thought and feeling pervaded all grades of the society. It was easy enough to make it so, seeing it was all a dream; and my young governesses, trained in such a household, were delightfully fitted to educate their pupils well, in the true sense of the word, when they at length undertook a situation; whilst the high-born, high-bred girls, destined for fashionable life, who had for years been under the noblest, purest guidance, returned to their homes with ambitions, principles, resolutions, which, in dependence upon God's help, might enable them to raise the tone of London society to the level of Christian requirements, and which would then permeate downwards, and be a chief instrument in the reformation of all ranks.

For they were to be a band—a united, devoted band. They were to work with one object, one hope. They were to form a phalanx impenetrable to the ridicule of the frivolous and the profligate. And the lady,—the guardian and friend who had guided them in their youth,—was still to be their adviser. She had seen the same evils; she understood them, for she had suffered from them. She knew exactly where their difficulties lay. It was comparatively easy for her to advise them. She could tell them how to act when duties to parents clashed with what seemed to them even a higher duty to God. She could say how far things which bore the appearance of wrong might for a time be tolerated, because there might be a greater wrong in attempting suddenly to overthrow them. She could sympathise and cheer and soothe; in fact, what could she not do? For it was a dream; and in the dream I saw these young girls gaining their purpose, spreading their influence, and by imperceptible but sure degrees so leavening the society in which they moved with the spirit of purity and devotion that English nobility of birth became but another word for that priceless nobility of character which is as acceptable to God as it is honoured by man.

Be it remembered, however, that these young girls were first trained by one mind; then they were united in one purpose; then they supported each other, and formed one band, working as with one soul.

The preliminary training by a person who understood their position was essential; they could have accomplished nothing without it. And how was that training to be obtained?

And with one touch of cold reality my beautiful dream faded away, and I was left to life as it is, and—your letter.

And then I asked myself, because we cannot do everything, may we therefore sit down contentedly and do nothing? Because we cannot regenerate fashionable society, may we therefore be content to follow it in its follies and its sins?

And you and I—because I do not know the special temptations of your life, and because you do not know how, or when, to begin in the struggle to resist them—may we quietly accept them?

Digitized by Google

I think not. Some things there are which you acknowledge, and which I, looking out upon the distant scene, cannot but recognise.

A consistent life, regulated by Christian principle, must always have influence; and every life may be made Christian by carefully comparing it with the law of God, and eliminating from it all that is not permissible by that law.

To take your own case. You are required by your parents—it is deemed part of your position—to enter into fashionable society. Such society may or may not be good. Fashion in itself is not evil. Society is a necessity of human existence; your parents' law is for the present your law; therefore you need not withdraw from fashionable society. But such society involves what seems to you a great waste of time. You are late at night, late in the morning; study is impossible; you are subject to constant interruptions of your attention. Granted. These are trials not necessarily leading to sin. You spend your morning, perhaps, in sending out cards of invitation to a ball, and think that you would be far more satisfied with yourself if you had been reading some thoughtful book. Then test yourself. Take care always to have some book—biography, travels, essays, &c.—to read at odd moments, even if you have no hour to devote to study. Suppose you have a half-hour before luncheon, you will, when earnest in your regret, seize the time and make good use of it. If you are not in earnest, you will say it is not worth while to begin anything serious, and you will throw yourself into an easy chair with a novel. Or, again, the rush of life makes one engagement follow another; you have no time for grave thought, and you do and say foolish and even wrong things; you are satirical, and gossiping, and vain, before you are even aware of it. You only *feel* that something is wrong; where the wrong lies you have not time to think. You come home from an exciting night in the early morning hours, and you are too weary to do anything but lie down to rest, with perhaps a hasty repetition of a form of prayer;—perhaps, though I trust not, with no thought of prayer.

But it would be possible—quite possible (I have known it done)—to make a strict rule for yourself that a few minutes—say five only—in the middle of the day, before luncheon or after it, should be seized for a rapid glance at the state of your own mind, a short prayer for help, and perhaps the repetition of a text learnt for the day, which would enable you to go out in the afternoon with a check upon your naturally thoughtless disposition; and, later on, when you repair to your room to dress for the night ball which is to send you jaded to your bed, it is possible—(again I have known it to be done)—to retrace the events of the day so far as they have gone, to make your brief but hearty intercessions, your earnest thanksgivings—in fact, to offer to God those devotions which in other cases would naturally be deferred till night; and then to commit yourself to the Divine care, so that you

Digitized by Google

may be guarded in the scene of temptation into which you are about to enter, and when you return may have only to recall the incidents of the evening, and acknowledge wherein you have failed, and lie down to rest with a prayer for forgiveness and protection.

Again, you have claims upon your purse—dress and wedding presents especially. Your dress must be made by a person approved by the fashionable world; so you think—so, perhaps, your parents think. This necessity I cannot enter into, because I do not understand it. The wedding presents must, I know, be given; but how far they are required to be as costly as you imagine, I cannot decide. But under any circumstances you can put by the tenth portion of your allowance for charity, and never allow yourself to use it for any other purpose. It may be difficult to do so; it may leave you what you think insufficient for your personal needs, but there is no doubt that it is possible to limit your expenditure, for if you were to marry a man with a small income, you would be compelled to do so.

And still further, with regard to the quiet observance of Sunday and attention to its duties. You find yourself called upon, I know, to receive visitors and entertain them at dinner on Sundays as on other days. You have no voice in the matter, and you are told that the Puritanical observance of Sunday leads to evil. You hear the desirableness of open museums and of cricket matches on Sundays discussed vehemently, and you think that there is a great deal to be said on both sides. But the matter is not one which calls for your decision. You have only to consider your own duty, and your own religious claims; and I will ask you to bear in mind that whatever may be said in favour of amusements for the poor, who labour all the week, there is much more to be said in favour of religious observance on Sundays in the case of one who, like yourself, is not obliged to labour at all.

Sunday duties may have many difficulties in the midst of fashionable life, but it will always, I should think, be practicable in some degree to show by your conduct that you really recognise them. I do not mean by rushing to an early Celebration after a night at a ball or the opera, and then spending the rest of the day on a sofa reading a novel; neither do I mean by going through the ceremonial of the usual morning service, with beautiful music and attractive ritual, and then returning from church to take your drive in the park, and gossip with chance visitors, and dress for a late dinner, and spend the short time after it in bantering talk. The precise mode in which the Sunday is to be kept must differ with circumstances, and yours are, for the most part, determined for you. There is no doubt that the English traditional observance of Sunday duties is based upon the Puritan model, and that many inconsistent and even superstitious ideas have been engrafted into it, as, for instance, that it is allowable to fasten up a torn dress with a pin, but not to use a needle and thread

Digitized by Google

—a belief which I remember was firmly imprinted in my own mind as a child; whilst, as we all know, the Scotch idea of Sunday, or Sabbath observance, used to forbid whistling in the street, and instrumental music either in church or at home. But without entering minutely into the vexed question as to what is or what is not permissible, I would desire in your case to fall back upon a general principle. Sunday is the Lord's Day. Whatever, therefore, can be dedicated to God in spirit, or can be appropriated directly to His service in act, is to be regarded as a fit occupation for Sunday. And it seems to me that this principle may be carried out in a quiet unostentatious way, which, without offending and vexing your parents, may enable you to spend a profitable Sunday, even though your time may be broken in upon by engagements which savour chiefly of this world. If you should ever have a home of your own, you may, and ought, to make arrangements for a more absolute recognition of the sacredness of the day; but now,—the choice of books which have a religious tendency, care for any young servants, if you can find a half hour to devote to them, and an effort to join in spirit in the afternoon or evening Church service, by reading the appointed Psalms and Lessons, and perhaps using a few of the prayers, will, I feel sure, bring a blessing upon the day which may be as strengthening and stimulating to your spiritual life as the attractive services of a beautiful church, and the stirring appeals of an eloquent preacher.

I mention these details because they illustrate what I want to impress upon you, namely, that life in the fashionable world may be a guarded and disciplined life, just as much as any other life, if the individual who is called upon to take part in it can only exert an energetic will in dependence upon God. Yet when I was thinking of your position and surroundings, after the fading away of that pleasant dream of which I have spoken, I seemed to require something more of you—and of every one whose life is like yours—than a mere careful, personal self-discipline. I watched you, in imagination, in the midst of manifold evils, and I wanted to see you working against and overthrowing them.

But here I felt myself baffled. I did not know what to expect, still less what to advise. The great and awful vices which are too often hidden beneath a varnish of polished manners and attractive luxury I knew would not come clearly before you. You might have suspicions, fears of something wrong, but you would never be allowed to see sin in its hideous reality.

Neither, if you could see it, would it be possible or permissible for you to undertake a crusade against it. There are those who from age and circumstances, or from the direct guiding of God, which one cannot but recognise in some of the work undertaken by women in the present day, are able to brave the scoffs of the idle world, and to give themselves openly to the service of the degraded and the outcast.

Digitized by Google

All honour to them! They have a noble work to do, and we who stand by and watch it can only pray that God may give to them wisdom in carrying it out, and to us the spirit which shall enable us—each one in her hidden sphere—to co-operate with them.

But you—what can you do? How can you fight against evil of which you know so little? How can you contribute your widow's mite to the spread of purity and the overthrow of vice in the fashionable world?

This is the crucial question, and I confess myself unable fully to answer it, for the reason which has suggested itself as a difficulty before. I do not know anything of fashionable life, I have never taken part in it; I never read *Truth* or *Vanity Fair*, I seldom hear tales of aristocratic gossip. Your world, in short, is not my world.

And yet there is one thing about which I am a judge, because it is a source of direct influence, being copied blindly by every grade of society—dress! The clergyman's daughter in a country parish, the shop-girl in a country town, the housemaid and parlourmaid in a private family, are all equally influenced by 'the fashion,' and the fashion is set by some amongst the upper ten thousand of England who borrow, or invent, or adopt it—from whom? I don't know. Does any one know?

Happily for what I have to say it is not necessary to know. Fashion exists: its origin is a matter of indifference. And, as I said before, it is not necessarily evil—far from it. It is very good for trade; and the choice of a full sleeve, or a tight sleeve, a long dress or a short one, may be discussed as one of taste or convenience, but cannot be said to affect morality.

But there is one thing which does affect morality, which cannot but do so; one thing which, when sanctioned by the upper classes, must have an influence upon the grades below them, and that is—immodest dress; the dress of women and girls of the highest rank which is followed by those immediately below them, and which, though it may not be openly adopted by the working classes, is unquestionably the model which they desire to follow, and will follow, whenever the opportunity is offered them.

The police exercise, I believe, a certain surveillance over music halls and dancing halls which are known to be possible centres of immorality, but the dress of those who frequent these places can scarcely be interfered with, for in order to suit the taste of such society it has only to be made after the pattern of the fashionable world, at least if report speaks truth. What is considered lovely in the daughter of a duke can surely not be worthy of condemnation in an outcast, and when women and girls of the upper classes gaze without shrinking upon the display of their sisters—the ballet-dancers—and in some respects imitate it, we have a right to infer that upon this subject, if on no other, the tastes of both classes are in accord.

Digitized by Google

Perhaps I speak strongly. If I do, it is because I feel strongly, because it has been a matter of surprise, an unsolved problem, to me from my youth, how it is possible that young girls and middle-aged women, and even elderly women—in other respects refined—who would shrink from the contamination of vice, and turn in disgust from the details of profligacy, can possibly exhibit themselves in a ball-room, or at a dinner party, in a dress which too often belies every pretension to modesty, and which, if worn by the maid who waits upon them, would be deemed a scandal sufficient to occasion her dismissal.

It may be said that there are different opinions upon this subject—that what I call immodest is not really so, that I have old-fashioned, strait-laced ideas, that a bare arm with a shoulderstrap to keep the dress together is not in itself objectionable, and that an expanse of white neck or back, and fair shoulders may be innocently exhibited like any other beautiful object; and more especially if the necessity of something like a veil is recognised, and transparent lace softens what might otherwise be, perhaps, too great a display of personal charms.

Possibly I am wrong; but I cannot feel myself so. I look upon the portraits of two centuries ago, and I observe that the celebrated women who were the ornament (or were they the scandal?) of the Court of Charles II. are all remarkable for a similar display, though, perhaps, not quite in so developed a degree. Their characters, at least, are known. There was no mistake about them. They were the 'fashionable ladies' of a period which is a scandal to history. Do the women of highest rank in England at the present time wish to resemble them? If they do not, then why adopt a dress which would seem to bespeak the same tone of mind—which says in appearance what hundreds who follow the fashion would die rather than say in words, or even in thought: 'I cover myself up to a certain point because I am obliged to do so; but as much of myself as I can exhibit without being reprimanded by the Lord Chamberlain I wish to exhibit.'

Dear R——, this is a subject which cannot, it seems to me, be put aside by any conscientious person. It is impossible that it should be a matter of indifference. It must be either right or wrong, and it cannot be unimportant, because, as I said before, it affects every grade of society, and at this time, more especially, it must tell upon the efforts which are making for the purification of English social life.

It is not as yet your duty to work definitely for the 'friendless and fallen.' The trumpet call which has summoned, and will continue to summon, the noblest hearted of Englishmen to enlist themselves in the white army of purity does not appeal to you. But God has given you reason and perception; and the literature of the day, even in its best form, brings before you the terrible fact that there are hundreds in the midst of us who have been led by a miserable vanity to the

Digitized by Google

extremity of ruin, and who, having been tempted themselves, have, in their turn, become the tempters of others.

I speak of no class in particular. The sorrowful record of sin and misery includes names to be gathered from all classes, but a large number, it cannot be denied, belong to the ranks whose daily bread depends upon the way in which they further the changing tastes and fancies of the gay world. And when we consider the influence which an immodest fashion must have upon the dressmaker who plans the dress to suit the wishes of her employer, the young workwoman who sends it home, the maid who assists in putting it on—to say nothing of the comments of the butler and the footman who stand behind the lady's chair, and make their observations for the benefit of the servants' hall and the kitchen—can we possibly say that in the sight of a Holy God such an example is not to be placed in the category of the open incentives to evil? Or can those who from vanity and moral cowardice sanction it be in any sense held guiltless in His sight? How it is that fathers, brothers, husbands, tolerate such exhibitions in their 'womankind,' I don't pretend to explain. It is all part of the problem which, as I told you before, has for years perplexed me. I remember once at a dinner-party being seated next to a very distinguished prelate, who had for his neighbour on the other side a middle-aged lady, over whose neck I should have willingly thrown a shawl if she had come into my bedroom. The bishop and the lady talked most pleasantly. They were quite on familiar terms. I sat by and said little, but I thought of S. Paul, and wondered to myself what he would have said under such circumstances. The bishop probably felt as I did; but society does not admit of special references to special offences, and this one it is very awkward to touch upon. I don't quite know what the bishop could have said or done under such circumstances to show his disapproval. I don't know what any clergyman can say or do under any circumstances. I suppose if a sermon were to be preached about it the congregation might leave the church. But I do most earnestly appeal to you, and to all young girls, who like yourself are mixing in the highest and most fashionable circles, and who are likely to listen to a woman's words when they might be offended if addressed by a man, to make this matter of dress the subject of a firm resolution amongst yourselves which may ultimately influence the general taste. It requires moral courage, nothing more. It is not an insidious temptation. It needs only an effort of will, a determination not to listen to the voice of dressmakers, not to attend to the comments of ladies'-maids, but, putting aside fashion, to be so *strictly* modest in dress as well as in conversation and manners that you may never have to reproach yourself with setting an example which shall have tended, even in the most indirect way, to lead a fellow creature to destruction.

For that is the evil to be dreaded, an evil quite apart from any

Digitized by Google

injury done to your own self-respect. The cry goes up from all parts of our land, Save our women from ruin! Exert yourselves to snatch souls from destruction! You will hear it, if you have not already heard; and when your heart responds it will touch you to the quick. Every thought, every imagination which has led you, even for a moment, to the border land of sin, will then wound you as with the piercing thrust of a dagger. And if you feel that by a base subjection to fashion you have sanctioned that which has been the actual source of evil to a miserable fellow creature, suffering a social punishment which but for happier surroundings might actually have been your own, may the pity of an all-pitying Redeemer not only pardon but support and soothe you; for your repentance will be accompanied by the anguish of a bitter self-reproach, which can end only with life—which may even meet you again before the judgment-seat of God.

And this, then, is all that I have been able to say to you! Yes, all.—You must go your way; you must meet your temptations; you must bear your burdens apart from my help. I can but commend you to God in the full certainty that He will be your guide in your difficulties, and do for you what I, with all my affection, all my tender interest and true sympathy dare not, from my ignorance, attempt.

God bless you, dear R——. That means what I cannot utter, but what you can feel.

Yours ever,

E. M. S.

Digitized by Google

CAREER OF A COSTUME.

It is lovely! positively lovely! as it issues from Madame Pompadina's *carton*. Lady Isidora is really quite satisfied; her maid consigns it to the imperial, and in due course Lady Isidora's *brun méditatif* makes a sensation at the Duke of Camberwell's autumn gathering. But alas! on that very day another fair lady—a *parvenue*—is seen in a *brun méditatif* of almost the same design! 'Take it away, Medlock; I do not intend to put it on again!' And Medlock, wisely ignoring the *début* and subsequent disaster, simply returns it to Madame with a note to say that Lady Isidora prefers *gris antique*. So the brown dress, beautiful and stately, goes off to Northumberland as part of Miss Craven of Duncraven's *trousseau*.

A sudden loss obliging the new-made bride to assume mourning, the brown dress travels this time to a western provincial 'Emporium' of Paris *modes et robes*. But a few months later, not yet a year old, it finds itself in the hands of a London costume maker—not in or near Bond Street—being re-lined, and takes its place in a window for the first time, ticketed 'Paris model' correctly enough.

Now its really useful days begin. In a comfortable suburban villa the lovely brown dress does good service, and in time loses its freshness. Then arrives the wonderfully ubiquitous Mrs. Aladdin, who relieves ladies of dresses, &c., that they are tired of, and carries our subject to a little back room in a little back street, where with ether and French chalk she removes tiny spots. She puts on velveteen cuffs and collar, binds on a fresh braid, takes out the old and puts in a new pocket, and then, neatly folded in a box, the dress once more goes to the West End. Arrived at the residence of a very popular dealer in wardrobes it is soon mated, so to speak, with a fine showy hat of the same colour, and catches the eye of a housemaid in search of 'something stylish.' Being produced on Sundays, and not meeting the approbation of the lady whom she 'attends upon,' the brown dress combines with other causes to dislodge its new owner from her otherwise too comfortable situation, and as she has become fastidious she is forced to sell it to pay for a lodging, before she can suit herself with another place.

The new mistress of our costume is a village shopkeeper; and greatly does she admire herself, and her neighbours envy her 'fashionable cut,' though the tint is considerably altered since Madame

Digitized by Google

Pompadina lavished encomiums on the *tisserand*. Alas that I must own the next move! To the pawnbroker's! Sad that the only reserve for the bad season should be a few smart clothes, a showy fender-stool, and brackets in velvet and (imitation) *point de Venise!*

From this obscure hiding-place the dress once more comes forth, this time to go as Sunday gown with a young milliner to a great town, where her days will wear away in a hot, close, unventilated workroom, and her nights, short as they are, be spent in a bald, dusty, unventilated bedroom. Sitting-room she will have none; and her Sunday gown will be donned, alas! too late for morning church, for which in truth she has little love. But her frivolous comrades soon persuade her to show it; it is quite too stylish to be hidden in a garret.

Can we follow the now unhappy dress? Is it not sad to catch a glimpse of it as it descends—from the park to the tea-garden, through groups at first idle, then worthless; now pawned for bread, now put on for low merry-making; at length sheltered in the workhouse, resumed at the door of the prison, and finally drawn, cold and wet and defaced—too like its last hapless wearer—from the mud of the river!

Digitized by Google

Spider Subjects.

FIVE sums and twenty French sentences. It is plain which is the most popular study.

Here is a translation by a French hand: 'J'ai vu un chien devenir à la fois anxieux et inquiet en voyant pleurer sa maitresse, et j'ai connu une fois un terrier Ecossais, qui, sous l'influence d'une affection fortement attendrie, semblait doué d'une connaissance et d'un discernement pour lesquels il est très difficile de rendre compte.'

Edelweiss—good, but the article should be repeated; Bathbrick good, all but *à l'instant*; Bruce's Spider, *à expliquer* will not do; Nitocris, *qui devient* should be *devenir*; Nelly, Spinning Jenny—too much transposition; Emmie P., Louey, Ina, too English; George—*qui* is not used for inanimate things; Georgy, *observé* is not good; Delta, *fort* should be *fortement*; Toute, *discretion* does not express the idea; A.B.C., *s'inquieter de voir* is not right; Lily, *dans le temps*; Adelaide, Corisande, E. C.'s—tolerable.

Of the sums, Bathbrick and A.B.C. will see that they are wrong; P., Delta, Edelweiss, right—Edelweiss given.

$$\text{Half-yearly income} = 3\tfrac{1}{4} \div 2 = \tfrac{13}{4} \times \tfrac{1}{2} = \tfrac{13}{8} = 1\tfrac{5}{8} \text{ per cent.}$$

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Income from } £91 &= 1\tfrac{5}{8} \\ \text{,, ,, } £1 &= 1\tfrac{5}{8} \\ \text{,, ,, } £3{,}300 &= \frac{91}{1\frac{5}{8}} \times 3{,}300 \end{aligned}$$

$$= \tfrac{3}{2} \times \tfrac{1}{7} \times \tfrac{825}{1} = \tfrac{825}{14} = £58\ 18\ 6\tfrac{4}{7}$$

Answer—£58 18 6$\frac{4}{7}$

EDELWEISS.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

Tell your favourite real old fairy-tale, from memory, with any ideas it suggests.

What is known about Sirius?

STAMPS RECEIVED.—Spinning Jenny, Wandering Jew, Bathbrick, J. M. B., Cobweb, Shamrock.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

I received seven contributions for the January subject, and sixteen for the February. Most of them are very carefully done, but one fault runs through all. In all the descriptions are much longer than is necessary. Families of plants differ from each other in one or more *distinctive* points, and species differ in the same way. The members should note the points of *difference*, and not the points which families

Digitized by Google

and species have in common with others. I would give this advice to each member: Study all the characters of the flowers, comparing the living specimen with the descriptions in the books; then shut the book, and study to make your own description as short as is consistent with accuracy.

VERTUMNUS II.

Notices to Correspondents.

In reply to *M. G. R.*, Faber's *Conferences* are published by Richardson and Co., London, Derby, and New York. *Miss Holland, High Cross, Truro,* has a copy published in 1870, which she will be happy to lend if *M. G. R.* will forward her address.

Faber's *Spiritual Conferences*, price 6*s.*, can be obtained from *Burns and Oates*, 28, *Orchard Street, Portman Square, W.*

In answer to *T.*'s question, the address of Miss Leigh's Home for English and American Women in Paris is 77, *Avenue Wagram.* Visitors are admitted. There is also an English Governesses' Paris Aid Society; address, *Miss Pryde*, 16, *Rue de Tilsit, Paris.*

L. L.—We should recommend S.P.C.K. *Cottage Commentary.*

A. P. would be obliged if any reader of the *Monthly Packet* would give the derivation of the word 'menial.' Is it from *mœnia* or *demesne?*

[From *meiny*, the whole establishment of retainers. French *meiné*, said to come, like *maison* and mansion, ultimately from *maneo*, remain or stay.]

M. L. G.—Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More.

George.—Queen Claude was the wife of King Francis I. of France. Ann Taylor, afterwards Mrs. Gilbert, author, jointly with her sister Jane, of *Original Poems and Nursery Rhymes.*

L. M. F.—The lines are from *A Dialogue by C.*, first published in a book entitled *Hymns and Poems for the Sick and Suffering*, by the Rev. Thomas Vincent Fosberry in 1853. The first line is—

'Saviour, beneath Thy yoke.'

Weston Cotton and *Se S.*—Also in the *Sheltering Vine*, by the Countess of Northesk (Wooldridge, 1853).—*S. H.*

D. B. would feel greatly obliged if any of the readers of the *Monthly Packet* will tell her who is the author of a poem entitled 'All's for the best,' and where may it be found? Each verse begins and ends with those words.

Miss Richards, Rossett, Wrexham, will be much obliged if any reader of the *Monthly Packet* will tell her where she can get the whole of a poem by Thomas Miller, beginning,

'We had a pleasant walk to-day
Over the meadows and far away.
Across the bridge by the water-mill
By the woodside and up the hill,
And if you'll listen to what I say,
I'll tell you what I saw to-day.'

Miss Richards will gladly pay postage both ways to any one who can lend her a book containing the lines.

Digitized by Google

Rob Roy.—S. Margaret of Antioch was converted by her nurse. She was imprisoned in a dungeon. Satan attacked her in the form of a dragon, and even swallowed her, but instantly burst asunder. She was beheaded the next day.

S. Cecilia was a Roman lady martyred in her own house. The executioner gave her three mortal wounds in the neck, but she lived for three days singing praises. Her house was soon after made into a church, and her body was found there in 1599. The figure was sculptured commemorating her attitude.

S. Edith was an Anglo-Saxon nun of holy life. She had promised a friend to stand Godmother to her first daughter, but she died three years before the birth of a girl in the family. At the christening by S. Alphege in Winchester Cathedral, Edith appeared among the sponsors, holding the taper given to the Godmothers, with the prayer that the child might keep its light burning when the Bridegroom cometh.

Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art* has been lately republished (we think but are not sure).

Dr. Fell is by Tom Brown, born 1663, died 1704. The lines are the translation of a two-line Latin epigram. *R. F. L.*

Frank.—22, *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, Rev. R. N. Robinson; 210, Bishop C. Wordsworth; 323, Sir H. Baker; 333, Rev. W. S. Bourne; 341, Rev. J. J. Daniell. *Frank* also asks what is meant by St. Ninian's Collection of Hymns.

Dear Editor,—May I ask for a little space in the *Monthly Packet* in which to thank all the kind but unknown friends who have so generously responded to the appeal in the December number of your magazine for help to procure a church boat for use in the diocese of New Westminster? The sum needed, 24*l.* 5*s.*, has now been collected all but 2*l.*, which it is hoped may still be raised, as several contributions have quite recently been received through the medium of these pages.

The boat has been built at Bristol, under the superintendence of the Rev. H. Mogg, and is seventeen feet in length, with sails, oars, and complete fittings; she is considered by competent judges to be 'handsome, strong, and up to any wind.'

To each kind donor whose address was known a list of four names for the boat was sent, in order that all might, as far as possible, take part in the choice of a suitable one, as they had taken part in a work which, without their help, could not have been carried out.

The four names proposed were 'Day Star,' 'King's Messenger,' 'Glad Tidings,' and 'Message of Hope.'

The first met with the most general approval, and on Thursday, January 17th, at 2.30 P.M., the 'Day Star' was named and launched from the Bristol Docks. A short service, consisting of appropriate Psalms, Versicles, Chapter, and Prayers, was arranged by the Rev. H. Mogg, and held out of doors. In the absence of Viscountess Enfield, who was unable to be present, Mrs. Norris, wife of the Archdeacon of Bristol, named her. She was then blessed by the Archdeacon and launched. The Rev. A. B. Thynne, one of the commissaries of the Bishop of New Westminster, with his wife, and other friends were present at the ceremony.

Digitized by Google

The Hudson's Bay Company has most liberally consented to take out the boat freight free; but on her arrival at Burrard's Inlet there will be 5*l.* to pay for duty. It is most earnestly desired to raise, if not the whole, at least a part of this sum, to transmit to Mr. Ditcham, who will otherwise find it hard to obtain there, where *all* are so poor.

The 'Day Star' goes out in the 'Princess Royal,' and is not expected to arrive till August, five months from the time the vessel leaves England, the voyage round Cape Horn being, of course, a long one by sailing vessel.

I take this opportunity of thanking G. L. C. for a donation of 1*s.* and 'A Lady' for one of 3*s.* towards the boat fund. We are deeply grateful for the help received, and it is certain that the clergyman for whose watery parish the 'Day Star' is destined will not be the least so.

March 10th, 1884.

S. Andrew's Cottage, Clewer: or, Help for Poor Ladies in their own Homes.

'Largely thou givest, gracious Lord,
Largely Thy gifts should be restored;
Freely Thou givest, and Thy word
Is, "Freely give."
He only, who forgets to hoard,
Has learned to live.'

'It is such a hopeless task to help poor ladies; there is no work they are fit for, and they don't help themselves.'

One has often heard the remark; perhaps we have said so ourselves. I only wish all the *Monthly Packet* readers could share the pleasure I have lately had, and go and see for themselves how this 'hopeless task' is being achieved at S. Andrew's Cottage.

It is nearly five years ago since the readers of this magazine took such a kindly interest in this Charity that more than 70*l.* were sent in answer to an appeal in its pages. Since then much has been done with small means, and it seems time to tell again of the ever-increasing needs of this work.

First then there is S. Andrew's Cottage itself—'a House of Rest for Ladies with small means.' Here we find no changes. The same kind heads, the same bright cheerful family life, with eight ladies gathered to spend a happy Christmas and New Year, some of whom perhaps have no other home on earth. These at least are no idle, helpless drones; many of them are hardworking governesses, enjoying their well-earned Christmas holiday, and able to pay for themselves the small weekly sum required. Ladies of better means, wishing for rest and bright services, free from household cares, can be received, if space allows, at a higher rate.

But among those ladies who come for a few weeks' rest—and in five years about 200 have thus been received—there are often cases which move the kind hearts of those in charge with the deepest compassion. Here is one, born and brought up in luxury, who has lost every penny through the fault of others, and knows not how to get work. Another has, perhaps, for a quarter of a century struggled hard as a governess, supporting a mother or sister out of her small stipend; how can she

Digitized by Google

have laid by anything? And now, with all her nerve power gone, ground down by hard work and wearing anxiety, she sees utter poverty staring her in the face. Another is getting blind, another quite deaf; perhaps both afflictions have come together. Here is a member of a large family of educated people, all as poor as possible, the son struggling to finish his artist's education. These are *not* imaginary cases. And there are others too, from whom no word as to their poverty can be drawn, till a loving and pitiful heart follows them to the wretched address they have given, to find an almost unfurnished garret, not only without fire, but without a fire-place; for cold and hunger have long been looked on as the natural lot of the poor lady, whose weeks at the Cottage have been to her as a glimpse of Paradise. Oh, is there not one thing more heartrending than that 'bitter cry' of which we have heard so much—the patient silence of poverty which has ceased to hope?

These are the cases for which help in their own homes is so much needed, and in aid of which the fund now pleaded for is raised. Be it remembered that in giving to this fund we give directly and wholly to those poor ones for whom it is intended. *Not one penny* is subtracted for postage or working expenses. Grants of from 5*l.* to 25*l.* are annually allowed to about twenty people; and all sorts of help is given as it is needed, regardless of religious denominations. For instance, a girl was educated and sent out to the colonies, where she is doing well. Then coals, blankets and clothes are as gratefully received by poor ladies, as by the poorest working people.

At the back of S. Andrew's Cottage is a pretty row of twelve model cottages, with a larger one called the Lodge in the middle. They were built as almshouses for the poor of the parish; but, seeing how many homeless ladies there are, have gradually been turned into 'Cottage Homes' for ladies—about ten being now thus occupied. These are for ladies who have, or whose friends will undertake to give them, from 25*l.* to 50*l.* per annum. Their small means are supplemented when necessary partly from the 'Cottagers' Fund.' A visit to these dear little homes would soon cure one of thinking it hopeless work to help poor ladies. They are so bright and cheerful, so anxious to show the admirable arrangements of their tiny homes and to tell of their own deep thankfulness to the ladies at S. Andrew's Cottage for such a haven after years of struggling. And they are such pretty homes—two under each roof, lest they should feel lonely, yet each is quite separate. There is one lofty room, so prettily arranged. Here is the alcove, where the bed is turned up for the day, that, and the little washstand hidden by curtains. Another recess where book-shelves above and a cupboard below form a sort of sideboard, is the 'dining-room,' while the rest of the room, with its stone-mullioned bow window is the drawing-room, and in these light windows a great deal of business is carried on. One lady has her church-embroidery frame in hers, another copies manuscripts exquisitely; all do some sort of work to help to support themselves. Behind the larger room is a slip of a kitchen, with its economical stove, pump, coal-box, safe, and all indoors. Once a week the ladies meet at each other's houses in turn to work for the Cottagers' Society. Another day they work for Indian Missions. They attend matins at the Cottage Chapel, and they are allowed to go to evensong at S. Andrew's Hospital Chapel near at

Digitized by Google

hand, and the Celebrations in both. I am sure this part of the work must be a source of happiness to the Foundress. The rest from anxiety, with plenty of employment, is reviving for mind and body, and they are so brave and uncomplaining, so good and helpful to each other, and withal so merry. One evening we suddenly settled we would have an impromptu entertainment in the pretty sitting-room at S. Andrew's Cottage. Two or three ladies would recite. 'Oh, send down to the Cottages,' said the Sister-in-charge, 'and ask them to join us this evening.' In they came together very quickly, for they had all been having a New Year's tea-party at one of the Cottages. Four or five pieces were then recited to a most appreciative audience, and some music followed.

Yes, generally the work is hopeful enough; but is it any wonder that sometimes poverty has *not* had a sanctifying effect? that the soul is crushed as well as the body? What good your kindness and help would do to these very poor sad ones, far beyond the actual outlay!

It is difficult to mention cases without hurting people's feelings, but here is one: A clergyman's daughter brought up a very large family of orphan nephews and nieces single-handed, neither she nor they having a penny. She did it by taking a succession of daily engagements—four or five a day—a little school being but one item in the day's work. When they were started in life she worked herself nearly to death for a sick sister; and this heroine is *still* hard at work, with a very small stipend, and keeps out of debt; and some day, when she breaks down, I suppose our social economists will say, 'She ought to have saved something against old age; poor ladies are so improvident.'

The fund for helping poor ladies in their own homes needs some explanation. It exists only by the exertions of the secretary. 195*l.* subscribed by the Cottagers' Society last year is all they have to depend on this year, except what the secretary can make by sheer hard work—selling Christmas cards, lace-edged pictures, and fancy articles, and collecting from private sources. A fund depending entirely on the life and strength of two ladies is not satisfactory. Were they taken, what would become of the little band at the Cottage Homes, and of the other annuitants?

Two plans of more permanent help have been thought of. One is to look for our future mainstay to local associations. There are already ladies willing to be *workers* in such bands, but the secretary is most anxious to hear of ladies who will consent to be heads of such local associations, thus making centres of work all over England. Their work would be two-fold. First, to help the main fund; secondly, to do for their own neighbourhoods the work of S. Andrew's Cottage. Or one only of these objects might be taken up, *e.g.* funds collected in a branch might be spent in aid of poor ladies in that place, without necessarily passing through the main fund. As long as the work is done, it signifies little who is the doer.

Ladies willing thus to work for the society in other places, are invited to come to S. Andrew's Cottage, and see for themselves what is wanted, and talk over the work with the secretary. It is such a pleasant, easy expedition from London, there is so much to see at Clewer and Windsor, and they would meet with such a warm welcome at the Cottage. An omnibus runs from Windsor Station to Clewer.

The other plan for securing permanent grants to at least some of

Digitized by Google

the present annuitants is to get them at once on the United Kingdom Beneficent Association, votes for which are earnestly desired. But persons not subscribing to the United Kingdom Beneficent Society can give the secretary votes by sending money for the purpose at the rate of 5*s.* a vote. If a local helper would collect 10*l.*, that would give forty votes. If possible 1,000*l.* will be collected, when four ladies would, *without waiting*, be granted from 20*l.* to 25*l.* each for life, which makes them eligible for many other charities. Is not this good interest for the money? And it helps the noble United Kingdom Beneficent Society into the bargain, for the money paid for votes goes to increase its funds, and has nothing to do with present vote-holders, nor does it injure the chances of other candidates.

A true story will best illustrate both the weariness of waiting year by year, while votes are being slowly collected, and the joy it must be to have the votes bought, and the annuity secured.

A district visitor in a wretched part of London found two sisters, ladies by birth, old and unable to work, and one of them blind. They were starving, but a small portion of food was before the blind sister, while the other sat by, pretending to eat too, making a sort of sound lest her sister should refuse her scanty meal. The one who could see tried for years to get on the United Kingdom Beneficent Society, till at last she had so many votes, she made sure of it. One morning when the neighbours came in, horrible to say, they found her lying, with a letter in her hand, saying she was just *not* elected; and there was the poor blind one sitting near her, unconscious that the brave patient heart was broken at last, killed by starvation and hope deferred. Let us, *while we can*, save our sisters from such a death.

Besides these there are many other ways of helping—donations of money, furniture, curtains, carpets, and especially left-off ladies' clothing (and gentlemen's too, for poor ladies often have sons or brothers). When a welcome package of old clothes arrives at the Cottage no false pride is allowed to hinder the thankful reception of its contents—all are utilised, no matter how old, and if a bit of new flannel for a petticoat is found, so much the better.

Those who cannot *give* much can help in other ways. Many say a daily prayer that He who for our sakes became poor will bless our efforts to serve one another in love.

This year some ladies gave a concert in aid of the fund. Last year a girls' school had a fancy sale for it. Would not some ladies' school take up this work *as their own mission*, just as Winchester and Eton have each taken a mission in a large town to help? Drawing-room sales are becoming almost a fashion, and take little trouble; friends are just asked to afternoon tea and told there will be fancy articles to look at.

All contributions should be sent to *Miss Charlotte E. C. Sterky, Treasurer and Secretary, S. Andrew's Cottage, Clewer, Windsor*, who will also furnish collecting cards or any information. Post-office orders should be payable at Windsor.

We hear much in these days about the sinfulness of being poor. Political and social economists dream of well-ordered schemes of enforced thrift which shall entirely supersede all need for charity. Poverty is to be a thing of the past, and in so far as it is caused by sin or

Digitized by Google

imprudence, would that it were! But above all these plans a voice seems to echo from the plains of Moab, down the stream of thirty-three centuries, the words of Moses:—'The poor shall never cease out of the land;' and of a greater than Moses:—'The poor ye have always with you, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good.'

'Whensoever ye will'—let it be NOW, and in learning to fulfil our motto 'By love serve one another,' may we rise higher still, for is it not true that—

'From all channels, good or evil,
Love, to its pure source enticed,
Finds its own immortal level
In the Charity of Christ.'

BOG-OAK.

ANDOVER, *Sexagesima*, 1884.

MISSION TO UNTAUGHT CHINESE LADIES.

MRS. FAGG, *Homeside, Duppas Hill Terrace, Croydon*, while thanking those who have so warmly responded to Miss Gordon Cumming's appeal, would say that news has arrived. Miss Gough has fairly settled to work in China, and another lady, an officer's daughter, well trained and brought up in luxury, is willing to leave all and go and join Miss Gough, if sufficient funds come in. The 'Church of England Zenana Missionary Society' wanted 200*l.* before they could send her; 50*l.* has come in. Now, are there none of our sisters in the Church of England who could spare a small sum to enable this lady to go this year? If each reader of the *Monthly Packet* would give something, a small donation, or subscription, which would be better, the sum would soon be realised. We are hoping to have a sale soon; would friends send me work for that, if they cannot give? In fact I would willingly receive and acknowledge any sums, work or jewellery, which might be sent in; and will friends kindly notify at once to me, if they find the sums, &c., &c., they send, unacknowledged? For, as many send only initials, and no address, I cannot thank them unless through the *Monthly Packet*. Since February 6th the following sums have come in:—The Misses Hunter, 5*s.*; Mrs. Williamson, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Miss Newman, 5*s.*; Miss Fleming, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Miss Plowright, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Mrs. Sampson, 1*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*; S. W., 2*s.*; Miss Lee; 2*s.* 9*d.*; M. C. S., 2*s.* 6*d.*; piece of embroidery, 3*s.* 6*d.* All sums over 5*s.* sent straight to the Society will be acknowledged by them in *India's Women*.

Digitized by Google

The Monthly Packet.

MAY, 1884.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST WALK.

'WHAT a lot of letters for you, mamma!' cried Mysie.

'Papa!' exclaimed Fergus and Primrose.

'No, it is not the right day, my dears. But here is a letter from Aunt Ada.'

'Oh!' in a different tone.

'She writes for Aunt Jane. They will come down here next Monday because Aunt Jane is wanted to address the girls at the G.F.S. festival on Tuesday.'

'Aunt Jane seems to have taken to public speaking,' said Harry. 'It would be rather a lark to hear her.'

'You may have a chance,' said Lady Merrifield, 'for here is a note from Mrs. Blackburn to ask if I will be so very kind as to let them have the festival here. They had reckoned upon Tillington Park, where they have always had it before, but they hear that all the little Tillingtons have the measles, and they don't think it safe to venture there.'

'It will be great fun!' said Gillian. 'We will have all sorts of games, only I'm afraid they will be much stupider than the Irish girls.'

'And *ever* so much stupider than the dear 111th children,' sighed Mysie.

'Aren't they all great big girls?' asked Valetta, disconsolately.

'I believe twelve years old is the limit,' said her mother. 'Twelve-year-old girls have plenty of play in them, Val. Haven't they, Mysie? Let me see—two hundred and thirty of them.'

'For you to feast?' asked Harry.

Digitized by Google

'Oh, no—that cost comes out of their own funds, Mrs. Blackburn takes care to tell me, and Miss Hacket will find some one in Silverfold who will provide tables and forms and crockery. I must go down and talk to Miss Hacket as soon as lessons are over. Or perhaps it would save time and trouble if I wrote and asked her to come up to luncheon and see the capabilities of the place. Why, what's the matter?' pausing at the blank looks.

'The jam, mamma—the blackberry jam!' cried Valetta.

'Well?'

'We can't do it without Gill, and she will have to be after *that* Miss Constance,' explained Val.

'Oh! never mind. She won't stay all the afternoon,' said Gillian, cheerfully. 'Luncheon people don't.'

'Yes, but then there will be lessons to be learnt.'

'Look here, Val,' said Gillian, 'if you and Mysie will learn your lessons for to-morrow while I'm bound to Miss Con, I'll do mine some time in the evening, and be free for the jam when she is gone.'

'The dear delicious jam!' cried Val, springing about upon her chair; and Lady Merrifield further said—

'I wonder whether Mysie and Dolores would like to take the note down. They could bring back a message by word of mouth.'

'Oh, thank you, mamma!' cried Mysie.

'Then I will write the note as soon as we have done breakfast. Don't dawdle, Fergus boy.'

'Mayn't I go?' demanded Wilfred.

'No, my dear. It is your morning with Mr. Poulter. And you must take care not to come back later than eleven, Mysie dear; I cannot have him kept waiting. Dolores, do you like to go?'

'Yes, please,' said Dolores, partly because it was at any rate gain to escape from that charity school lesson in the morning, and partly because Valetta was looking at her in the ardent hope that she would refuse the privilege of the walk, and it therefore became valuable; but there was so little alacrity in her voice that her aunt asked her whether she were quite rested and really liked the walk, which would be only half a mile to the outskirts of the town.

Dolores hated personal inquiries beyond everything, and replied that she was quite well, and didn't mind.

So as soon as she and Mysie had finished they were sent off to get ready, while Aunt Lilias wrote her note in pencil at the corner of the table, which she never left, while Fergus and Primrose were finishing their meal; but she had to silence a storm at the 'didn't mind'—Gillian even venturing to ask how she could send one to whom it was evidently no pleasure to go. 'I think she likes it more than she shows,' said the mother, 'and she wants air, and will settle to her lessons the better for it. What's that, Val?'

'It was my turn, mamma,' said Valetta, in an injured voice.

Digitized by Google

'It will be your turn next, Val,' said her mother, cheerfully. 'Dolores comes between you and Mysie, so she must take her place accordingly. And to-day we grant her the privilege of the new comer.'

Dolores would have esteemed the privilege more, if, while she was going up stairs to put on her hat, the recollection had not occurred to her of one of the victims of an aunt's cruelty who was always made to run on errands while her favoured cousins were at their studies. Was this the beginning? Somehow, though her better sense knew this was a foolish fancy, she had a secret pleasure in pitying herself, and posing to herself as a persecuted heroine. And then she was greatly fretted to find the housemaid in her room, looking as if no one else had any business there. What was worse, she could not find her jacket. She pulled out all her drawers with fierce noisy jerks, and then turned round on the maid, sharply demanding—

'Who has taken my jacket?'

'I'm sure I don't know, Miss Dollars. You'd best ask Mrs. Halfpenny.'

'If—' but at that moment Mysie ran in, holding the jacket in her hand. 'I saw it in the nursery,' she said, triumphantly. 'Nurse had taken it to mend! Come along. Where's your hat?'

But there was pursuit; Mrs. Halfpenny was at the door. 'Young ladies, you are not going out of the policy in that fashion.'

'Mamma sent us. Mamma wants us to take a note in a hurry. Only to Miss Hacket,' pleaded Mysie, as Mrs. Halfpenny laid violent hands on her brown holland jacket, observing—

'My leddy never bade ye run off mair like a wild worricow than a general officer's daughter, Miss Mysie. What's that? Only Miss Hacket do ye say? You should respeck yourself and them you come of mair than to show yourself to a blind beetle in an unbecoming way. 'Tis well that there's one in the house that knows what is befitting. Miss Dollars, you stand still; I must sort your necktie before you go. 'Tis all of a wisp. Miss Mysie, you tell your mamma that I should be fain to know her pleasure about Miss Dollars' frocks. She've scarce got one — coloured or mourning — that don't want altering.'

Mrs. Halfpenny always caused Dolores such extreme astonishment and awe that she obeyed her instantly, but to be turned about and tidied by an authoritative hand was extremely disagreeable to the independent young lady. Caroline had never treated her thus, being more willing to permit untidiness than to endure her temper. She only durst, after the pair were released, remonstrate with Mysie on being termed Miss Dollars.

'They can't make out your name,' said Mysie. 'I tried to teach Lois, but nurse said she had no notion of new-fangled nonsense names.'

Digitized by Google

'I'm sure Valetta and Primrose are worse.'

'Ah! but Val was born at Malta, and mamma had always loved the Grand Master La Valette so much, and had written verses about him when she was only sixteen. And Primrose was named after the first primrose mamma had seen for twelve years—the first one Val and I had ever seen.'

'They called me Miss Mohun at home.'

'Yes, but we can't here, because of Aunt Jane.'

All this was chattered forth on the stairs before the two girls reached the dining-room, where Mysie committed the feeding of her pets to Val, and received the note, with fresh injunctions to come home by eleven, and bring word whether Miss Hacket and Miss Constance would both come to luncheon.

'Oh dear!' sighed Gillian, and there was a general groan round the table.

'It can't be helped, my dear.'

'Oh no, I know it can't,' said Gillian, resignedly.

'You see,' said Mysie. 'Yes, come along, Basto dear. You see Gill has to be—down, Basto, I say!—a young lady when— Never mind him, Dolores, he won't hurt. When Miss Constance Hacket and—leave her alone, Basto, I say!—and she is such a goose. Not you, Dolores, but Miss Constance.'

Oh that dog! I wish you would not take him.'

'Not take dear old Basto! Why 'tis such a treat for him to get a walk in the morning—the delight of his jolly old black heart. Isn't he a dear old fellow? and he never hurt anybody in his life! It's only setting off! He will quiet down in a minute; but I couldn't disappoint him. Could I, my old man?'

Never having lived with animals nor entered into their feelings, Dolores could not understand how a dog's pleasure could be preferred to her comfort, and felt a good deal hurt, though Basto's antics subsided as soon as they were past the inner gate shutting in the garden from the paddock, which was let out to a farmer. Mysie however ran on as usual with her stream of information—

'The Miss Hackets were sisters or daughters or *something* to some old man who used to be clergyman here, and they are all married up but these two, and they've got the dearest little house you ever saw. They had a nephew in the 111th, and so they came and called on us at once. Miss Hacket is a regular old dear, but we none of us can bear Miss Constance, except that mamma says we ought to be sorry for her because she leads such a confined life. Miss Hacket and Aunt Jane always do go on so about the G.F.S. They both are branch secretaries, you know.'

'I know! Aunt Jane did bother Mrs. Sefton so that she says she will never have another of those G.F.S. girls. She says it is a society for interference.'

Digitized by Google

'Mamma likes it,' said Mysie.

'Oh! but she is only just come.'

'Yes; but she always looked after the school children at Beechcroft before she married, and she and Alethea and Phyllis had the soldiers' children up on Sunday. Alethea taught the little drummer boys, and they were so funny. I wonder who teaches them now! Gill always goes down to help Miss Hacket with her G.F.S. classes. She has one on Sunday afternoon, and one on Tuesday for sewing, and she likes to have Gill for that because she says she is the only young lady in the place who can do plain needlework properly.'

'Sewing machines can work. What's the use of fussing about it!'

'They can't mend,' said Mysie. 'Besides, do you know, in the American war, all the sewing machines in the Southern States got out of order, and as all the machinery people were in the north, the poor ladies didn't know what to do, and couldn't work without them.'

'Sewing machines are a recent invention,' said Dolores.

'Oh! you didn't think I meant the great old War of Independence. No, I meant the war about the slaves—secession they called it.'

'That is not in the history of England,' said Dolores, as if Mysie had no business to look beyond.

'Why! of course not, when it happened in America. Papa told us about it. He read it in some paper, I think. Don't you like learning things in that way?'

'No. I don't approve of irregular unsystematic knowledge.'

Dolores had heard her mother say something of this kind, and it came into her head most opportunely as a defence of her father—for she would not for the world have confessed that he did not talk to her as Sir Jasper Merrifield seemed to have done to his children. In fact she rather despised the General for so doing.

'Oh! but it is such fun picking up things out of lesson time! said Mysie.

'That is the Edge——' Dolores was not sure of the word Edgeworthian, so she went on to 'system. Professor Sefton says he does not approve of harassing children with cramming them with irregular information at all sorts of times. Let play be play and lessons be lessons, he says, not mixed up together, and so Rex and Maude never learnt anything—not a letter—till they were seven years old.'

'How stupid!' cried Mysie.

'Maude's not stupid!' cried Dolores, 'nor the professor either! She's my great friend.'

'I didn't say *she* was stupid,' said Mysie, apologetically, 'only that it must be very stupid not to be able to read till one was seven. Could you?'

'Oh, yes. I can't remember when I couldn't read. But Maude used to play with a little girl who could read and talk French at five years old, and she died of water upon her brain.'

Digitized by Google

'Dear me! Primrose can read quite well,' said Mysie, somewhat alarmed; 'but then,' she went on in a reassured voice, 'so could all of us, except Jasper and Gillian, and they felt the heat so much at Gibraltar that they were quite stupid while they were there.'

This discussion brought the two girls across the paddock out into a road with a broad, neat foot-path, where numerous little children were being exercised with nurses and perambulators. At first it was bordered by fields on either side, but villas soon began to spring up, and presently the girls reached what looked like a long, low 'cottage residence,' but was really two, with a verandah along the front, and a garden divided in the middle by a paling covered with canary nasturtium shrubs. The verandah on one side was hung with a rich purple pall of the dark clematis, on the other by a Gloire de Dijon rose. There were bright flower beds, and the dormer windows over the verandah looked like smiling eyes under their deep brows of creeper-trimmed verge-board. What London-bred Dolores saw was a sight that shocked her—a lady standing unbonneted just beyond the verandah, talking to a girl whose black hat and jacket looked what Mysie called 'very G.F.S.-y.'

The lady did not turn out to be young or beautiful. She was near middle age, and looked as if she were far too busy to be ever plump; she had a very considerable amount of nose, and rather thin dark hair, done in a fashion which, like that of her navy blue linen dress, looked perfectly antiquated to Dolores. As she saw the two girls at the gate she came down the path eagerly to welcome them.

'Ah! my dear Mysie! so kind of your dear mother! I thought I should hear from her.' And as she kissed Mysie, she added, 'And this is the new cousin. My dear, I am glad to see you here.'

Dolores thought her own dignified manner had kept off a kiss, not knowing that Miss Hacket was far too ladylike to be over-familiar, and that there was no need to put on such a forbidding look.

Mysie gave her message and note, but Miss Hacket could not give the verbal answer at once till she had consulted her sister. She was not sure whether Constance had not made an engagement to play lawn-tennis, so they must come in.

There sounded 'coo-roo-*oo* coo-roo-*oo*' in the verandah, and Mysie cried—

'Oh, the dear doves!'

Miss Hacket said she had been just feeding them, when the G. F. S. girl arrived, and as Mysie came to a halt in delight at the aspect of a young one that had just crept out into public life, the sister was called to the window. She was a great deal younger and more of the present day in style than her sister, and had pensive-looking grey eyes, with a somewhat bored languid manner as she shook hands with the early visitors.

The sisters had a little consultation over the note, during which

Digitized by Google

Dolores studied them and Mysie studied the doves, longing to see the curious process of feeding the young ones.

When Miss Hacket turned back to her with the acceptance of the invitation she thought she might wait just to help Miss Hacket to put in the corn and the sop. Meantime Miss Constance talked to Dolores.

'Did you arrive yesterday?'

'No, the day before.'

'Ah! it must be a great change to you.'

'Indeed it is.'

'This must be the dullest place in England, I think,' said Miss Constance. 'No variety, no advantages of any kind! And have not you lived in London?'

'Yes.'

'That is my ambition! I once spent six weeks in London, and it was an absolute revelation—the opening of another world. And I understand that Mr. Maurice Mohun is such a clever man, and that you saw a great deal of his friends.'

'I used,' said Dolores, thinking of those days of her mother when she was the pet and plaything of the guests, incited to say clever and pert things, which then were passed round and embellished till she neither knew them nor comprehended them.

'That is what I pine for!' exclaimed Miss Constance. 'Nobody here has any ideas. You can't conceive how *borné* and prejudiced every one is! It will be quite a delight to have some one here who is used to something better! Don't you love art needlework?'

'Maude Sefton has been working Goosey Goosey Gander on a toilet-cover.'

'Oh! how sweet! We never get any new patterns here! Do come in and see, I don't know which to take; I brought three beginnings home to choose from, and I am quite undecided.'

'Mrs. Sefton draws her own patterns,' said Dolores. 'Sometimes she gets ideas from Lorenzo Dellman—he's an artist, you know, and a regular æsthete! He made her do a dado all sunflowers last year, but they are a little gone out now, and are very staring besides, and I think she will have some nymphs dancing among almond-trees in blue vases instead, as soon as she has designed it.'

'Isn't that lovely! Oh! what would I not give for such opportunities? Do let me have your opinion.'

So Dolores went in with her, and looked at three patterns of tall daisies, of odd-looking doves, one on each side of a red Etruscan vase, where the water must have been as much out of their reach as that in the pitcher was beyond the crow's, and Little Bo Peep. Having given her opinion in favour of Bo Peep, she was taken up stairs to inspect the young lady's store of crewels, and choose the colours.

Dolores neither knew nor cared anything about fancy work, but to

Digitized by Google

be treated as an authority was quite soothing, and she fully believed that the mere glimpses she had had of Mrs. Sefton's work and the shop windows, enabled her to give great enlightenment to this poor country mouse; so she gladly went to the bedroom, with a muslin worked toilette cover, embroidered curtains, plates fastened against the wall, and table all over knick-knacks, which Miss Constance called her little den, where she could study beauty after her own bent, while her sister Mary was wholly engrossed with the useful, and could endure nothing but the prose of the last century.

Meantime Mysie had forgotten how time flew in her belief that in one minute more, the young doves would want to be fed, and then in amusement at seeing them pursue their parents with low squeaks and flutterings, watching too the airs and graces, bowing, cooing, and laughing of the old ones. When at last she was startled by hearing eleven struck there had to be a great hunt for Dolores in the drawing-room and garden, and when at last Miss Hacket's calls for her sister brought the two down stairs more than ten minutes had passed! Mysie was too much dismayed, and in too great a hurry to do anything but cry 'Come along, Dolores,' and set off at such a gallop as to scandalise the Londoner, even when Mysie recollected that it was too public a place for running, and slackened her pace. Dolores was soon gasping, and with a stitch in her side. Mysie would have exclaimed 'What were you doing with Miss Constance?' but breathlessness happily prevented it. The way across the paddock seemed endless, and Mysie was chafed at having to hold back for her companion, who panted in distress, leant against a tree, declared she *could* not go on, she did not care, and then when Mysie set off running was seized with fright at being left alone in this vast unknown space, cried after her and made a rush, soon ending in sobbing breath.

At last they were at the door, and Wilfred just coming out of the dining-room greeted them with 'A quarter to twelve. Won't you catch it? Oh my!'

'Are they come?' said Lady Merrifield, looking out of the schoolroom. 'My dear children! Did Miss Hacket keep you?'

'No, mamma,' gasped Mysie. 'At least it was my fault for watching the doves.'

'Ah! Mysie, I must not send you on a message next time. Mr. Poulter has been waiting these twenty minutes, and I am afraid you are not fit to take a lesson now. Dolores looks quite done up! I shall send you both to lie down on your beds and learn your poetry for an hour. And you must write an apology to Mr. Poulter this afternoon. No, don't go in now. Go up at once, Gillian shall bring your books. Does Miss Hacket come?'

'Yes, mamma,' said Mysie humbly, looking at Dolores all the time. She was too generous to say that part of the delay had been caused by looking for her cousin, and having to adapt her pace to the slower

Digitized by Google

one, but she decidedly expected the avowal from Dolores, and thought it mean not to make it. 'And, oh, the jam!' she mourned as she went up stairs. While, on the other hand, Dolores considered what she called 'being sent to bed' an unmerited and unjust sentence given without a hearing; when their tardiness had been all Mysie's fault, not hers. She had no notion that her aunt only sent them to lie down because they looked heated, tired, and spent, and was really letting them off their morning's lessons. It was a pity she felt too forlorn and sullen even to complain when Gillian brought up Macaulay's *Armada* for her to learn the first twelve lines, or she might have come to an understanding, but all that was elicited from her was a glum 'No' when asked if she had learnt it. Gillian told her not to keep her dusty boots on the bed, and she vouchsafed no answer, for she did not consider Gillian her mistress, though after she was left to herself she found them so tight and hot that she took them off. Then she looked over the verses rather contemptuously—she who always learnt German poetry; and she had a great mind to assert her independence by getting off the bed, and writing a letter to Maude Sefton, describing the narrow stupidity of the whole family, and how her aunt, without hearing her, had sent her to bed for Mysie's fault. However, she felt so shaky and tired that she thought she had better rest a little first, and somehow she fell fast asleep, and was only awakened by the gong. She jumped up in haste, recollecting that the delightful sympathising Miss Constance was coming to luncheon, and set her hair and dress to rights eagerly, observing, however, to herself, that her horrid aunt was quite capable of imprisoning her all the time for not having learnt that stupid poetry.

She hesitated a little where to go, when she reached the hall, but the school-room door was open, and she heard a mournful voice concluding with a gasp—

'"Our glorious *semper eadem*, the banner of our pride."'

And Miss Vincent saying, 'Now, my dear, go and wash your face, and try not to be such a dismal spectacle.'

And then Mysie came out, with heavy eyes and a mottled face, showing that she had been crying all the time she had been learning, over her own fault certainly, but likewise over mamma's displeasure and Dolly's shabbiness.

'Well, Dora,' said Miss Vincent, 'have you come to repeat your poetry?'

'No,' said Dolores. 'I went to sleep instead.'

'Oh! I'm glad of that. I wish poor Mysie had done the same. I believe it was what Lady Merrifield intended, you both looked so knocked up.'

Dolores cleared up a little at this, especially as Miss Vincent was

Digitized by Google

no relation, and she thought it a good time to make her protest against mere English.

'Oh!' she said. 'I suppose that was the reason she gave me such a stupid, childish, sing-song nursery rhyme to learn. I can say lots of Schiller and some Goethe.'

'I advise you not to let any one hear you call Lord Macaulay's poem a nursery rhyme, or it might never be forgotten,' said Miss Vincent gaily. Then seeing the cloud return to Dolores' face she added, 'You have been brought forward in German, I see. We must try to bring your knowledge of English literature up to be even with it.'

Dolores liked this better than anything she had yet heard, chiefly because she had learnt from her books that governesses were not uniformly so cruel as aunts. And besides, she felt that she had been spared a public humiliation.

By this time the guests were ringing at the door, and Miss Vincent, with her hat on, only waiting till their entrance was made to depart. Dolores asked whether to go into the drawing-room, and was told that Lady Merrifield preferred that the children should only appear in the dining-room on the sound of the gong, which was not long in being heard.

The Merrifields were trained not to chatter when there was company at table, besides Mysie and Val were in low spirits about the chance of the blackberry cookery. Miss Hacket sat on one side of Lady Merrifield, and talked about what associates had answered her letters, and what villages would send contingents of girls, and it sounded very dull to the young people. Miss Constance was by Hal. She looked amiable and sympathetic at Dolores on the opposite side of the table, but discussed lawn-tennis tournaments with her neighbour, which was quite as little interesting to the general public as was the G.F.S. However, as soon as Primrose had said grace, Lady Merrifield proposed to take Miss Hacket down to the stable yard; and the whole train followed excepting the two girls, who trusted Hal to see whether their pets would suffer inconvenience. However it soon was made evident to Gillian that she was not wanted, and that Dolores and Constance had no notion of wandering about the paved courts and bare coach houses, among the dogs and cats, guinea-pigs, and fowls. Indeed Constance, who was at least five years older than Gillian, and a full blown young lady, dismissed her by saying 'that she was going to see Miss Mohun's books.'

'Oh, certainly,' said Gillian, in a voice as though she were rather surprised, though much relieved.

So off the friends went together—for of course they were to be friends. The Miss Mohun had been uttered in a tone that clearly meant to be asked to drop it, so they were to be Dolores and Constance henceforth, if not Dolly and Con. Dolores was such a lovely

Digitized by Google

name that Constance could not mangle it, and was sure there was some reason for it. The girl had, in fact, been named after a Spanish lady, whom her mother had known and admired in early girlhood, and to whom she had made a promise of naming her first daughter after her. No doubt Dolores did not know that Mrs. Mohun had regretted the childish promise which she had felt bound to keep in spite of her husband's dislike to the name, which he declared would be a misfortune to the child.

Dolores was really proud of its peculiarity, and delighted to have any one to sympathise with her, in that and a great deal besides, which she communicated to her new friend in the window-seat of her room. When the two ladies went home Constance told her sister that 'dear little Dolores was a remarkable character, sadly misunderstood among those common-place people, the Merrifields, and unjustly used too, and she should do her best for her!'

Meantime Gillian, finding herself not wanted, had repaired to the school-room.

'Oh, it is of no use,' sighed Mysie, disconsolately. 'I've ever so much morning's work to make up, too. And I never shall! I've muzzled my head!'

By which remarkable expression Mysie signified that fatigue, crying, and dinner had made her brains dull and heavy; but Gillian was a sensible elder sister.

'Don't try your sum yet then,' she said. 'Practise your scales for half an hour, while I do my algebra, and then we'll go over your German verbs together. I'll tell Miss Vincent, and she won't mind, and I think mamma will be pleased if you try.'

Gillian was too much used to noises not to be able to work an equation, and prepare her Virgil, to the sound of scales, and Mysie was a good deal restored by them and by hope.

So when at length Constance had been summoned by her sister, who tore herself away from the arrangements, being bound to five o'clock tea elsewhere, Mysie was discovered with a face still rather woe-begone, but hopeful and persevering, and though there still was a 'bill of parcels' where 11¾ lbs. of mutton at 13½*d.* per lb. refused to come right, Lady Merrifield kissed her, said she had been a diligent child, and sent her off prancing in bliss to the old 'still-room' stove, where they were allowed a fire, basins, spoons, and strainers, and where the sugar lay in a snowy heap, and the blackberries in a sanguine pile.

'There's partiality!' thought Dolores, and scowled, as she stood at the front door still gazing after Constance.

'Won't you come, Dolly?' said Mysie. 'Or haven't you learnt your lessons?"

'No,' said Dolly, making one answer serve for both questions.

'Oh! then you can't. Shall I ask mamma to let you off?'

Digitized by Google

'No, I don't care. I don't like messes! And what's the use if you haven't a cookery class.'

'It's such fun,' said Val.

'And our sisters did go to a cookery class at Dublin and taught Gill,' added Mysie.

'But if you haven't done your lessons, you can't go,' said Valetta decidedly.

Off they went, and Lady Merrifield presently crossed the hall, and saw Dolores' attitude.

'My dear, are you waiting to say those verses?' she said kindly.

'I hadn't time to learn them, I went to sleep,' said Dolores.

'A very good thing too, my dear. Suppose we go over them together.'

Aunt Lilias took the unwilling hand, led Dolores into the schoolroom, and for half an hour she went over the verses with her, explaining what was new to the girl, and vividly describing the agitation of Plymouth, and the flocks of people thronging in. 'I must show her that I will be minded, but I will make it pleasant to her, poor child,' she thought.

And it could not have helped being pleasant to her, but that she was reflecting all the time that she was being punished while Mysie was enjoying herself. Therefore she put the lid on her intellect, and was inconceivably stupid.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHOICE OF LIFE.

'A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play,
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day.'

THE approaching end of the school career of Alick and Geoffrey Leighton brought more perplexity and anxiety to their parents than they had often experienced in their prosperous life. There had indeed been some disappointment at finding that neither Fred's talents nor inclinations were suited to a learned profession, and that he would never follow in his father's steps; but this had been long known and prepared for. Fred was put into the office of a firm of old-established and highly-respected solicitors, and was working steadily at his business, and at the necessary preliminary examinations. After all it was nice to keep Fred at home, he would always be contented and comfortable, and would never be the cause of any real anxiety.

'And then you know, father,' he had said, 'there's Geoff. There's nothing he won't be able to do at school and college. I think he's as clever as you were.'

'Geoff is a better scholar than I was at his age,' said Mr. Leighton, with a gratified look. 'Certainly he may have a very brilliant career, and he is not idle either.'

'Oh no, he's a trump at hard work!' said Fred.

'I wish Alick was!' said Mr. Leighton. 'Alick has the wits, if he likes to use them.'

'Well, Alick's a bit lazy,' reluctantly admitted Fred, 'but he is such a good-natured chap. He'll never be such a swell as Geoff, of course, but he'll do well enough in his own way.'

If during the next two years Fred saw reason to doubt this happy augury, he said nothing to his father about it, and was sorry enough when Alick left Oxley, not exactly under a cloud, but not in the highest favour. He had not succeeded in winning at Midsummer the scholarship which took the second boy of the year from Oxley to Oxford. Geoffrey had obtained the first. He just failed in getting the

Digitized by Google

silver medal when Geoffrey took the gold one; he was obliged to confess to a great many little bills that his allowance would not cover, and was confronted with the head master's final letter, which without any very serious charge against him, accused him of falling short in every particular. That he was a universal favourite had not much mended the matter, as his influence had tended to a certain inefficiency and indifference to sustained efforts, that lowered the tone of that part of the school which came under his influence.

'That last is a serious charge, Alick,' said Mr. Leighton. 'What can you say to all this?'

Alick said nothing. His great dark eyes looked as miserable as those of a dog in disgrace. Lecturing Alick was always hard work.

'They never learnt any harm from me,' he said after a pause. 'I'm very sorry, father. I'll try and work harder, and—and not waste any money.'

'I do not know how to have any confidence in you, Alick.'

'That's all, father,' said Alick. 'I never did any worse than that. I wish I got on as well as Geoff does; he goes at things—like—like water out of a squirt. But I'll try. Mother was so vexed.'

'Yes, Alick, and if we let you go to college where the temptations are so much greater than at school, I am afraid your mother and I will be very anxious indeed about you.'

'But father,' said Alick, after a pause. 'You know I can't take orders if I don't go to college.'

'Is that your wish?' said Mr. Leighton, surprised.

'Why yes, I thought it was all settled. I told mother years ago that I should like it, and she said she was very glad I had such a purpose, and that she hoped I should keep to it.'

'Well, Alick, I hope you may, if you make yourself fit for it. You will have to pull yourself up in a variety of ways first. A parson who can't keep himself out of debt is a very poor creature.'

Alick pondered, he was never a boy of many words.

'I mean to try,' he said presently.

'Well, Alick, of course I wish to see my sons at the university. I am sorry that Fred has not taken that turn. You shall have your chance. Do your best.'

'I wish,' said Alick, 'that I had had those ridiculous mumps last summer instead of Geoff; then he would have gone up and got the Balliol.'

'It was a disappointment,' said Mr. Leighton, 'but we don't know that he would have been successful. Now send him in to me.'

'It is all right about Geoff,' said Alick, cheerfully, as he went in search of his brother whom he found alone in the dining-room, in which room the young people mostly sat in the morning.

'Geoff,' he said, 'father wants you. And he has been awfully jolly to me, and you and I will go up to Oxford together. And I say,

Digitized by Google

you pull me up, when you think I deserve it. And if I come into your rooms and work, I can't piffle away all my time—you won't let me.'

Geoffrey stood up, colouring to his hair roots. He made no answer to Alick's observations but went straight into his father's library. He stood up on the rug before him, and Mr. Leighton contemplated him with the sense that here was a boy whose career was surely marked out for him, and whose success in life was as certain as anything in the world can be. There were limits to the future of the slow Fred, and many doubts as to that of the dawdling, soft-eyed Alick, but Geoffrey's strong brows and firm-set lips showed a power all the more remarkable in his pink and white regularly formed face, that was at once so girlishly delicate and so hard.

'I have made up my mind to say,' he began at once, 'that I do not wish for a university career. I should like to go into business.'

'Geoffrey!' exclaimed Mr. Leighton, in extreme surprise.

'I should prefer it,' said Geoffrey, jerking out his words in the harsh rapid way natural to him when embarrassed or moved. 'I should like to be independent early in life. I heard Mr. Marsden ask you last year if you would like to put a son into his business. I suppose the premium and keeping me till I get a salary wouldn't cost *more* than Oxford, even now I have got a scholarship. Of course it does not come to much unless one could get a share in the business, but I would save up in time, to get a very little one. A gentleman of education would be very useful. I could soon get up modern languages. And I should lose none of my interest in intellectual pursuits. I should take care to show that I could be a scholar—and keep up with modern thought as well.'

'What possible motive can you have for giving up a career for which nature has certainly fitted you?'

Geoffrey turned scarlet.

'I wish it. I can't give any other reason,' he repeated.

'Your education has always been pursued to one particular end. Any other idea never occurred to me.'

'You have been very good, I know, always,' muttered Geoffrey with averted head, and such evident emotion as greatly to surprise his father.

'I have done what was right by you, Geoff.'

'Of course I will consider what you say, but I do not promise to abide by it.'

Geoffrey hurried away as if glad to accept any dismissal, and his father, much ruffled and disturbed, endeavoured to consider the matter. Geoffrey was always rather perverse, with views that could not be calculated on, but no one had expected such a sudden turn as this.

Time makes a great difference. In Alick and Geoffrey's childhood Mr. Leighton had been intensely sensitive to the peculiarity of their

Digitized by Google

position; but as the years passed on, and nothing came to recall it to his mind, it died away, and it was long since he had thought of them except as his two sons, whose future he was bound to consider. No other idea had crossed his mind during his conversation with Alick or with Geoffrey, till it was recalled by the latter's words, 'You have been very good to me always.' Could it be that Geoffrey had any view of his own about the matter? The idea was most painful and unwelcome. Mr. Leighton was proud of his clever son, and had become so without any loss of affection for the more engaging Alick.

He could conceive no motive for Geoffrey's choice. His name had been put down at a desirable college, a year ago, in case he should fail in obtaining a scholarship; he had been advised to leave the school exhibition and try in a wider field at higher game, and no one had doubted of the career before him.

Mrs. Leighton was as much puzzled as her husband. She talked to Geoffrey, who was evidently unhappy, and distressed at the annoyance he was causing, but neither gave in nor explained himself.

May cried, and said she was ashamed to own him for a brother. Fred said, slowly—

'Dear me, Geoff, what a pity!'

Alick said nothing, till one evening, finding himself alone with his mother, he coloured up, and said—

'Mother, I think I know what Geoff means.'

'Has he told you?'

'Oh dear no, but I think I can guess.'

'It would be a great relief if you could throw any light on it. And indeed I don't think that father will give in to Geoffrey unless he gives him a proper reason for the change.'

'Last year,' said Alick, 'when Geoff competed for the exhibition, of course you know he had to get his baptismal register, and some one—Paulet—who took his in at the same time, told me some one made a remark on the two names in it, and there was a little talk among the masters. Geoff was ready to kill them, Paulet said. And I believe he has resolved never to have to show it up again. I'm sure that's the reason.'

'Did he say anything about it to you?'

'Oh no, but I knew directly I saw it—that—that we shouldn't like it. But I didn't see that it was of any use to mind.'

'I think Geoffrey, too, must see that it would be foolish to shipwreck all his prospects for so trifling an annoyance.'

'You know we don't like it,' said Alick, 'and I know that Geoff cares a great deal more than I do.'

Mrs. Leighton reflected. She, too, like her husband, had practically forgotten the difficulty, and after a pause of surprised reflection she said—

Digitized by Google

'I think it would be rather weak of Geoffrey to give way to this feeling. It is a kind of sensitiveness that ought to be conquered, when so much depends on it.'

'Yes,' said Alick. 'I think so, certainly.'

'Besides,' said Mrs. Leighton, 'Geoffrey doesn't consider how much easier it would be for him to earn his living successfully in his own line than in any other.'

Geoffrey's entrance at this juncture prevented Alick from replying, and caused him to depart and leave the field free for his mother, if she wished to renew the discussion with Geoffrey, who looked cast down and uncomfortable.

'My dear,' said Mrs. Leighton, as she watched him pulling the newspaper about, 'Alick has given me a little hint about you. He says that some questions were asked you at Oxley about your baptismal register—questions that annoyed you.'

'It doesn't matter, mother,' cried Geoffrey, his face scarlet in a moment. 'I—I don't want to discuss it. I'll give in, if such a point is made of it. I—I'll do as you all wish.'

'What we wish is, that you should not disappoint yourself as well as your father, for a thing about which I do think, my dear boy, you are very needlessly sensitive.'

'Oh, mother!' exclaimed Geoffrey, impetuously. He started up, threw his arms round her neck, and kissed her vehemently—a most unusual outbreak, for he was the least caressing of all the children. 'Oh, mother!' he cried, almost sobbing, 'I'll do it if you wish.' And then, ashamed of his excitement, he dashed out of the room.

Mr. Leighton, however, did not at once accept this submission, Geoffrey could not now, he said, matriculate till Easter, nor go into residence till after the long vacation. He must take a little time to consider of it, and, as he could not spend six months in idleness, had better take a tutorship somewhere for the present. Geoffrey said that he had been offered a tutorship to some little boys in delicate health, the younger brothers of a school-fellow, who lived some miles out of London. He could go every day by train, and would still have time to attend some scientific lectures and to keep up his other studies.

'And to learn book-keeping by double entry,' said Alick, wickedly.

'Yes,' replied Geoffrey, 'I'll learn that too.'

There was no doubt of Geoffrey's power of work, or of his ability to learn anything that he chose to give his mind to. His energies were always looking out for fresh food, and he was a very amusing inmate of the family circle, being full of talk and occupations. He took up music, as being at home afforded a suitable opportunity, acquired a great deal of the science, and sang the most difficult music with great spirit, but just sufficiently out of tune to make Alick, who whistled street airs all day long, but could not read a note, stop his ears

Digitized by Google

whenever he heard him. When his prospects were no longer under discussion his high spirits returned, and he was the life of the house, so much possessed by his various pursuits that he *could* not brood over the dark thread that ran through his destiny, and, overwhelming his family with all he was doing, claiming interest and seeking sympathy in work and play, yet not enduring a touch on the one sensitive place; full of schemes of life which he had all the force and energy necessary to carry out, yet which were liable to be dashed aside by gusts of feeling and passion, entirely outside the schemes, and uncontrollable by all his strength of character.

CHAPTER IX.

SWEET DULCIE FORDHAM.

'And the good stars met in her horoscope,
Made her of spirit, fire and dew.'

'So Mrs. Fordham has let her little bird fly. My dear Dulcie, we must take good care of you, and send you back safe to the nest again.'

So spoke Mrs. Leighton one sunny April afternoon, as she gave Dulcie Fordham a hearty welcome to the pleasant drawing-room at Sloane House.

Dulcie, now just turned seventeen, stood smiling and blushing, a slender, graceful girl, with much delicacy of outline, and with hair that grew in pretty curves and waves on her forehead. She had peculiar eyes—light-coloured and dark-lashed—not what are called expressive or clever eyes, yet eyes to which her spirit lent a light, and which are only seen in imaginative people. Just now they were shining with pleasure, dashed with a little alarm, for this was her first visit to London, her first visit away from home, except to Willingham.

Dulcie, at this period of her existence, was valuable in her family for a certain pretty grace of conception and handiwork. She trimmed the hats, and set up the flowers, and expressed herself in romantic ways of arranging the furniture and her own clothes—she put life in a graceful point of view. She saw beauty and delight in all her surroundings, and rippled through her sunny days like a little brook in the meadows, and those who lived with her were the happier, they hardly knew how, for her existence. At this time she had no theories and ambitions, no high aims, and no conscious efforts to knock against the heads of her family; she was in most things unpractical and indifferent. 'Miss Dulcie was very harmless,' her nurse had once said of her as a child. But gentle as she was, she was neither dependent nor clinging. Her thoughts and fancies were her own, and she was sufficient for herself; while her life was so quiet that the quick sensitiveness which made her days so vivid had no chance of showing

Digitized by Google

itself as excitability. She had outgrown her governess some time since, and had continued to attend a few classes at the Manor; but when, on the marriage of her daughter Alice, Mrs. Leighton had written to beg that Dulcie might be spared for a couple of months, to be a companion for May, and share in some of her masters, Florence Venning had felt that it would be a great opening out of life for her little favourite, and was glad when Mrs. Fordham consented to let her go.

She had parted also from Annie Macdonald, who left school at Easter and went to pay a long visit to her relations in the north. Annie was quite determined not to forget all that she had learnt at school: she still secretly regarded it as her stock-in-trade; but she knew that her life might take another turn, and perhaps thought a little more of her own value, because she knew very well what brought Alick Leighton so often to Bridgehurst, not only on the rare occasions when their holidays did not coincide, but when Lady Anne was alone, and he could find an excuse for making himself agreeable to her.

One difficulty with regard to Dulcie's visit had been that, though May was still eager for self-improvement, she was turned eighteen and was 'out.' Was not Dulcie too young to share her gaieties, and yet Mrs. Leighton could not leave her at home by herself? Another year—— But Dulcie was so eager to go, and coaxed her mother so effectually, that permission was granted, Captain Fordham rather holding the view that a young lady ought to appear in society as soon as she was grown-up enough to behave there with propriety.

'Oh,' said Dulcie. 'Mamma, I know how to behave—

"Hold up your head,
Turn out your toes,
Speak when you're spoken to,
Mend your clothes."

I believe that's a perfect code of manners and morals. "Hold up your head"—have a proper self-respect. "Turn out your toes"—be as elegant and pretty-behaved as you can. "Speak when you're spoken to"—don't be forward and don't be shy. "Mend your clothes"—don't neglect your domestic duties.'

Whether this sally convinced Mrs. Fordham of Dulcie's capacity for grown-up life or not, she let her go, and Dulcie soon found herself much at her ease in Sloane House, ready for any amount of sight-seeing, and anxious to profit by her opportunities for improvement.

She had a singing-master who was willing to polish up her pretty fresh voice, and to teach songs that should be available for society; but May Leighton scorned this unscientific and ill-grounded 'finish,' and insisted on her attending art classes of the highest order, where she gained a great many ideas and, in her short experience, no means whatever of carrying them out.

Digitized by Google

'Miss Florence Venning *must* have had more advanced ideas,' May said, 'than to talk of *accomplishments*.'

'Oh,' said Dulcie, 'she says, after all, half a loaf is better than no bread, and every one can't be artists and musicians.'

'Ah,' said May loftily, 'she is demoralised by having to satisfy the requirements of a country town.'

May Leighton was a nice-looking girl of the dark-eyed, round-faced type, but with all Geoffrey's flow of conversation and disposition to 'tall talk.' She assured Dulcie that art demanded the devotion of a life, and that to talk of learning drawing as a 'nice resource,' or for a little amusement, was an utterly unworthy thing. 'So untrue!' she declared; while Dulcie wavered between an inclination to burn all the water-colours done under the instruction of the Oxley drawing-master, and to laugh a little, secretly, at notions that seemed so queer to her.

'Your drawings are very pretty,' said Mrs. Leighton, interposing, and so they were, for Dulcie had a pretty little facility of touch and colouring quite available as a 'nice resource,' but wholly unworthy of the 'devotion of a life.'

Dulcie leant back reflectively and clasped her hands at the top of her head.

'But I wonder——'

'Dulcie wants to be *aut Cæsar, aut nullus*,' said Alick, who had come in unobserved.

'Ah, but I can't,' she cried, with her eager sweetness, vehement, and yet checked by a thousand contradictory notions. 'Is nothing worth doing but the best of all? Must one be so fearfully thorough?'

'Well,' said Alick, 'it would be an awful relief to make up one's mind that as one isn't a genius, there's no good in mugging away on a fine day.'

'Oh, but that's your *duty*—that's quite a different thing,' said Dulcie.

'Duty!' said May. 'Not a bit more his duty than ours. Such narrow notions! Duty is a very misleading word. The thing is to avoid shams; and half-hearted trumpery work like Dulcie's drawings—dear Dulcie, you don't mind, do you?—is a sham. Better to draw a straight line right than a landscape wrong.'

'But, landscapes aren't like arithmetic,' cried Dulcie, with a flash of having caught an idea. 'Can't they be a *little* pretty—a little good?'

'Oh, if you talk about things being *pretty!*' cried May, in high disdain.

'There's not the slightest use in any girl thinking about her appearance, unless she is as handsome as Helen of Troy,' suggested Alick, in his soft, lazy undertone.

'Alick, that's unfair, somehow,' cried his sister. 'And it is quite

Digitized by Google

a duty to make the best of one's appearance, and to study one's points.'

'One's points!' said Dulcie. 'But that would be thinking about oneself.'

'Well,' don't you think about yourself and how you look?'

'Sometimes I try not to,' said Dulcie, blushing and confused. 'Only one must be neat.'

'Well,' said the relentless May, 'there's another sham. Doesn't every one want to be pretty? Why do you pretend not to care?'

'Oh, because——'

'Because she is all the prettier for pretending,' said the wicked Alick, evoking of course a chorus of denial from the young ladies, who at once joined forces against him.

'What a noise you are all making,' said Geoffrey, coming in upon them.

'To make up for your absence,' said May; and then they all turned round and appealed to the new comer; and Geoffrey sententiously gave out that a woman should cultivate her womanliness first, and other things only as they conduced to it.

Dulcie thought it very fine, and didn't quite understand what he meant; but in all this clash and clatter of conflicting tongues, her young spirit woke, and her mind took one of the great starts of life.

'It was deafening,' the mother would say, laughing.

'Oh, the ideas deafen my mind,' cried Dulcie. But she liked it. Books and high art, politics and philanthropy; society, where they met interesting people, and heard clever talk, were all in turn delightful to the eager girl, though sometimes she was shocked and frightened to hear the immutable home standards made objects of discussion.

Dulcie was caught by every new notion, and yet tenderly loyal to every old idea and practice.

The Leighton politics were moderately liberal; but Geoffrey, who no doubt if born among Conservatives, would have been a Radical of the reddest dye, professed himself a Tory, a reactionary Tory, and trailed his coat like any Irishman for his brothers to tread on.

This was all very well, and Dulcie was delighted that the cleverest of them all should fight for the old-fashioned principles in which she had been bred, though she was rather surprised at finding that the opinions of Conservatives, as expressed by Geoffrey, were so exceedingly strong. She didn't quite recognise her father's beliefs, in Geoffrey's championship of them. So she indulged in an innocent romance of loyalty, and thought all the sights of London surpassed by the sight of the Queen.

King Charles I. was regarded as too old-fashioned a subject of dispute; nobody cared one way or the other about Prince Charlie till Dulcie, half-mischievous, half-defiant, ran over to the piano in the dusk, and sang 'Charlie is my darling,' in her fresh young voice, and all the boys pressed round to listen.

Digitized by Google

'Sing another, Dulcie; I'm no end of a Jacobite,' said Alick.

'I'll join in chorus to anything,' said Fred; and—

'*Do* sing again,' in a vehement undertone from Geoffrey.

'Try the *Marseillaise*, Dulcie,' chimed in Mr. Leighton's voice from the inner room. 'It'll do just as well for the *Pied Piper*.'

And the next day Alick brought home a white rosebud, and Fred a Stuart tartan paper-knife, 'as a bribe for a song,' as he declared.

'What a touching offering, so sweet and appropriate!' said May, feeling the sharp edge of the paper-knife. 'Alick's is much more romantic.'

'But mine will last the longest.'

'Where's yours, Geoffrey?' said his sister.

'I don't want to bribe Dulcie to sing,' said Geoffrey, rather crossly.

But Dulcie, blushing and confused, was too shy to sing a note, and flying over to the piano, vehemently played a waltz instead.

No more was said about Prince Charlie; but the insinuating Alick coaxed song after song out of her on the afternoon before he went to Oxford, while the others were in the garden.

'They stir one's blood,' said Alick, as he leaned comfortably over the end of the sofa and listened.

'I am sure one would have done it *all*,' said foolish Dulcie, in a fervour of enthusiasm, with eyes shining and even a bit of a falter in her soft voice, and then with one of her sudden starts, she turned the bright eyes away, and ran out to join the others.

Unconsciousness is an exceedingly rare quality, and perhaps can hardly exist long except in a nature of one-sided or defective sympathies; certainly not unless the 'flower does really blush unseen' or is not worth notice. Self-possession is an excellent working imitation of it. Dulcie was too attractive and too easily wrought upon to be unconscious, and too timid and impulsive to be self-possessed. She knew quite well when she was the centre of attraction, and enjoyed the fun of it, when she did not forget herself and everything in the subject in hand. And then came little efforts at good behaviour and recollections of propriety, which seemed all owing to coquetry, when in truth nine-tenths was 'behaviour.'

But Dulcie did not trouble herself for more than ten minutes at a time about any one thing when so many things claimed her attention. She was delighted with Mrs. Leighton. The sympathy and interest of an older person in all her little views and opinions was quite a novelty; for Mrs. Fordham, though a most affectionate mother, no more troubled herself about historical heroes, &c., than about dolls, regarding them as equally the province of early youth. But Mrs. Leighton had read history since she left school, and was not above having an opinion on it. She discussed books and poetry, and listened to Dulcie's vehement preferences, spoke affectionately of favourite heroes, and declared it rather pleasant to find young creatures with old-fashioned enthusiasms.

Digitized by Google

May understood the Roman calendar and the Roman constitution, but had hardly time to dispute whether Cæsar or Pompey were the greater man, while Dulcie ran on for half an hour speculating and comparing with vivid interest.

All discussions were not, however, charming to her. The Leightons lived in the full tide of events, and discussed Church matters freely, though always with gravity and propriety. Dulcie had been accustomed to hear criticisms of the parish church and clergy hushed up at once as disrespectful and irreverent. Actually there was not much difference —for the Leightons, like many people who see great varieties and take an intellectual interest in discussing them—were strict, quiet, and averse to novelties in their personal practice. But the young people had their preferences, and were allowed to indulge them, and Geoffrey, who represented the advanced point of Churchmanship in the family was at the stage of incessant discussion and argument. His convictions were very aggressive, and he liked very much to talk about them, especially to so eager a listener as Dulcie, to whom, moreover, the beautiful and well-ordered services were a delightful revelation.

So all through one Sunday evening's tea they held a lively argument over all the neighbouring churches and their clergy, and Geoffrey relegated most of them to regions beneath contempt. Dulcie drooped her head over her plate, while brow and ears burnt painfully, and the long eyelashes could hardly hold back the tears, till the general move to get ready for church revealed her face to May, who exclaimed—

'Crying, Dulcie? What special ideal have we been knocking down?'

'May,' said her mother, 'don't keep the others waiting.'

The voice conveyed a reproof, and May ran off, letting Dulcie escape for the time.

But as they walked home from church by the river side in the lamp-light, Geoffrey got her to himself, and said much more gently than usual—

'Dulcie, I wish you would tell me—was it anything I said that vexed you at tea-time.'

'I did not like to talk about it?' murmured Dulcie, much ashamed.

'But, why not?'

'It didn't seem respectful. I didn't like it.'

'But if things were never discussed they could never be improved?' said Geoffrey astonished.

'But I don't like to think that everything is just ready to be altered. And a church too! There ought to be some things that one *can't* talk about? You know, Geoffrey, it is as if one talked about papa and mamma.'

Geoffrey's Toryism did not prevent him from differing decidedly

Digitized by Google

from Dulcie's view, and he was not much in the habit of yielding to other people's opinions; but he looked at her bright eyes in the lamplight and a strange rush of feelings came over him. It was a very beautiful idea, he thought, however unlike the instincts of himself and his family. They made their way along the narrow, crowded pavement, under the gas-lights. The moon was rising over the river, shining as brightly into the muddy waters, as if they had been clear as crystal, the old tumbledown buildings stood out dark and picturesque. Dulcie looked at the tower of old Chelsea church, and at the dirty old archway beside it, at the old shops, with no windows to them, and at the oddly-shaped houses near them, with an ineffable sense of romance she felt as if she had stepped into the Middle Ages. Geoffrey was indifferent to the archway and its charms, but, without exactly feeling it, he was stepping into fairy-land.

CHAPTER X.

LONDON SOCIETY.

'Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that set young hearts romancing:
She was our queen, our rose, our star,
And then she danced—oh, heaven, her dancing!'

DULCIE'S time was by no means entirely devoted to improving her mind. She came in for a good deal of society, and the first great occasion on which she made her appearance was Miss Osgood's coming-out ball.

Geoffrey was always ready for any kind of society, and Fred was good-natured and always at his mother's call, so that though Alick had returned to Oxford, the party did not want for squires, and Dulcie, all in white, looped up with hawthorn, looked all that was young and fresh and bright—a little shy indeed, and inwardly anxious about the proper arrangement of fan, flowers, and handkerchief, but prepared to feel herself in perfect bliss if only—should she have any partners?

'Such a vision of youth as brings back the Commemoration balls of thirty years ago,' said Dr. Osgood, who had come to see his great-niece's introduction.

Geoffrey, Fred, and the young Osgoods speedily set the matter of partners beyond dispute by claiming dances for themselves, and by introducing their friends, and Dulcie was soon in a state of unalloyed bliss. A girl's delight in her first ball is not *all* comprised either in love of attention or in love of spinning about to the sound of sweet music—it is a world of romance as well, vague perhaps and objectless, but full of all life's possibilities. No moonrise or sunset ever shone on sea or shore more brightly than the gas-lights and wax candles on Dulcie's face; she was lady, fairy, princess, heroine; she *was* what

Digitized by Google

she had read and dreamed of, and her intense enjoyment transfigured her into absolute beauty. Never to sit still, never to miss a dance was perfect happiness. Delighted with the quantity of her partners, and with the triumph of having more than she needed, she was not aware when their *quality*, according to ball-room standards, began to rise. She did not know whose demand for a dance stamped her as worth dancing with, and did not in the least perceive that, when Captain Feversham took her down to supper and danced all the extras with her, she might be said to have passed in honours and taken her degree with credit. She did not know this; but she knew he was a beautiful dancer, very good-looking, and an officer, and she heard from Miss Osgood that he was an Indian hero, so he made the central figure of the evening, the beautiful, delightful, never-to-be-forgotten evening. May was always popular, and Mrs. Leighton was surprised when her daughter Alice, now Mrs. Clifton, said to her—

'So you have a beauty on your hands, mother? That little Dulcie is going to be a star. But you'd better look out, mamma, for if she is not a little flirt now, she will be, for Captain Feversham will teach her, and she won't be his first pupil.'

Mrs. Leighton thought the tone of the remark a little spiteful, and said with a smile—

'In London one does not meet the same people over and over again as in the country.' Nevertheless they did meet Captain Feversham several times during the next three weeks.

Dulcie did not know how or when she became aware of her own success—how it gradually dawned on her that *she* was the chief attraction, more sought after than May whose social powers and experience she held in such respect.

She did, however, find it out in a vague, dazzling, half-unacknowledged fashion, and she liked it very much indeed. Life was very charming; sunny hues danced over everything; she was so full of enjoyment that every pursuit acquired a new charm for her, and she herself was more consciously charming. She was still very passive; admiration had come to her too easily to tempt her out of her way to seek it; she had no need and no inducement to any sort of boldness or forwardness; she had all the fine instincts of her careful breeding, and her little withdrawals and conscious proprieties, the funny little rules of good behaviour which she never broke, were perhaps coquettish, but never bold. It was dreamland still—a sort of ideal of lovely maiden, devoted suitors, brilliant triumphs, light and colour, enacted by the fanciful, imaginative child of seventeen. Some girls so dream, some so enjoy. Dulcie had the rare fortune to be capable of the dream and fit for the reality.

'It won't last for ever,' said Mr. Leighton to his somewhat astonished wife. 'This is the zenith—a sort of glory of attractiveness—which some girls in their teens pass through. She will never be so

Digitized by Google

lovely again. She is not really a great beauty, and it is not in her to make herself a belle.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Leighton, 'I thought Dulcie would have taken more to the intellectual line.'

'It doesn't happen very often,' said Mr. Leighton, 'but when a genius is also attractive, charming, it is another thing. It beats the commonplace out of the field. There was so much affectation of the sort of thing formerly that it has become discredited, but who can doubt that Lord Byron was charming because he was a poet, or that Raphael was much more fascinating than ordinary Italian gentlemen? And it occurs now and then with women.'

'But you don't call little Dulcie a genius?'

'No, but I say she is made of the same stuff. She is a child of the air—her soul has wings. And pray, Marian,' with a sudden turn to commonplace, 'look well after her. I shall be very glad when she gets safe back to her mother.'

'I am afraid it will turn her head.'

'Oh, never mind her head; she'll be as vain as a peacock for a bit, no doubt. Mind her heart; you don't know what a creature like that is made of, or what you'll come to under the glamour and the mist.'

As Mr. Leighton had never uttered a remark on the social career of his own very popular and pleasant daughters, his wife was a good deal impressed by this oracular utterance. She chaperoned Dulcie with scrupulous care, and indeed the girl gave her no trouble, never broke her rules or eluded her observation, and Mrs. Leighton hoped that there was safety in numbers. Dulcie exceedingly liked the idea that she was admired by all the young men that they met; but at present she was just as willing to receive their attentions when sitting by Mrs. Leighton's side, as to give them fuller opportunities of offering them. Yet Dulcie was exposed to a danger real enough, though often little regarded. She had caught the temporary fancy of a man no longer young, very attractive, and very well used to attracting girls. Captain Feversham was not in the least likely to wish to marry Dulcie, or even to carry a flirtation with her to what he would consider a serious extent. But it was quite probable that he might make an indelible impression on her youthful fancy, spoil her taste for less skilful flatterers for an appreciable length of time, and quite possible that he might teach her lessons and give her experiences which would either oppress her innocent young conscience or burn off its keen edge. He began to form a subject of conversation between May and Dulcie. They knew what he was going to do on particular days, they found out that he had a sister called Beatrice, and that that sister sang. His regiment was at Malta, and he was at home on leave; but they knew the history of that regiment, the colour of its facings, the nature of its exploits—they knew its special name, and all the places at which it had recently been stationed. Dulcie repeated the conversations she

Digitized by Google

had held with Captain Feversham; she had by no means reached the stage of *not* repeating them; she discovered that he thought blue a pretty colour, and that jessamine was his favourite flower. May, who was so superior, did not say to Dulcie that she thought that she had made a conquest, but she said it to herself, and speculated whether to give a hint of it to her mother, whom she supposed unconscious. The boys all ran after Dulcie, but this was quite a different thing.

In the meantime Captain Feversham, finding Dulcie quite ignorant of the rules of the game, and very slow to take advantage of her opportunities, was hardly aware of the impression he was making. The little fingers never seemed to know when a return pressure was expected of them; the quick, lively tongue never said exactly the thing he tried to draw out; the bright eyes looked the other way. They would have got on much faster, and on the whole he would have liked Dulcie better, if she had afforded him more chances. And yet in her own way the creature evidently enjoyed herself. There were glints and smiles, and there began to be blushes, and Captain Feversham began to be on very friendly and intimate terms with May, and talked about Dulcie to her, a proof in the eyes of that sage young person that he was 'quite in earnest.'

At this stage of the proceedings a long-talked-of expedition to the Crystal Palace came about. It was a lion quite necessary to be shown to the country girl, and was fresher and newer then than now. On a fine day in May, with spring flowers all in bloom, and spring costumes in their first freshness, Dulcie thought it the most delightful place she had ever seen.

Mr. Leighton had declined to share in its delights; Fred and Geoffrey were to join them later in the day with Mr. Clifton, who, it may be mentioned, was a member of the firm to which Fred was articled.

The morning was prosperous. They inspected the antediluvian animals, and congratulated themselves on their entire extinction. Dulcie picked out her favourite sovereigns from the 'Screen of Kings.' They went the round of all the courts, and May and Dulcie picked up materials for the scenery of a Moorish tale, then floating through the latter's fertile brain, in the Alhambra.

'Not that historical accuracy in such compositions was ever quite attainable,' May thought, 'and therefore historical tales were scarcely suitable to the present enlightened age.' But still Abdallah's situation was interesting, when, having fallen in love with his Christian captive, she bid him choose between the Crescent and herself.

'You must make him stick to the Crescent,' said May.

'Yes; but he set her free, and afterwards, when he thought she was lost to him, he was *really* converted by an imprisoned hermit, and then——'

Digitized by Google

Here Dulcie's eager tongue suddenly stopped. 'There is Captain Feversham speaking to your mother,' she said.

'Did you know he was coming, Dulcie?' said May.

'No,' said Dulcie, surprised; then, catching the reverberation of some new accent in May's tone, 'No!' she repeated, vehemently, and there was enough blush and confusion in the manner of her greeting to make the addition to their party more unwelcome than he otherwise would have been, as he said something about running down to hear the organ, and being surprised at meeting friends.

Dulcie's grey eyes opened wider than usual. She perfectly recollected confiding her delight in the approaching expedition to Captain Feversham at the Horticultural Gardens only the day before yesterday.

Tea at four o'clock on the balcony overlooking the gardens had been settled upon as a meeting-place in case of accidents; but the party did not mean to lose sight of each other, and consequently, when no one knew how or when Captain Feversham and Dulcie disappeared, Mrs. Leighton was annoyed, and said so to Mrs. Clifton.

'Why, of course,' said Alice, 'he came here on purpose to lose himself. Well, I suppose she will enjoy her afternoon.'

'This is the first time I have had to complain of Dulcie,' said Mrs. Leighton. 'I am sure it is not my fault, Alice; it has been the most slight acquaintance.'

'You see,' said Alice, 'he can't mean anything. He has nothing, except debts; and besides, he is always paying attention to young girls in a mild way. Nothing will come of it for Dulcie, but—experience.'

Mrs. Leighton did not wish this kind of experience to be gained by a girl of seventeen while in her charge, and she was not aware that May was listening to the conversation.

'Well,' said May, bluntly, 'I think people ought to be told when any one is so bad as that.'

'So bad as what?' said Alice. 'Didn't you know that Captain Feversham was a flirt. All the same he never flirts with girls who aren't worth flirting with, so Dulcie may feel flattered. Not that *I* would let him do it.'

'I'm sure Dulcie won't be made an amusement of for anybody,' said May, hotly. 'Why, there they are, and the boys with them.'

Dulcie looked very much discomposed. She had not intended to lose herself, but had perhaps been too well amused by her companion to think of keeping them in track. At the same time she was very eager about the Ninevite and Assyrian courts, and for the first time had bored the captain by what he thought pedantic questions. She was neither vain enough, nor enough taken-up with him, to discover this and drop the subject. And he made a false step by laughing at

Digitized by Google

the figures, and not being in the least aware why they interested her. She felt disappointed and a little bored in her turn, and though a common subject was presently found in the flowers by the fountain, both felt that they had managed badly and missed an opportunity, and when Fred and Geoffrey, with Mr. Clifton, were seen advancing on them, neither was very sorry. Geoffrey looked very black, and as Dulcie rather vehemently informed Fred that they were looking for the others—apparently under a blue lily in the central pond—the latter said, in his slow, good-natured way—

'Well, Dulcie, suppose we all go together, and try and find them.'

She felt as if there were a sort of rebuke in his tones, and, to use an old nursery expression, was 'so hurt in her mind' that she could have cried. She had committed, it seemed, a breach of etiquette, and it certainly hadn't been worth while, for she hadn't enjoyed it much herself, and was keenly conscious that her companion had not enjoyed it either. Flirting—they had never been farther from it in the whole course of their intercourse, whatever people might say. She was disappointed, it is to be feared, at the fact, and still more disappointed at the effect on her mind of a *tête-à-tête* with her hero, and much annoyed at being asked where she had been when the party at length met on the balcony.

'Miss Fordham was so delighted with the Assyrian bulls that I could not induce her to leave them,' said Captain Feversham.

'I am very sorry if I bored you about them. I did not know that you disliked antiquities,' she said, with what she intended for freezing dignity, but which sounded uncommonly like annoyance.

'I think on a hot afternoon—I prefer tea,' said Captain Feversham, cheerfully.

'The Assyrian antiquities form a most interesting study,' observed Geoffrey. 'We ought to go and see the originals at the British Museum.'

But Dulcie wouldn't talk about antiquities or about anything else; she sat by May and held her tongue. She listened when afterwards May, rather solemnly, informed her that Captain Feversham was not, she was afraid, to be trusted; people said he was a flirt.'

'Of course he is,' interrupted Dulcie, sharply. 'I know that, and there's an end of it.'

When a fine steel blade is put to cut wood it gets awkward dints in it.

Dulcie had failed in her commonplace flirtation, and was disappointed in her commonplace admirer. She felt disenchanted with herself and with him, ashamed, and a degree less joyous. Next time they met he was not quite so attentive. She did not know how easily she might have won him back, and before she had time to find out, her thoughts were turned in another direction.

Digitized by Google

The sense that the hero in real life was not such as a hero should be, and that it was possible to be bored even while receiving attention was crossed and confused in Dulcie's mind by a feeling of vexation at her own incapacity to manage the situation. In truth, the flirtation had failed because Captain Feversham had not been equal to hunting down such a rare bird as he had found; but Dulcie was not quite grateful for her deliverance. The beautiful damsel never ought to bore the most uncouth of knights. But the bird had escaped from the trap with only a ruffled feather.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCVIII.

1625—1629.

THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE AND THE PETITION OF RIGHT.

The affairs of all the great nations of Europe had by the seventeenth century become closely linked together. It is remarkable that one of the great steps in obtaining the constitutional liberties of Englishmen should have come in only as an incident in the war that overthrew the last remnant of religious liberty in France. It is also strange that the men who are honoured as patriots and champions of English rights at home, were forcing their sovereign to disgrace the English name abroad by withholding aid from the cause in France and in Germany which they professed to hold most sacred. It was all very well to plead that they did not trust him or his favourite, and would have granted the money—if—— The fact remains that it was not Charles, but Eliot, Prynne, and the rest, who abandoned the cause of the foreign reformers.

Old Philippe Du Plessis Mornay, the last of the personal friends of Henri IV., died at his castle of Forêt sur Sèvres on the 11th of November, 1623, and the leadership of the Huguenot party devolved on the Duke de Rohan, the son-in-law of Sully. The younger generation, who had not experienced the miseries of the religious wars, and who had never felt their loyalty bound fast by the charm of the Grand Monarque's graces, were anxious to maintain their cause by hostilities. The peace of 1622 had left them only two cities as pledges, Montauban and Rochelle, to which they were vehemently attached; and they were much displeased that, although the demolition of the fort of St. Louis, which commanded La Rochelle, had been stipulated, the defences of it were being completed, and that a small fleet of King's ships was quietly collecting at Blavet, as if to cut off Rochelle from the sea. It was not the great Cardinal Richelieu's desire; he really wished for toleration, but Louis XIII. and the priestly party were strong against the Huguenots, and Richelieu had his character and position to maintain. The Duke of Soubise, brother to Rohan, a high-spirited, imprudent man, insisted that these suspicious circumstances justified action, and, getting together twelve ships, he entered the port of Blavet by surprise, and, without a shot carried off the royal fleet into the harbour of Rochelle on the 6th of January, 1625.

The French had so small a navy that this attack could not be met

Digitized by Google

without assistance from the naval powers, England and Holland, his Protestant allies; and eight ships were lent by the former, twenty by the latter, most unwillingly, and only on the compulsion of treaties, so that Richelieu insisted that a French captain should have the command of each vessel, lest sympathy with the Huguenots should lead the crews to fight for, rather than against, them.

Soubise had in the meantime mastered the isles of Rhé and Oléron, captured a good many vessels, and was making forays on Languédoc, while his brother, the Duke de Rohan, was collecting men in Languédoc and the Cevennes. On the other hand, the Duke of Epernon was ravaging the country round Montauban. At night thousands of fires could be seen, burning up farmsteads, villages, and vineyards. The same work was going on round Castres, which was defended by Madame de Rohan.

There were negotiations all the time. Rohan offered to lay down his arms on condition that the fortifications of Blavet were destroyed, and himself and his brother employed against the Spaniards in the Valtelline. Soubise meantime obtained a suspension of arms from the Dutch Admiral Hanstein; but the temptation of a favourable breeze was too much for his honour, and sailing up to the Dutch fleet, he took them at unawares, set fire to the flag-ship, and carried five other vessels off to Rhé. Of course this treachery changed the unwilling opposition of the Dutch into fury. The Duke of Montmorency, who had just arrived to take the command, found them most eager to revenge themselves. They hastened to Rhé, re-took it, and Soubise could only escape to the isle of Oléron in a boat, leaving his hat and sword behind him. He was totally defeated in another engagement, and lost eight vessels. He was obliged to leave Oléron to its fate, and go off with the remains of his fleet to England, where the populace welcomed him as a Protestant champion, but Charles I., indignant at his treason, refused to receive him at Court. Yet Charles did not return to the French the royal ships Soubise had brought to Portsmouth, and in Holland there was such anger at the fleet having fought against Protestants that Admiral Hanstein's house at Amsterdam was assaulted by the mob, and the populace insisted on his recall with his ships.

The French Court, with the Spanish war on their hands, was obliged to defer their plans against Rochelle, and permitted the English ambassadors to mediate between the King and the Huguenots, so that a short peace was patched up in 1626. The English undertook to see that the terms granted to the Huguenots were carried out. Buckingham was bitter against the Court which had rebuked his intolerable presumption, and the nation professed to be interested in the cause of their fellow reformers in France as well as in Germany, although their enthusiasm never led them to make such a grant as could enable he King to give any real support to either.

Digitized by Google

The French war with Spain was brought to an end in the spring of 1627, and a treaty of alliance signed, by which, for the time, France ranked entirely among the Roman Catholic allies. Buckingham and Soubise began to cast about for means of overthrowing the great French Cardinal, who was dreaded by most of the nobility, while the rest were jealous of his ascendency. So far from fulfilling the treaty by pulling down the flag of St. Louis on *terra firma*, the fort of St. Pré had been built on the isle of Rhé, and a third, called St. Marc, was in hand, threatening the city with blockade.

Buckingham's brain conceived the project of stirring up the Huguenots and malcontents in France to break out into a fresh civil war, which should not only chastise Louis XIII. for resenting insults to his wife, but should finally establish a Protestant principality in the south of France, in the old English provinces, with George Villiers at its head! He set the Duke of Soubise to write to his brother, the Duke de Rohan, to upbraid him with tame endurance of the infraction of the treaty, and to promise the aid of England to the Rochellois, if they would revolt. They were unwilling to become rebels, and wisely dreaded the consequences, but the Duke de Rohan undertook to raise 4,000 men; and Buckingham made every effort, by mortgaging estates, and selling or pawning jewels and plate, to supplement the scanty grant from Parliament, and the collection of tonnage and poundage. He succeeded in getting together forty-two ships of war and thirty-four transports, 3,000 infantry, and a squadron of cavalry, and with these he sailed for Rochelle.

Such an armament was a great deal more than the good burgesses of Rochelle either expected or wished. They closed their harbour, and only the Dowager Duchess de Rohan, with Sir William Beecher, Buckingham's secretary, went out in a boat to meet her son, Soubise, and bringing him back with her, persuaded the Provost and Town Council to hold speech with him. He did not gain much by this. The Council declared that they could not prudently begin a war till the harvest was gathered in; and likewise that they were bound by oath not to take up arms without the consent of the rest of their brethren in France. Buckingham, however, resolved to begin hostilities without waiting for them. To have attacked the fort of St. Louis, which they dreaded, would have conciliated them, instead of which he chose to try to take the isle of Rhé, it was supposed, in order to make it a place of retreat for the English privateers, who thought themselves renewing the good old times of Queen Bess, by lying in wait for Spanish and French merchant ships.

The fort of St. Martin was scarcely finished and ill provisioned. The governor was the Sieur de Toiras, a young friend of the King, who promised to come to relieve him as soon as a bed of justice at the Parliament of Paris had been held. Louis, however, was unwell. 'I did nothing but shiver all the time I was on the bed of justice,' he

Digitized by Google

said to Marshal Bassompierre. 'Thence you make others shiver,' returned that thorough courtier.

Louis was forced by his ague to halt at Villeroy, and the Cardinal remained with him day and night, spending his own money on the defence against the English, because that of the State did not come in fast enough.

Toiras had had five days' grace, and in this time he contrived to bring in a fair supply of provisions before Buckingham regularly invested St. Martin, digging trenches, and throwing a boom across the harbour. An old officer named Burroughs, who had served in the Low Countries, disapproved of the arrangements, but he was sharply silenced by the vain Duke. Soon after he was killed by a shot from the fortress, and still Toiras held out, and the siege made no progress. However, the Huguenots throughout France had been encouraged to rise, and the citizens of Rochelle followed their example, and united with the English, though not willingly. One of their number went on a mission to the King to propose that the English should retire on condition that the fort of St. Louis should be dismantled. Some were for accepting this proposal, saying that if the isle of Rhé were once taken, it would be hard to recover it; but Richelieu answered that if honour were lost, it would be impossible to recover *that*. Monsieur, namely, the King's brother, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, likewise made a delay. This youth, a weak indolent being, always at the mercy of his favourites, had been married at eighteen to the only daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, the greatest heiress in France, and though he was nothing by himself, he could be easily incited to make himself troublesome by jealousy and obstinacy. On this occasion, he did not like to put himself under his brother's command, but the Cardinal wrote to his reigning adviser 'that if people formed such hydras in Monsieur's imagination, he should have no call to meddle in his Royal Highness's affairs. For his own part, he should do his duty.' This mysterious threat brought Gaston, and the King was beginning to recover after three months' illness.

The undertaking, as the Cardinal wrote, was to keep Rochelle invested and never leave it, yet to send the best forces to relieve a citadel which was thought to be half lost, to make a descent upon an island besieged by a great naval armament, to commit the best part of the army to the chances of the winds and waves, the sea, and the fleet and artillery of the English. By this time, indeed, Toiras had actually sent to ask if the commander would admit him to terms, and eight o'clock in the morning of the 8th of October had been appointed for the answer.

In the night, however, a number of Bayonne and Sable barques, some of the vessels which Richelieu had been buying up from merchants at all the ports in France, and collecting at the isle of Oléron, succeeded in enterin the nearest bay to Fort St. Martin,

Digitized by Google

and landing men and provisions. Thus when Buckingham sent a boat with his answer at the appointed time, the garrison held out, at the end of their pikes, bottles of wine, capons, turkeys, hams, ox-tongues, and further replied from the mouth of their cannon.

Four days later the King and Cardinal arrived at the camp before Rochelle. They were resolved on a grand expedition to drive the English out of the island. The King chose the troops to be employed man by man, the nobility eagerly volunteered, and the Cardinal went to Oléron to superintend the embarkation. Large numbers began to land in Rhé. Buckingham, who had just been reinforced by the Earl of Holland with 1,500 men, decided on making a last attempt upon St. Martin, though there was no breach in the walls. He could not fail to be repulsed, for there really was no entrance, and the garrison was revived by hope.

He turned to retreat to his ships, but a large part of the French force under Schomberg had got between him and his fleet, occupying the fort of St. Pré, whence they commanded a narrow causeway to the isle of Oie, between marshes and salt pits over which the English must pass to rejoin their ships. The situation was such that it seemed as if they must surrender, but Buckingham, though an incapable general, was as brave as a true Englishman. The cavalry were left to cover the retreat, but were broken, and the cross-fire of Schomberg mowed down the soldiers. The confusion was irretrievable, more were drowned than shot, and 1,200 men and forty colours were lost, although the causeway was held by the English to the last, and the rest of the army embarked in safety. In this struggle was killed a young man famous through his mother and his daughter, Celse Benigne de Rabutin, Baron de Chantal, son of the foundress of the Visitation, and father of Marie de Rabutin, Marquise de Sevigné. Some biographers of his mother have done him the honour to make him fall by the hand of Oliver Cromwell, who, it need not be said, never was at Rochelle. Buckingham was the last man to leave the bridge. The colours and the prisoners were brought to the King, who made a present of all the latter to his sister, the Queen of England.

Buckingham, on reviewing his loss, found it needful to return home, and with him went Soubise, who was said to have been nowhere at the time of the assault, but to have been one of the first in the flight. In the Parliament of Toulouse he had been declared guilty of treason, and that far worthier man, his brother, the Duke de Rohan, had been degraded from his dignities, outlawed, and the privileges of nobility offered to whomsoever should assassinate him. During this expedition, Queen Henrietta resorted to a lady who professed to be a prophetess, Lady Eleanor Davies, daughter of the Earl of Castle Haven, and wife to the Attorney-General. The anagram of her name, being *Reveal O Daniel*, she seems to have believed a token of her powers, and certainly her predictions (as related by herself) justified her belief. She

Digitized by Google

answered the Queen's inquiry whether Buckingham would return, by saying his person would come back safely, though with little honour. She told the Queen, further, that her happiness in England would last sixteen years, and that she would soon have a son. She added to the ladies that the child would be born, baptised, and buried all in one day, and this prediction was fulfilled, for Henrietta's first child, who was born on the 13th of May, 1628, only lived an hour, though that was long enough for a dispute whether it should be baptised by the Queen's Confessor or the King's Chaplain. The King prevailed, but by midnight the infant was buried by Dr. Laud.

The Prince of Condé was sent against Rohan's army. To the Huguenots it was bitter to find that name against them, while the Catholics declared that he must strive to redeem its honour.

Richelieu resolved that the place which had allied itself with foreign enemies should fall, and determined not to relax the siege until it was in his hands, writing to Spain to demand a fleet that had been promised him to blockade it by sea; but only twenty-eight mere hulls arrived. A number of non-combatants asked permission to retire from the city, among them the old Duchess de Rohan, with her daughter, and two hundred women, but this was refused, and she aided in upholding the general resolution. Jean Guiton, a rich merchant, was chosen mayor. He drew his dagger and threw it on the council table. 'I accept the honour you do me,' he said, 'provided this dagger is used to pierce the heart of him who may dare to speak of surrender, my own first of all, should I become so cowardly as to do so.' On the other hand, Richelieu was absolutely determined that Rochelle must fall, cost him what it would; and he was supported, nay almost driven on to this determination, by the saintly Cardinal de Berulle, who looked on the town as a focus of heresy and rebellion, and believed that France would never be at peace till the *imperium in imperio* was at an end. He spoke so earnestly of victory *at the appointed time*, that Richelieu could not refrain from sarcastically asking him if he could fix the date for the surrender, when he replied that our Lord had said that the times and seasons were in His own power. Yet he confidently expected the victory from some sudden interposition in favour of the besiegers, and was sure he had a prophetic foresight of their success.

Nothing is more perplexing than when we thus find equal piety and trust on both sides, and it is well that we need not judge between them. To the Catholic, Calvinism was a fatal heresy, prolific in rebellion, which ought to be extirpated in mercy to the souls of the children of the schismatics. To the Calvinist, the Catholic was an idolater, and the religion he professed tolerated, at least, all sorts of crimes—or had done so in the days of Catherine de Medici. No wonder it was impossible for them to agree; but it must be remembered that the Calvinist confounded the Church with the sins of its members, and

Digitized by Google

that he had no conception of the unity of the faith, that his system was a terrible perversion of many doctrines, and that it was far from establishing in all its professors any high morality.

The siege of Rochelle interested all France. Hosts of young gentlemen flocked to the royal standard. There was plenty of fighting when the besieged made sallies, and likewise plenty of duelling between these fiery young spirits, though the stern Cardinal repressed it with all his might, making death the penalty of the transgression of his commands. These duels were fought with the rapier, with three or four seconds on either side, all fighting to the death, often on the most foolish dispute or trifling offence, yet it was reckoned so dishonourable to avoid a challenge that the Cardinal's penalties only seemed to add a fresh zest to the practice.

The sea was still open to bold mariners, so that provisions could be brought in, and the English had sailed away with promises of aid. Charles and Buckingham entirely intended to redeem these promises, and a council was held to consider of the means of raising the sum of 173,411*l.*, at which the cost of the expedition was rated. A Parliament was summoned to meet in the March of 1628, and Charles could not but hope that the people who talked so loud of the cause of Protestanism would combine to save the last stronghold of the Huguenots in France. Still, not entirely trusting to this chance, he apportioned the needful sum between the counties, and sent forth collectors of it to bring it in within three weeks, promising to meet the Parliament in a friendly manner if it were dutifully paid.

He might have known by experience as to the Palatinate, that Rochelle and all its Protestants were nothing to the Puritans in comparison with their claim to be taxed only by the House of Commons. Moreover, while Buckingham remained in favour, they had no confidence that their money would be spent on the relief of Rochelle, and the collectors were met with so many refusals that no less than seventy-eight gentlemen were imprisoned on account of their contumacy.

They were, however, released just before the meeting of Parliament, one of the most noted of the whole of our history. The Earl of Bristol was also set free and permitted to take his seat, and Archbishop Abbot was relieved from his suspension for refusing his licence to print the Royalist sermons.

Charles opened Parliament with a speech in which he exhorted the members to do their duty and act according to their conscience, telling them that otherwise he should be compelled to use speedier methods. He thought of the starving Rochellois; Parliament thought of securing their claims and liberties. They would grant the subsidy, and in good time.

'We must vindicate,' said Sir Thomas Wentworth, 'no new things, but our ancient, legal, and vital liberties.'

Digitized by Google

These four resolutions were passed, which made the subsidy conditional on the King's recognition of these rights—

1st. That no freeman should be restrained or imprisoned without lawful cause specified.

2nd. That the writ of *habeas corpus* ought to be granted to every prisoner on his demand, even though he were put in ward by the King or Council. This, in fact, secured his not lying in prison without a trial, or with a deferred sentence.

3rd. That if no cause be proved against him, he should be delivered.

4th. That every freeman has full property in his estate and goods, and that no tax, loan, nor benevolence should be levied on it without consent of the Parliament.

The practices here complained of seemed to Charles and his statesmen necessary engines of government, enjoyed by all other kings, and not to be yielded without a struggle. The power of imprisoning a dangerous person without trial was held to be for the safety of the kingdom and even for the good of the man himself, since he was thus hindered from committing a crime. Louis XIII., or rather Richelieu, was using the power largely in France, and though to us it seems a monstrous thing, yet in the seventeenth century the novelty was in appealing against it, and even now, in disturbed times, suspensions of the *habeas corpus* act are necessary. Many a Jacobite gentleman was—often to his own great relief—kept from following out his principles in 1715 and 1745 by a timely arrest before he could put himself within the reach of the penalties of high treason; and even in our own day, the suspension has been required and enforced in Ireland.

Thus Charles was most unwilling to cede this right. The form the question took was whether—When a commitment to prison was by the King, the cause must needs be specified in the warrant; and over this there was a two months' argument. The matter was of vital importance to Englishmen; but meanwhile the Rochellois were waiting in vain for the promised aid. After long disputes, what was called the Petition of Right was drawn up and presented to the King, with the plain intimation that on it the subsidies depended. The points in it were—

1st. That there should be no more forced loans.

2nd. That commitments without a crime specified should not take place.

3rd. That soldiers should not be billetted on private persons

4th. That offences committed on peaceful subjects by soldiers and sailors should be tried by common law, not by martial law.

Charles, in great difficulties, caused the following reply to be written under the petition: 'The King willeth that right be done according to the law and customs of the realm, and the statutes be

Digitized by Google

put in due execution, that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrong or oppression contrary to their just rights and liberties, to the preservation of which he holds himself obliged as well as of his prerogative.'

It was an evasion. Of that there was no doubt; but Charles felt himself just as much bound not to surrender what he viewed as the rights of his Crown, as his people did to obtain—or, as they said, to maintain—their right, as free men. There was great anger, and hot and vehement speeches were made, even with tears, notably by Rich, Prynne, and Coke. The House locked the doors, and went into committee on the means of saving the nation, for they knew that men-at-arms had been hired in Holland, and were persuaded that the intention was to coerce them instead of relieving Rochelle.

They were on the point of denouncing Buckingham, when the Speaker, Finch, who had desired to have half an hour's absence, and had hurried to the King, came back with commands that the House should adjourn.

The next day the House went into Committee, and began to examine as to the foreign troops, and on a duty of excise that had been reported as likely to be levied without their consent. The House of Lords entreated the King to give a more definite answer to the Petition of Right. At four o'clock he came down, and seating himself on the throne, desired that the Petition should be read. Then he gave his consent in the regular old Norman-French form, '*Soit droit fait comme il est desiré.*' This was read by the clerk, and the King added—

'This I am sure is full, yet no more than I meant in my first answer. You neither mean, nor are able, to hurt my prerogative. I assure you that my maxim is that the people's liberties strengthen the King's prerogative, and that the King's prerogative is to defend the people's liberties. You see now how ready I have shown myself to satisfy your demands, so that I have done my part. Now, if this Parliament hath not a happy conclusion, the sin is yours. I am free of it.'

Thus the demands of Petition of Right became part of the law of the land, and a comparison with the course of events in France may well make us thankful for the security they gave us; though in justification of the King's resistance, we must remember that he looked on the power of imprisonment as needful for the country's peace; and the reluctance of the Commons to grant supplies had made his father and himself constantly fail in their engagements, and greatly conduced to his sister's ruin. The question of his right to levy tonnage and poundage, without an act every year to grant it, was left open still.

Even while the struggle was going on, the popular hatred of Buckingham showed itself in a brutal manner. In the streets of London,

Digitized by Google

the Duke's physician, Dr. Lambe, was set upon by the mob, called witch, devil, and the Duke's conjurer, and absolutely beaten to death.

The Council set inquiries on foot, but no individual was brought before it, and the rhyme went from mouth to mouth—

> 'Let Charles and George do what they can,
> The Duke shall die like Doctor Lambe.'

A label was set up on a post in Coleman Street, running thus—

'Who rules the kingdom?'

'The King.'

'Who rules the King?'

'The Duke.'

'Who rules the Duke?'

'The Devil.'

Charles, shocked and grieved, took his friend in his own coach through London to see the ten ships which were being prepared at Deptford for the relief of Rochelle. It was reported that he was heard to say, 'George, there are some that wish that both these and thou might perish. But care not thou for them. We will both perish together if thou doest.'

There must have been something strangely attractive about the man who won and kept the hearts of four personages so dissimilar as James and Charles of England, Anne of Austria, and William Laud. The last mentioned was at this time translated from the see of Bath and Wells to that of London, to the great discontent of the citizens, who were vehement Puritans, for the most part 'heady and high-minded.'

At the same time, a gentleman of the wardrobe at Windsor Castle, as he afterwards declared, received repeated visitations from the spirit of Sir George Villiers, the father of Buckingham, entreating him to warn the Duke that his life was in danger unless he could win back the favour of the people.

In the meantime, Rochelle held out. All the best blood in France had mustered at the siege, and it needed all the Cardinal's ability to make them act together, since the marshals and lieutenant-generals would take no orders save from the King himself, so that each necessarily had a separate command. Marshal Bassompierre occupied the left of the large basin that forms the harbour, the Duke of Angoulême the opposite side, and Marshal Schomberg was between them, behind the town.

The Cardinal, who was the real director of everything, began the construction of a bar across the harbour, built of solid stone, to be open in the middle so as to permit the ebb and flow of the tide, but to hinder the entrance of supplies. It was further defended by a palisade of posts and beams chained together, floating on the water outside. This

Digitized by Google

work went on all the winter, often hindered by the weather driving in the stormy seas of the Bay of Biscay, and there was little more of active assault done. The King grew weary and wanted to return to Paris, and at the same time wished, for his own credit, to say that the Cardinal thought it expedient for him to go; but Richelieu, who needed his presence to satisfy the proud nobles, would not say any such thing, but rather told him it concerned his reputation to remain. After much grumbling, however, Louis set forth for Paris on the 10th of February, 1626, to see what intrigues were on foot between the two queens and his brother Gaston, who had lost his wife, the heiress of Montpensier, at the birth of a daughter named Anne. The Queen-mother wanted to marry him again, and he was endeavouring to avoid a marriage which could restrain his dissipated habits. The King, who was jealous of him as his heir, and did not want to see a son born to him, seconded him, and in April returned to Rochelle.

The bar was far advanced; a line of circumvallation twelve miles in the circuit had been drawn round the city, and defended by forts at intervals; there were batteries on each side of the entrance to the harbour, vessels were lashed together to protect the bar, and the army numbered 25,000 men, well fed and well paid. Food was already running short within the city, when the King, on his arrival, sent a summons to surrender.

But as a first instalment of the promised aid, Charles I. had despatched thirty ships, escorting twenty, laden with supplies, under the Earl of Denbigh, brother-in-law to Buckingham, and arriving on the 11th of May, a Rochellois, named Bragenau, who was in the fleet in the middle of the night, crossed the unfinished bar in a little boat, and brought the news.

There was a transport of joy. The Rochellois thought themselves delivered. They put up flags and fired salutes, while Bragenau told them that if they would break through the bar, the fleet would at once sail in to their relief. But to break the bar was not possible to the citizens, and they watched for an attack on the English side. Soubise urged on Denbigh, and he sailed towards the bar and fired a few ineffectual shots; but he judged the attempt far too dangerous in the face of the whole French fleet and army and all their batteries; and he sailed away, to the bitter disappointment of the Rochellois.

One last proposal was made to Guiton to make his way out to them, and become an English subject. 'No,' he said, 'better belong to a King who is able to take this city than to one who is not able to succour it.'

Whether a Drake or a Hawkins would have found some expedient is another question, but the generation of Englishmen who had grown up in peace had no experience of expedients, and if Denbigh had risked the attempt, his thirty vessels must have perished against such fearful odds.

Digitized by Google

Still the messenger had said that a larger armament was preparing, and faint hopes were entertained that the Duke de Rohan might come to the rescue by land. So, in hopes of being able to hold out a little longer, on the 24th of May the posterns were opened, and troops of women, children, and old men came out, and moved towards the King's encampment. In such a case Henri IV. had, with tears in his eyes, caused the poor fugitives to be well fed, and conducted safely away, but Louis XIII. and the Cardinal had them driven in again by force, and, knowing that beans had been sown on the counterscarps, these were cut down as soon as they began to sprout.

The horses had been eaten up, boiled leather and parchment were the food of most, and at low tide the starving creatures went to collect shell-fish, but were often shot down by the soldiery. There was an attempt to rise and compel the mayor to surrender, but he repressed it sternly, and hung the leaders. 'We will hold out,' he said, 'as long as there is one citizen to shut the gates.'

Another hope failed them, for the young Duke of la Tremouille, Mornay's pupil, nephew to the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Bouillon, came to the camp to abjure Calvinism before the Cardinal. The King of England was, however, preparing an armament which might yet bring deliverance. The fleet was at Portsmouth, and Buckingham went down thither in high spirits to take the command. The King came down to Sir Daniel Norton's house at Southwick.

On the 23rd of August Buckingham rose, and 'cut a caper or two' before the barber dealt with his moustache and lovelocks. Then he was about to sit down to breakfast with a number of captains, and as he rose he received letters which made him believe that Rochelle had been relieved. He said he must tell the King instantly, but Soubise and the other refugees did not believe a word of it, and there was a good deal of disputing and gesticulation between them. He crossed a lobby, followed by the eager Frenchman, and halted to take leave of an officer, Sir Thomas Fryar. Over the shoulder of this gentleman, as he bowed, a knife was thrust into Buckingham's breast. There was an effort to withdraw it; a cry 'The villain!' and the great Duke, at thirty-six years old, was dead!

The attendants at first thought the blow came from one of the noisy Frenchmen, and were falling on them; but one of the servants, the only person who had actually seen the stroke given, followed close on a man who, dropping his hat, had gone out into the garden. The servant was attacking him, when Major Farmer, coming up, asked what they were fighting for, when their lord was murdered.

'This is the fellow who did it,' cried the servant.

Farmer turned to the man, who gave up his sword to him, saying, 'I do so, knowing you as a gentleman.'

He said his name was John Felton, and that in his hat would be found a paper declaring why he had done this. It declared that a man

Digitized by Google

was unworthy of the name of soldier or gentleman who would not die for the good of his country; but the officers around knew that Felton had a grudge of his own, as not having met with the promotion he expected, and not having received his pay. He was guarded in the kitchen, while tidings were sent to the King of the death of the man whom above all others he had loved.

Charles was at morning prayers in Southwick church. He would not rise from his knees, nor suffer the service to be disturbed, but as soon as it was over, he repaired to his chamber and gave way to bitter grief, throwing himself on his bed weeping bitterly, and mourning for some days. A royal chaplain was sent to examine Felton, who answered, 'Sir, I shall be brief. I killed him in the cause of God and my country.' He gave no further answer, and denied having any accomplices, and he was sent to London to take his trial.

The King took the widow, who had been within sound of her husband's death-cry, under his protection, and desired that the body of 'his martyr' should be buried in Westminster Abbey. The Londoners, however, were in such a mood that the actual corpse was interred secretly, and only an empty coffin carried at the funeral from Wallingford House to the Abbey. The trainbands had to guard the procession, beating their drums to drown the malevolent cries of the mob.

Felton was examined again and again, but still denied, and no doubt with truth, that he had had any instigators to his deed. Lord Dorset threatened him with torture. 'Then,' said he, 'I will accuse you, my lord, and no one else.' But this was only a threat. It was one of the triumphs of humanity that Felton was not racked, and that when tried and convicted of the assassination he was simply hanged, as he would have been for the murder of an obscure peasant. Three months' imprisonment, and constant visits from the clergy, had led him to view his action in a different light, and when sentence was pronounced on him he held up his right hand, saying, 'This is the instrument that did the fact, I desire it may be first cut off.'

The judge told him that the loss of the hand was the punishment for striking a blow in the precincts of a royal palace, and that the law only required him to die by hanging. Felton bowed, thanked the judge, and went bravely to his execution.

The command of the fleet was given to Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsay, a brave man of some experience in warfare, although not especially of naval matters, but it had not yet been recognised that a special education was needed for a command by sea. He brought 140 sail, and six thousand men, with Soubise and other Huguenot refugees. On the 29th of September he endeavoured to break through the floating palisade which guarded the bar by means of some petards, but in vain. Fruitless, also, was the next day's attempt, when he sent a fire-ship full of stones and with 12,000 pounds of

Digitized by Google

powder to blow up the bar. It exploded too soon and effected no damage. It was followed by the fleet, whence 5,000 cannon shot were fired in the endeavour to break through the bar, but so complete were the French defences that only twenty-eight men were killed. The English had to retreat with the tide, but they returned to the charge on the ensuing day, though with slackened ardour, for it was plain that they had come too late. Soubise and Laval, a brother of the Duke of la Tremouille, entreated Lindsay to let them lead another attempt, but he did not think fit to intrust the English fleet to a pair of desperate refugee foreigners. All he could now attempt was to make favourable terms for the unfortunate Rochellois, and he sent a gentleman named Montagu with a flag of truce to the French camp, to demand that the Rochellois should receive pardon and liberty of conscience, and that the English in the garrison should receive quarter.

The answer was that the Rochellois were subjects of the King, who would dispose of them as he saw fit, and that the King of England had no concern in the matter. As to the English, they would be treated like the French who were made prisoners. However, Montagu thought the Cardinal inclined to make a peace with England, in which the Huguenots might be included, and he hastened home to make his report to Charles.

But the unhappy Rochellois were in no condition to wait; 16,000 of the inhabitants were dead, and the streets were full of corpses, and of poor creatures too weak to reach their homes. Guiton at last ceased to imprison any one who sighed aloud for surrender, and four deputies were sent on the 27th of October to treat with the Cardinal.

'Your brethren in the English fleet have already asked pardon,' said the Cardinal.

They seemed incredulous.

'You shall see them,' said the Cardinal; 'but not a word must be spoken on pain of death.'

So a pastor and a gentleman, who had been delegates to Charles, and who had actually come from the fleet to negotiate, were brought in. They embraced their gaunt and wasted friends with tears, but not a sentence was allowed to pass, and thus the astute Richelieu was able to convince each party of the hopelessness of perseverance. The Rochellois looked like shadows, but there was little pity for them. In Louis XIII. the Italian cruelty had poisoned the generous strain of Henri IV. His feeble, indolent mind liked to be stirred by the sight of physical suffering. Richelieu was hard and unmoved, and would carry out his purpose without the least regard to mercy, but he was too great a man not to be struck with admiration for the constancy of his enemies, and the spirit with which 'these mere shadows of men,' as he describes them, stipulated for liberty of conscience and all their privileges and franchises. Moreover, he was anxious that the affair should be concluded before Montagu could bring back an answer from

Digitized by Google

the King of England, and that the English fleet should actually witness the surrender. He therefore promised the inhabitants their lives, pardon for their rebellion, the free enjoyment of their property, and the exercise of their religion—no more. These terms were signed by Marshal de Marillac, as it was not etiquette for a King to treat with his subjects.

On the 29th of October twelve deputies came from the town. They had to be brought in Bassompierre's carriages, for they were too weak to walk. They were set down at the house inhabited by the King, and Richelieu led them to his presence. They knelt before him, wasted and hollow-eyed.

'Sire,' they said, 'we own our crimes and rebellions, and ask mercy, promising to be faithful for the future if your Majesty will deign to remember the services we were enabled to render to the King your father.'

Louis kept them waiting for some minutes. Then he said—

'I know you have always been malicious, and have done your utmost to shake off the yoke of my authority; nevertheless, I pardon your rebellion, and will be good to you.'

Thus he dismissed them; but his officers gave them a good dinner, and some provisions were sent into the city, otherwise no one would have been alive, nor the garrison have had strength to march out. They went, as had been agreed, the soldiers each with a white staff, the officers with their swords by their side. The French army looked at them with amazement. They were all gaunt skeletons, and there were but sixty-four French and ninety English; all the rest had been killed in sallies or had died of hunger and the diseases in its wake.

Then the Cardinal set forth at the head of the troops to enter the place. Guiton met them at the gates with six archers. He was going to speak, but the Cardinal said—

'Retire. Dismiss your archers, and never call yourself mayor again on pain of death.'

Guiton went back without a word to his house, once splendid, now a scene of desolation. The streets were full of corpses, which the survivors had no strength to bury. The soldiers were full of compassion; each man had a loaf on his haversack, and these they gave away to the famished creatures, who had not seen bread for five months. Provision-sellers flocked in, and the soldiers were set to work to clear the streets, and clean the churches—especially those which were to be restored to the Catholics, and which were also purified.

On the 1st of November, 1628, Cardinal Richelieu and the newly-appointed Archbishop of Bordeaux said their All Saints' masses in two of these churches, and the King made his solemn entry. The old Duchess de Rohan and her daughter had not been included in the treaty, and were sent off to prison at Niort, with only one servant. They contrived to send word to the Duke that he was to attend to

Digitized by Google

none of their letters, since they could not tell what they might be forced to write.

On the 10th of November the Rochellois learnt their punishment. All the Church property was restored, the parish churches again given back to the Catholics, the principal one made into a cathedral, as the place was to become a bishopric. All the fortifications, except those towards the sea, were to be destroyed, and no weapons nor ammunition to be allowed to any inhabitant. The municipal privileges were taken away, and no person might settle in the place without express permission from the King, who established an 'intendant' there to see these orders carried out, and then set forth for Paris.

Cardinal de Berulle was transported with delight. He gave thanks in the church of Ste. Marguerite, and presented a picture of the Nativity, by Le Sueur, to the church where he had first felt his assurance of the reduction of the town.

The Duke de Rohan was still waging a partisan war with the Prince of Condé in Languedoc, but his cause was hopeless, and the army of Rochelle was at leisure to turn against him. Town after town surrendered to them, and Rohan resolved to make peace while it was still possible to obtain favourable terms. A conference took place at Alais, and in 1629 a treaty was signed leaving the Huguenots all that the Edict of Nantes had secured to them, except their guarantee cities. The old Duchess was released with her daughter, but she was worn out with her sufferings and soon after died. Her son the Count de Laval abjured, and took Holy Orders, but the Duke de Rohan continued steadfast to '*la Religion*,' as Calvinism was now commonly termed.

Digitized by Google

LETTERS ON DAILY LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

LETTER XXVIII.

SCEPTICISM.

MY DEAR A——,—What are you to do in order to avoid being injured by the sceptical tone of the day? That is a very serious question, and one which makes me feel my own ignorance and fallibility more than any other which you could have put to me.

I need scarcely go back to the very elements of religion, and tell you that if you need help and guidance upon such a subject (as who does not?) you must seek it by prayer. The fact that you are anxious shows that you feel the value of the faith which, it seems to you, is in danger, and the foundation of that faith is dependence on the Holy Spirit. But we are bound also to use our reason; it is the instrument which God puts into our hands to be, under His direction, a safeguard; and if I attempt to answer your inquiry, it will only be by giving you the thoughts which reason, inquiry, and observation—exercised with a full recognition of the need of Divine guidance—have suggested.

The first thing, then, which strikes me when the scientific scepticism of the day is brought before me is its dogmatism; and the first question which I am inclined to put is—How far is this justified?

Now, as regards dogmatism of any kind, a great distinction must be made between the assertion of facts, and the assertion of conclusions to be drawn from those facts. And it is in both ways that sceptical scientific dogmatism seems to me to err. It states some facts as proved which are not proved, and it draws false conclusions from others which are proved, and thus it misleads many people who find thought a great effort, and are only too glad to listen to whatever is stated with authority. They accept the theories brought before them, and when asked the ground of their acceptance fall back upon the facts on which such theories are said to be based, never suspecting that in so doing they may be relying upon an error as to the facts; or upon a fallacy as to the conclusions to be drawn from them, supposing them to be true.

You will see more clearly what I mean if you will consider the mode by which we are accustomed to arrive at what we consider right conclusions in ordinary questions of evidence.

Digitized by Google

A man, we will suppose, is accused of having committed a robbery. The evidence of facts is collected by the police. They are, like scientific investigators, very shrewd, very careful, untiring and honest. The case is tried, and counsel on both sides examine into these facts, test, criticise, sift, and at last arrange them in set speeches so as to suit their pre-determined conclusions. Then the judge sums up the case, and places it before the jury, and it is upon this summing up that, as a rule, the verdict which is accepted as true depends.

Now suppose that without hearing the defence, or waiting for the summing up of the judge, we form and pronounce an opinion either upon the facts brought before us by the police, or the speech of the counsel for the plaintiff and the evidence of his witnesses, we can scarcely say that such an opinion is one to be trusted. We may hold it firmly, and as it seems to us upon good grounds, but we are unable to examine into the truth of the facts ourselves, and if we trust to the speech of the plaintiff, followed by the examination of witnesses, we accept what we know to be a foregone conclusion; the facts being purposely arranged so as to support it. Cross-examination may indeed throw some doubt upon the witnesses, but this belongs to the testimony on the other side, which I am supposing is not heard.

This seems to me to be the position of the generality of non-scientific persons, when called upon to accept or reject many of the theories of the day, such as evolution, the antiquity of man, &c. Facts (so called) are brought before them, but they cannot of themselves verify or deny them, and therefore they naturally trust to some guide who is better informed. This guide may be either a professed believer, or a disbeliever, in the religion on which their highest hopes rest, and he will view the facts necessarily with a certain bias of opinion. The judge, who after hearing the arguments and witnesses on both sides, is in a position to say which of the asserted facts are really worthy of credence, and who can reason correctly as to the conclusions to be drawn from them, has, in very many cases, not yet appeared upon the scene, and in the meantime wisdom would lead us to hold our judgment as to the facts in suspense.

But this condition of waiting and uncertainty is exceedingly trying to the human intellect; very few persons can bear it: and the consequence is that ignorant people place themselves under the teaching of the scientific counsel who happens to suit their taste, or who is easiest of access, and accept his decision not only as to the truth of the facts, but also as to the conclusions to be drawn from them as final.

This guide is generally found in the current literature of the day, which unquestionably fosters the dogmatism of scientific scepticism. It is so easy to pick up a few stray discoveries, and to arrange them so as to make a good show; so easy to assert what no one has sufficient knowledge to disprove, that we find in every direction allusions to

Digitized by Google

scientific theories as decided as if they were truths which the universal sense of mankind has accepted.

Remember, I am not asserting the falsity of the asserted facts, and therefore of the conclusions drawn from them; all that I say is that, in many cases, the facts are *non-proven*, and that until they are proved—by which I mean accepted without dispute by scientific men on *both* sides—dogmatism is only another word for presumption.

But I can imagine your saying, 'This is all very well, but it does not touch the difficulties of the day. If the facts asserted had no connection with our religious belief, we might safely afford to wait for centuries until they were proved or disproved; but if the truth of religion depends upon them, we must come to some conclusion about them, and that without delay.'

And this leads me to consider still further the reasoning by which many of the sceptical scientific conclusions are arrived at, for these conclusions appear to me wholly unwarranted by the facts, supposing them to be true. Take, for instance, the theory of evolution. This, in its extreme form, is—so far as I understand it—an assertion that the order of nature has been carried on by insensible degrees from protoplasm to man. I find this kind of assertion made continually as if there could not be the slightest doubt of it. I hear persons speaking of it as if it were an accepted scientific truth, like that of the motion of the planets. And though individually I have heard counter assertions, and contrary facts, which lead me to think that evolution, in the sense I have stated, is by no means so firmly established as some persons think it, I certainly am not in a position to enter upon such a discussion, because of my ignorance. But one thing I can see because it is a conclusion of reason, that a theory upon a subject so unspeakably vast and mysterious as the development of nature in past ages can never be more than a theory. The very utmost that can ever be said for it, supposing the asserted facts to be true, is that it is highly probable. There are most evident signs of *steps* in creation—all persons, without exception, acknowledge this—but to say that these steps have been formed by insensible development is an assertion utterly beyond demonstration, because it could only be so certified by persons who had lived through the ages, and seen the process.

A gentleman I once knew was accustomed (so I have been told) to say that cuckoos changed into hawks. His friends doubted the fact. The gentleman still asserted it, and at length, to make his statement trustworthy, declared that he knew it to be so, because he had actually seen the process. Coming home late one evening he had remarked a strange bird in a hedge; on nearer examination he saw the hawk's beak protruding out of the cuckoo-nest, and on further observation found that the transmutation was actually going on.

Of course there was nothing to say against this evidence *supposing the gentleman's word to be trustworthy*—a point on which some doubt

Digitized by Google

was cast from another assertion which he was accustomed to make, namely, that he had once dived into the sea at Portsmouth and had come up at Spithead. But, according to his assertion, he had seen the process of evolution, or at any rate, transmutation. To him it was a certainty. I need scarcely ask whether similar evidence is possible for the evolution of past ages from protoplasm to man. This sounds as if I were taking upon myself to deride the wonderful scientific discoveries which have been made of late years. But far, very far from it. It would be the height of presumption in me to regard them with aught but respectful admiration. All I claim is that the facts asserted should be accepted for what they are worth, and for no more. Some of them must be acknowledged as all but certain—all parties receive them. Others are disputed. But whether disputed or undisputed, the conclusions drawn from these facts are again and again utterly illogical, as they are set forth in the current literature of the day, which persons of all grades read, and from which they really and truly form their opinions.

As an illustration, I took up a popular magazine the other day, and read an article on the resemblance between the formation of the bodies of human beings, and those of the lower creation. It was a very curious, and (so far as I could be a judge), carefully written paper. The degrees of ascent from the shrimp to the man were pointed out; how the shrimp had a heart, and a digestive system, and a nervous system, and other peculiarities which we are accustomed to associate with the higher animals. And from the shrimp it was clearly shown that there was a development of the same plan through other creatures which compelled us to own that in the formation of man's body he is in some respects at one with the fish and the frog. The statements made I could not controvert, and they did not at all horrify me; for I had been accustomed from my childhood to recognise the strange likeness between the man and the monkey, and it did not trouble me to be told that a shrimp had a heart and nerves, except that I was sorry to think it might therefore suffer more in death than I had been accustomed to believe possible.

But it was the conclusion of this paper which startled me, for in it we were told that man was the highest product 'of laws of development which invest and rule the whole of the animated universe; and that to stand at the head of a creation of such surprising and almost incomprehensible extent. . . . must confer a patent of nobility upon our race.'

It read extremely well, but when I came to consider it I said to myself: This writer must be either a very presumptuous, or a very wonderful being. He knows and can assert facts about the universe. But the universe means countless worlds. Has he ever been in them? If he has not, how can he venture to write so dogmatically about them? He speaks of 'laws of development which rule this universe,'

Digitized by Google

but what can he know about the laws of development in worlds which he has never visited? He says that man is 'the highest product of these laws,' but what does he know about the beings who people the universe? He declares that man is noble, because 'he stands at the head of the vast creation.' But can he really prove, to his own satisfaction, that there is nothing higher than man as he is now in the created universe? If so, I am sorry for him.

I put down the paper with a sense of irritation and deep regret, for I said to myself: This is the kind of assertion and taking-for-granted, which is leading astray half the young people in England; young girls especially. Their literary food is magazines. They are attracted by the serial stories, which are, in fact, like the sugar that attracts the flies to the poison which is to be their death. When they have finished the story they probably turn over the pages of the magazines and think they have sensibly exercised their intellects when they have read one of the graver articles. Whatever is asserted in these papers they accept, for if there is one thing more than another which the generality of girls feel to be beyond them, it is *thought*. Partly indolent, partly ignorant, and wholly unaccustomed to mental exertion except in the form of preparation for an examination in history, and geography, and arithmetic and mathematics, they really cannot think out moral and metaphysical subjects for themselves, and therefore they must of necessity, if they come to any conclusion at all upon questions connected with them, do so by accepting the assertion of some other person; and who so likely to arrive at a right conclusion (so they say to themselves) as the writer who has a full knowledge of the facts about which he is to reason.

Certainly, who so likely? if the power of reasoning were identical with the power of acquiring facts, but, as it need scarcely be said, the two powers are distinct, and it is only in the few—the princes of intellect (if one may use the term)—that the two are found combined, and these few are, I think I may say invariably, humble, and cautious. They do not assert as facts things which are *non-proven*; and they do not draw conclusions from admitted facts, without observing all the laws of sound reasoning.

'But'—I can fancy you will say—'if the case be as you state, if facts are beyond a girl's reach, and conclusions beyond her intellect, and if her guides in both cases are liable to error, what is she to do?' The shortest answer I could give, and to some persons it might seem the wisest, would be, 'Let the subject alone.' But I know this would not satisfy you. You are haunted by questions, and difficulties, and to sit down quietly without attempting to solve them only increases your doubts, because it seems as if you were afraid of them. It is for this reason that I have tried to show you that a vast number of the so-called facts dogmatically asserted are not, and cannot be, more than probabilities; and that the conclusions drawn from those which have

Digitized by Google

a claim to what we call certainty—though it is really but a higher degree of probability—are to be accepted only when formed according to the strict laws of logical argument. When you can once realise this, you will be much less inclined to listen to the scepticism which so frequently shocks you. Fear helps to create your difficulty by confusing your mind. If you think you see a ghost and run away in alarm, it becomes a reality.

Scepticism is your ghost; you cannot perhaps prove it to be a ghost for yourself, because you have not the intellectual power or the scientific information which will enable you to do so; but others have examined, tested, and reasoned for you; and by them you must be guided.

But whom do I mean by *them?* There are sceptics and anti-sceptics. Under which teaching are you to place yourself?

We will go back to the case of evidence in a court of law. There is the counsel for the plaintiff, and the counsel for the defendant. From which of the two (supposing you could not have the benefit of the judge's charge) should you expect the fullest information as to the true state of the case? The counsel for the plaintiff states the facts which, according to his foregone conclusion, prove the defendant's guilt; he says nothing of those which will tell against his case. If, therefore, you hear only what he has to say, you will probably be convinced that the prisoner is guilty. But you have then to listen to the counsel for the defendant, and, as a matter of course, he repeats the facts brought forward by the plaintiff in order to answer them. If he did not repeat them they could not be answered. From him, therefore, you are certain to hear a portion at least of the case on both sides; and if you have neither the power of examining into the truth of the facts, nor the ability which will enable you to act as judge and view both sides dispassionately, it is clear that it is from his speech that you are likely to get the truest account of the circumstances upon which you are anxious to form a judgment.

So it is with sceptical and anti-sceptical writers. From the former you hear only the difficulties and objections to religious belief;—from the latter you hear the same statements, but you hear also the answer.

Therefore, if you *must* study these questions, I would entreat you only to do so under the guidance of men of scientific knowledge and philosophical thought, who are also avowedly Christians. You will hear the sceptical statements and arguments from them, because it is their object to refute them; but you will not be left to verify the statements and answer the arguments by your own unassisted reason.

I do not say that the answers will always be satisfactory. I am tolerably sure indeed that they will not be; for, like most young persons, and indeed, like the majority of persons professing to search

Digitized by Google

into the truth of religion, you will, I know, be inclined to require at the outset a certainty which it has not pleased the Creator and Governor of the Universe to give.

Demonstration!—that is what men demand for their religious belief. Probability!—that is what they accept instead of demonstration for their scientific belief. The consequence is inevitable. Religion does not and cannot give them demonstration, and they are dissatisfied; whilst theories of sciences affecting ages passed away are set down as absolute certainties, and upon them the whole fabric of religious belief is to be remodelled.

Surely this is a monstrous unfairness! If we are to enter upon these subjects honestly, we must deal alike with both.

The discoveries of science are wonderful; the theories of science based upon them are most ingenious; but the conclusions drawn from the discoveries, even when most carefully reasoned out, are all only probabilities of a greater or less degree, and before we can advance one step in settling our minds upon disputed questions between science and religious belief we must candidly recognise this truth. Probability is in its various degrees the guide of life. Upon this fact—for it unquestionably is a fact—Bishop Butler founds his great argument in the *Analogy*, and until we can accept the fact, our restless, anxious minds can never know peace.

If you complain that this is hard, that you cannot rest upon probability, I have no answer to make except to quote S. Paul, and ask: 'Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, Why hast Thou made me thus?' It is the Will of God, and we cannot say aught against it. Yet there is a thought which has come to my mind helpfully of late, and which, though in no way new, has presented itself with new force; and that is the use and object of probability, as opposed to demonstration, in reference to the discipline of the mind and the formation of the character.

Probability involves faith. Science has just as much need of faith as religion has; but science does not profess to form the character, religion does.

Now if the teaching of Christianity be true, if one of the great purposes of the creation of mankind is to form a body known in Scripture as *The Body of Christ*, consisting of individual members, prepared, tried, and tested, with a view to the particular place which they are ultimately to hold in the great Scheme of the Universe, then it would seem that a particular character must be required for the members of that body, and that the discipline of probability, from the fact of its being inseparable from the exercise of faith, may be absolutely essential to us to fit us for our future destiny.

One thing is clear; that with demonstration the trial of faith in its full extent ends.

Once on the other side of the grave; once *knowing*, as well as

Digitized by Google

believing, that the great God and the eternal world are awful verities, there can be no room for the test of character which is made by faith here. There may, and doubtless will be, occasion for the exercise of other and the very highest virtues, but the words of approval, 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed,' can never in their highest meaning be spoken to us.

With this conviction, I would entreat you when you are induced, or compelled, to enter upon that most difficult and most important of all subjects, the claims of religion as compared with the claims of scientific scepticism, to do so with the humble, thankful acceptance of probability as an instrument of discipline, especially permitted by God. Science and Religion will then meet upon equal ground. You will no longer associate certainty with the former, and doubt with the latter: but recognising degrees of probability in both, I cannot for a moment fear the result.

After writing the last words I stopped, and thinking over the whole question again, I was for a moment tempted to draw out in opposite paragraphs the atheistic and the Christian ideas as to the original creation of man, and his final destiny, so as to bring, what appear to me, the tremendous difficulties and inconsistencies of the sceptical theories plainly before you. But I was afraid, not of the argument, but of my own power of stating it. And I felt moreover that the answers to such questions are, in the end, almost certain to be determined according to the bias of inclination. As one goes on in life one becomes very doubtful of gaining a hearing upon any subject simply from the force of argument or evidence. If, as I hope and believe, you desire to be a Christian in heart and action, you will be able to discover without help the strange confusion of thought which enables clever men to talk of *Force* as if it were a living being, and to think that when they have discovered (or imagine they have discovered) how the changes in nature are brought about, therefore they have settled the question as to their first cause and origin.

The absurdity of such language (for it is absurd though its consequences are very grave), has been proved again and again. I believe myself that it is perfectly hopeless to meet such assertions by argument so long as inclination is on the side of unbelief. And the conviction of the power of inclination to induce intelligent minds to accept a falsity has been impressed upon me by the many instances of absolutely unreasoning arguments which have been brought to my personal notice.

As an illustration, a friend of mine who was greatly inclined towards the Church of Rome, was once arguing with a clever lawyer——a brother of my own—upon the questions in dispute between Henry II. and Thomas à Becket. My brother, who had carefully examined the subject, put before him the legal view of the sovereign's power in his own land. My friend listened with much interest, and when my

Digitized by Google

brother ended, he replied, 'All that you state may be very true, but if you don't believe that Thomas à Becket was a saint, I can't accept it!'

Of course, almost immediately afterwards he was received into the Romish Church.

I have no reason to think that this gentleman, when he thus arrived at his wished-for conclusion by a leap over reason, had the least idea that he was not justified in it by the laws of sound argument. What he said seemed to him correct, for he did not give himself the time to consider it, but spoke as inclination prompted.

But there is a species of evidence, as regards natural religion, which is, I think, more easily perceived, and therefore more readily accepted, than any which is based upon abstract argument. It is derived from the experience afforded by history and observation of the consequences of unbelief.

Atheism, Positivism, Materialism, limit our happiness (even if they do not utterly destroy it), by giving us no hope beyond the grave. This is a self-evident fact which requires no argument.

And further, by the non-recognition of a Lawgiver, such principles destroy the reality of law, reducing what is termed law to a mere question of expediency;—and that to be without law is, for the majority of mankind, to be delivered over to the impulses of headstrong will and gross passions, as testified by the common witness of mankind and the experience of historical ages.

Unbelief in a Divine Creator and Lawgiver is, in fact, a sum in morality, which, state it as plausibly as you may, and work it out as reasonably as you may, will always in the product come wrong.

But perhaps—indeed probably—you will say 'There is no occasion to give me any warning or caution against being led into such extremes of unbelief as Atheism, or even Positivism. The difficulties which come before me are the difficulties connected with Christianity. How are they to be met?'

Now in answer to this I would ask you to consider that Christianity is at the present moment a fact—a tremendous fact; for it is either a most awful truth of God or a most astounding invention of man. And if no one can possibly deny its existence, so also no one can deny that it has an historical basis, dating from the oldest records of antiquity, and brought down to us by the witness of that most remarkable of all people, the Jews. Further, the origin of Christianity, as distinct from Judaism, is another historical fact absolutely incontrovertible. That Jesus Christ once lived on earth is as indisputable as that Julius Cæsar once lived here; and that the religion based upon His life, as narrated to us in the New Testament writings, was the motive power which overthrew the paganism of the great Roman Empire, and has ever since gone forth 'conquering and to conquer' idolatry, is equally indisputable.

Digitized by Google

Yet further—that if we want to make human beings good and happy, we shall most surely do so by making them Christians (true, earnest, practical Christians, I mean), is another fact which may be disputed by individuals here and there, but which has such an enormous amount of evidence in its favour, when we look back upon the history of past ages, and view Christianity as a civilising power, and watch the working of Christian principles of morality around us, that it can scarcely be considered doubtful. That it will make ourselves good and happy we have but to prove by our own experience. 'Try it,' as I once heard a scientific professor who is *not* anti-Christian say, when addressing some young men at Oxford. Try it, and then you will want no other proof that it comes from God.

But, I think I hear you say, no one can try it unless he can believe in it.

To which I reply, every one before whom Christianity is brought is bound to make up his mind either to accept or to reject it. There is no safe neutral ground of indifference in the matter of religion. Before any one can conscientiously reject Christianity he must disprove it; that is to say, he must bring evidence to testify that it has another origin from that which is universally received; he must overthrow the witness to its civilising power, and he must have convinced himself that its teaching tends to evil and not to good.

Can you do this? If you cannot, you have no reasonable choice but to receive it, and to endeavour to live in absolute submission to its doctrines and precepts. Only remember that in speaking of Christianity I am speaking of those primary facts and doctrines which all Churches, and almost all sects, agree in receiving. They are summed up in the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed;—the former, the earliest confession of faith which has been handed down to us; and the latter the authoritative exposition of that faith by a council of the universal Church; and both proved by the Sacred Scriptures. These Creeds stand in somewhat the same relation to Christian truth that the Ten Commandments do to the moral law.

That there are many important doctrines not definitely set forth in these two Creeds is perfectly true; but so also it is true that there are many important moral truths not definitely set forth in the Ten Commandments. It is upon these secondary truths that men differ and dogmatise, and will continue to do so till the end of time, so far as we can judge. The weakness of Christian argument is constantly to be found in the fact that men forget this, and draw up definitions and explanations, and insist that no one shall be called a Christian who does not hold them. In disputing about them they think they are disputing upon the main facts of Christianity;—the scoffing world, which cares nothing about the subject, thinks so too. But definitions of the Sacraments, Church government, the meaning of certain Greek words which embody awful teaching, must, from the very nature of

Digitized by Google

things, be always more or less uncertain; just as the precise definition of a lie, or even of murder, the fundamental principles of civil authority, and the interpretation of special laws, must and will always vary.

Why it should be so, why we should be left in uncertainty upon any such points, is not a question which concerns us. We have but to deal with the fact that the primary truths of Christianity and the primary truths of morality are clear; but, what I will call the secondary truths, are in various degrees open to discussion, so that differences of opinion upon them must be dealt with gently.

You and I, as members of the Anglican Church, have been clearly instructed upon many of these secondary truths from infancy. They appear to us as clear as the primary truths; but if they are not primary, we cannot be surprised if they are sometimes disputed by our fellow Christians. We may hold our own opinions firmly, as we hold them upon the disputed questions as to what constitutes murder or a lie; but we may admit a difference without demanding the persecution or excommunication of those who think otherwise.

It is in this width of mind that I think you will find help in the present conflict of opinions upon subjects of science and of natural religion and Christianity. To admit that there may be differences of opinion upon certain points, such as the possibility of evolution, and the exact duration of man's existence upon the earth, does not mean that you admit a difference upon the existence of a Personal God and the historical evidence for the origin of Christianity. By allowing that they do, you play, as it were, into the hands of the unbeliever.

Let sceptics say their say. They cannot touch these fundamental truths; therefore do not be frightened at them. If you are interested in scientific subjects, read about them and study them under religious guidance. You will soon see that many of the difficulties suggested are but phantoms, and those which are not phantoms may calmly be accepted as part of the Providential trial of faith. And now and then I think a suspicion will cross your mind—it has crossed mine frequently of late—that the clever men who know so much about science sometimes know very little about the Bible, and therefore are not competent to form an opinion upon it.

I was reading some time ago a *résumé* of a speech made by one of the most distinguished scientific men of the day to a company of printers. If I remember rightly the occasion was a public dinner. The printers were told that important and wide as was their power now, it might probably soon in a great measure be superseded. '*At the risk of being thought a Balaam,*' exclaimed the philosopher, '*I will point to a cloud no bigger than a man's hand,*' &c.—this cloud being the telephone.

Now if this illustration, ostensibly from Scripture, had been used

Digitized by Google

by an Oxford undergraduate it would have been handed about for the amusement of his acquaintances, and probably would have become a traditionary example of ignorance. If it had been used by a national schoolboy, the master would have been reprimanded by the inspector for allowing his pupil to be so absurdly blundering and confused in his ideas. But being used by a man of wonderful scientific acquirements, whose name is in every one's mouth, and who will go down to posterity as one of the most distinguished of natural philosophers, it passed unnoticed.

I copied the report of the speech for my own edification, and came to the conclusion that whatever might be the extent of the speaker's knowledge of the process of evolution, and the antiquity of man, he knew less than a schoolboy of the contents of the Bible; and therefore his opinions about it, whatever they might be, must, to say the least, be received with considerable distrust.

I will try to sum up what I have said.

You are in possession of Christianity, and cannot reasonably reject it, unless its truth can be disproved by evidence generally accepted.

If you cannot understand, or satisfy yourself as to all the answers to all the objections, you must rest upon the opinions of persons more learned, and cleverer than yourself, who have studied these subjects as believers, because they have examined both sides of the question.

If you wish to investigate for yourself, you must, for the same reason, inquire under the guidance of believers, remembering that probability in the highest degree—not demonstration—is all you have a right to demand.

If you are still perplexed by the arguments of Positivists or Atheists, you must remember that unbelief is a sum in morality, and when worked out in action has always come wrong, and from its very nature must come wrong; whilst Christianity, taking it in its wide sense as a belief (carried out in action) in a personal God and redemption through Jesus Christ, always comes right.

And when you have thus studied, and thus kept in mind the cautions I have named, can I say that your belief will be so confirmed that you will never again have any doubts?

By no means. There are two common causes of unbelief—one a half-hearted devotion to God and to duty, which defers to act until every doubt is solved. This state of mind must always be open to scepticism, because the wish, if not father to the doubt, is at least its supporter.

The other is a natural timidity and distrust which leads to the same conclusion by exactly opposite means. Such minds dread scepticism so much that they think they see it when it does not exist. They care so much for their Christian faith, that the very slightest question as to its foundation makes them imagine it is overthrown.

Digitized by Google

With such persons I have the deepest sympathy, and no one can think that their doubts and questionings will be imputed to them as sin. I think you may be reckoned amongst the number, and as I have gone through the same state of mind myself, I will venture to give you my personal experience, in the hope that it may show you the possibility of outliving such questionings.

My own intellect is naturally sceptical. At fifteen I sat at the piano, ostensibly practising for my master, but really reasoning as best I could upon the evidence of the Jewish miracles. Doubts had suggested themselves to me, as it seemed spontaneously; no one had brought any arguments before me. I can remember the particular place in church where I sat when the first thought of scepticism crossed my mind.

I was then at school. There was no one to help me, no one to talk to freely. I shrank, indeed, from speaking upon religious subjects, for they had been brought before me too strongly, and with an apparent demand for an expression of feeling which would have been unreal; whilst the use of a peculiar phraseology had jarred upon my taste and chilled me.

I believed myself to be very wicked, but my wishes were on the side of belief. At last, in despair, I said to myself, 'Great men, clever men, Lord Bacon, for instance' (I forget whom besides I especially remembered, but Lord Bacon's name came before me with great force) 'were believers in the Bible and Christianity. They knew much more about the evidences than I do. It cannot be wrong to trust them, and crush the doubts by deliberately turning away from them with a short prayer for forgiveness and help.' The thought was doubtless sent me by the Holy Spirit, to help me, and it did help me immensely. I do not mean to say that I was satisfied or happy; I was not; but my intellect rested; and as I really did try—however imperfectly—to serve God in my daily life, my conscience rested also. As time went on, and I left school, and my mind and powers of reasoning strengthened, I was induced to read Butler's *Analogy*. No one recommended it, but I had heard it spoken of. It was difficult, and I did not feel that I could master it; still it greatly helped to soothe me by making me feel that I must accept probability as the guide of life, and had no right to demand demonstration.

Those were days when the Oxford movement began; and questions about the Church and the claims of Romanism occupied all thoughtful minds. The subjects helpfully diverted my mind from scepticism. Every one I cared for or respected accepted Christianity. The only question discussed was, Could the Romish Church be right in her version of it? The answer in the negative was put plainly before me by clever men, who understood law and history as well as theology, and it was so conclusive that I have never since troubled myself about it. But that was long ago; and since then scepticism has presented itself

Digitized by Google

to me again with all the strength and the enticement of recent scientific discoveries. And now I am not afraid of it. Having waited till I felt myself intellectually able to master the arguments derived from scientific facts, and having experienced through troubled and toilsome years the strength, and comfort, and peace which Christianity can give, I can venture unflinchingly—though not without deep pain—to confront the worst which the unbeliever can say; and day by day, as I listen to their theories, the conviction impresses itself more deeply upon my mind that 'professing themselves to be wise,' those who reject revelation and deny God 'have become fools.' I believe that this is the conclusion which must be reached at last by all thinking persons. There may be differences of opinion upon the minor points of religious teaching, as there are upon the minor points of morality, but that the fundamental facts and doctrines of Christianity must in the end assert themselves victoriously I have no more doubt than I have of the ultimate triumph of good over evil.

This conviction may not, at the present moment, be as clear to you as it is to me. I can imagine that you still crave for more positive and detailed arguments to support your faith when insidious doubts and scoffs are cast upon the dearest hopes of existence.

The wish is natural, and I believe we of the older generation have all erred greatly in not recognising the duty of satisfying it. I have come to the conclusion that every child ought, so soon as its intellect is sufficiently developed, to be taught the historical truths and the great arguments upon which belief in Christianity rests. The fact that this teaching has been neglected is, I cannot but think, the cause of the unreasoning ignorance which, at the present moment, is leading so many young minds into unbelief.

I know no better book as a guide in such a study than Archbishop Whately's *Introductory Lessons on Christian Evidences*. It is short, and, at first sight, you will think it simple and self-evident; but it is the work of a very shrewd, as well as deep, thinker, and you will find, if you analyse and study it, so as to make the reasoning your own, that it requires the full exertion of your intellect thoroughly to master it. By and by, perhaps, you will attempt Butler's *Analogy* With these two books as argumentative helps, and the support of a conscientious life, upon which God's blessing will surely rest, I cannot fear for you so long as you will trust yourself in prayer to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and crush the temptation to intellectual conceit.

But there must be sincerity of heart. You must be content to obey the laws of Christianity, even when you do not see the reason for them, and to accept as true that which you cannot thoroughly understand.

If this seems to you a hard conclusion, one which demands religious action before the reason for that action has been clearly shown, let me answer you in the words of Bishop Butler:—

Digitized by Google

'The difficulties in which the evidence of religion is involved, which some complain of, is no more a just ground of complaint than the external circumstances of temptation, which others are placed in. . . . . Temptations render our state a more improving state of discipline than it would be otherwise: as they give occasion for a more attentive exercise of the virtuous principle. . . . . The evidence of religion not appearing obvious is to some persons a temptation to reject it, without any consideration at all, and, therefore, requires such an attentive exercise of the virtuous principle, seriously to consider that evidence, as there would be no occasion for, but for such temptation. And the supposed doubtfulness of its evidence affords opportunity to an unfair mind of explaining away, and deceitfully hiding from itself that evidence which it might see. . . . . It calls for a more careful and attentive exercise of the virtuous principle, in fairly yielding . . . to the proper influence of any real evidence though doubtful. . . . The very same account is to be given, why the evidence of religion should be left in such a manner as to require in some an attentive, solicitous, perhaps painful exercise of their understanding about it, as why others should be placed in such circumstances as that the practice of its common duties—after a full conviction of the truth of it—should require attention, solicitude, and pains. . . . .

'Nor does there appear any absurdity in supposing that the speculative difficulties, in which the evidence of religion is involved, may make even the principal part of some person's trial. For as the chief temptations of the generality of the world are the ordinary motives to injustice or unrestrained pleasure;—or to live in the neglect of religion from that frame of mind which renders many persons almost without feeling as to anything distant, or which is not the object of their senses, so there are other persons without this shallowness of temper—persons of a deeper sense as to what is invisible and future . . . . and who from their natural constitution of body and of temper and from their external condition may have small temptations to behave ill, small difficulty in behaving well, in the common course of life. Now when these latter persons have a distinct full conviction of the truth of religion, without any possible doubts or difficulties, the practice of it is to them unavoidable, unless they will do a constant violence to their own minds; and religion is scarcely any more a discipline to them than it is to creatures in a state of perfection. Yet these persons may possibly stand in need of moral discipline and exercise in a higher degree than they would have by such an easy practice of religion. Or it may be requisite, for reasons unknown to us, that they should give some further manifestation of what is their moral character to the Creation of God, than such a practice of it would be.

'Thus, in the great variety of religious situations in which men are placed, what constitutes . . . the probation . . . of some persons, may be the difficulties in which the evidence of religion is involved; and their principal and distinguished trial may be, how they will behave under and with respect to these difficulties. Circumstances in men's situation in their temporal capacity analogous to this respecting religion are to be observed. We find some persons are placed in such a situation in the world, as that their chief difficulty with regard to conduct is not the doing what is prudent when it is known; for this, in numberless cases, is as easy as the contrary; but . . . recollection and being upon their guard . . . against false appearances of reason and prudence.

'. . . . I have hitherto gone upon supposition that men's dissatisfaction with the evidence of religion is not owing to their neglects or prejudices . . . but it must be added in all common reason . . . that such dissatisfaction possibly may be owing to these, possibly may be men's own fault.

'For if there are any persons who never set themselves heartily and in earnest to be informed in religion; if there are any who secretly wish it may not be true; and are less attentive to evidence than to difficulties, and more to objections than to what is said in answer to them; these persons will scarce be thought in a likely way of seeing the evidence of religion though it were most certainly wise and capable of being ever so fully proved.

'. . . . The general proof of natural religion and of Christianity does, I think, lie level to common men; even those, the greater part of whose time,

Digitized by Google

from childhood to old age, is taken up with providing for themselves and their families the common conveniences, perhaps necessaries, of life. . . . But though this proof is real and conclusive, yet it is liable to objections, and may be run up into difficulties which, however, persons who are capable, not only of talking, but of really seeing, are capable also of seeing through—that is, not of clearing up and answering them, so as to satisfy their curiosity, for of such knowledge we are not capable with respect to any one thing in nature, but capable of seeing that the proof is not lost in these difficulties, or destroyed by these objections.'—*Analogy*, Part II. Chapter vi.

Bishop Butler, having thus endeavoured to show that the difficulties in the evidence of religion are no excuse for the rejection of religion, proceeds to answer a further objection which many are inclined to make upon this subject.

Such persons say—'If a prince or common master were to send directions to a servant, he would take care that they should always bear the certain marks whom they came from, and that their sense should be always plain,' and, therefore, we might expect if the Christian revelation were really God's message to man that there would be no obscurity or difficulty in it.

Now the answer to this objection, says Butler, is clear. No doubt if the prince only desired a certain order to be obeyed, and did not trouble himself as to the motives or spirit in which the work was done, he would give clear and direct instructions which could not be misunderstood. But if he desired 'to exercise, or in any sense prove the understanding or loyalty of a servant, he would not always give his orders in such a plain manner.' And thus with regard to morality and religion; our sincere desire to act rightly is tested by our being placed in a position in which we are called upon to choose what seems to us most probably best, though it may not be absolutely certain; and to accept what seems to us most probably true, though we may not be able to prove it by demonstration. The fact that there are difficulties in the evidences of the Christian revelation is therefore only what is to be expected when we see how we are dealt with in regard to worldly matters, and recognise our earthly existence as one of probation.

Once accept this view of our present condition, and we may well afford to wait patiently, and not without great interest, whilst Science makes her wonderful investigations.

Our fundamental convictions rest upon a basis which cannot be touched by them, although the opinions and theories we have built upon them may be, in some particular respects, modified. Astronomers have taught us to receive the Copernican, rather than the Ptolemaic, system of the revolutions of the planets, but we do not the less accept the existence of the great Creator of the planets.

Those who lead Christian lives—Christian in the highest sense—need never fear scepticism.

Digitized by Google

'If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.'

The words contain a blessed truth, as well as a blessed promise.

Scepticism, Positivism, Atheism, are phantoms, and by doing God's will—living for Him, even when our way seems dark, and our minds are troubled, we shall prove to ourselves that they are so.

This proof, dear A——, is especially given to those who, like yourself, are honest-hearted and humble-minded. If you take a medicine constantly and it constantly does you good, you can laugh at the persons who assert that it is compounded of the wrong ingredients.

You are not wicked because you are alarmed when suggestions are made against the truths which you have been taught to believe. You are not answerable for your fears and your doubts, though you are for the manner in which you deal with them. If you cared little about religion you would feel but little distress when it is attacked.

The suggestion of a doubt with regard to the character of the friend we love is agony, not because we doubt, but because we love. God knows this, and He feels for you. He allows you to have the trial, and it would be no trial if you could be indifferent in the matter. But He will sustain you through it. Only persevere in a life of devoted obedience, attending to the lightest suggestion of conscience, and you will be able to confront the doubts suggested by unbelievers in the spirit of the blind man healed by our Blessed Lord, and say—'Whether the asserted scientific facts be true, I know not; whether the conclusions drawn from them be true, I know not; but one thing I know, that without Christ life is darkness and despair; and with Him it is light and hope and peace.' This is the one internal evidence which I pray God to grant to you and to all I love.

Yours ever,

E. M. S.

Digitized by Google

HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS AND OCCASIONS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, AUTHOR OF 'THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION,' ETC.

V.

RHYTHMICAL PRAYERS FOR UNITY.

[*Written for a 'Service for the Promotion of Unity,' compiled by Canon Venables, and published by Wells Gardner; for use in Church, with the sanction of the Diocesan. The Verses are sung, all kneeling, and are interspersed with various Collects.*]

(*Tune:* S. BEES.)

(EPH. iv. 6 and 13.)

GOD the FATHER, All, and One,
With the SPIRIT and the SON,
Make and keep us one in Thee
O Eternal Unity!

Over all, through all, in all,
FATHER-GOD, to Thee we call:
By Thine all-embracing plan
Bring us to the perfect man.

To the perfect man of truth
Wise as age and sweet as youth;
To the perfect man of love
One with Him, our Head above.

Amen.

After the Collect for the Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Faith and Hope increase, and Love!
Faith the mountains to remove:
Hope to sweeten toil and strife,
Love the soul of all our life.

Now abide Thy glorious Three!
Yet the first is Charity,
For where Charity hath trod
Is the path of Very GOD.

Amen.

Digitized by Google

After the Collect for the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Cleanse Thy Church from careless sin,
Lest her peril be within:
Make her will and love more strong,
Prayer and praise her battle song.
Amen.

After the Collect for Unity (Accession Service).

Only Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Bid our long dissensions cease:
Show us in our own self-will
Deepest danger, surest ill.

JESUS, lowly may we be,
Strong in gentleness like Thee;
Nobly meek as sternly pure:
Strong to do and to endure.

Oh, by Calvary, Olivet—
Calvary, with Life-Blood wet,
Olivet, with Blessing given—
Teach us, CHRIST, of earth and Heaven.

Teach us of the cross we bear—
Of the crown that we shall wear—
Of our will for Thee laid low—
Of the glory we shall know.

Of the waiting and the pain,
Of the more exceeding gain—
Pain, our loyal hearts to prove,
Gain, the Triumph of our Love!
Amen.

After the Collects for the Holy Spirit, for the Ninth and Nineteenth Sundays after Trinity.

Of true union only Power
For the age or for the hour,
SPIRIT, with Thee make us one
In the FATHER and the SON.

Digitized by Google

By one spiritual Birth;
One in sevenfold gifts from Heaven
E'en as Thou, The One, art Seven.

One in mind and mouth and will,
One at war with all of ill,
One in Peace amid the strife,
One in sweetest hope of life.

One in Patience of to-day,
One in future Bliss for aye:
In the FATHER, SON, and Thee
One to all eternity.

Amen.

Digitized by Google

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

IV.

THE LECTIONARY.

Susan. I suppose the Lessons belong to the division of praise, as they are interspersed with Canticles?

Aunt Anne. Yes, certainly.

S. Were there always Lessons?

A. There always were readings from Holy Scripture in every service, but in many more divisions, and broken by Responds. The Commandments in the Communion Service are a sort of survival of the one Old Testament Lesson as read at Mass. In fact, the spirit of the selection was to aim more at devotion and praise than direct instruction.

S. After all it must have made people more attentive to be roused up to a response.

A. That is true. I am afraid ordinary congregations are sadly inattentive to the Lessons, not treating them as the direct Word of God. The old Lessons were in much smaller portions, and a number of passages were selected all bearing on the fast, festival, or season; and to these were sometimes added passages from the Fathers, and on holy days histories of the Saint, so that sometimes there were nine Lessons. The whole principle was devotion rather than instruction, worship and praise to God was *the* necessary thing, not the profitable listening of man.

S. And it was in Latin.

A. But that in religious houses was supposed to be comprehensible, and really was so to every one who had any education at all. The edifying was considered a thing for other times, for sermons, and for the daily readings in the Refectory during meals.

S. And those who understood must have learnt a great deal incidentally by the arrangement of short proper Lessons, when they brought minds rightly disposed.

A. The original order seems to have been to read Isaiah in Advent, Genesis from Septuagesima onwards, and Kings after Whitsuntide.

S. Like our own arrangement.

A. The system seems to have been an excellent one, but the cycle was continually broken in upon by festivals; and, as the monks deteriorated, they preferred the festal services because they were shorter, so that there was very little of the regular course of Lessons

Digitized by Google

persevered in. Then the readings—*Legenda* of the lives of the Saints—were not selected with sufficient regard to truth and accuracy.

S. Legends! Oh!

A. Yes, the present use of the word in our language shows the reaction against the marvellous tales that had been accepted on insufficient authority, when it was believed only probable and natural that a saint should work a miracle. Then there were national thanksgiving days. I have read somewhere a most curious account of the services of the anniversary of the battle of Bouvines.

S. Which was that? Oh, I remember! When Philip Augustus beat the Emperor Otho and the Flemish league. So they made a holiday of it!

A. And read the history of the battle, charge and rally and all, interspersed with bursts of praise and thanksgiving.

S. And it really was, when one comes to think of it, a grand and right way of celebrating a great deliverance.

A. The disadvantage in all this was that these readings being selected fragments, there was little public continuous instruction in actual Scripture truth, left to speak for itself, as the Word of God. Good men studied it and taught from it. Mediæval sermons show a most deep and thorough knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; every one who could read Latin might study them, and for those who could not read there were versified narratives of Bible events, and there were the miracle plays acted by monks and their pupils.

S. But surely one hears a great deal about the Bible coming quite as a novelty to people—to Luther, for instance, and to the people who read away so hard at the chained Bibles.

A. I am afraid there are a good many people now, who, if they spoke the truth, might own that the Bible, in many of its parts, was quite a novelty to them. As for Luther, a monk in a convent, he had free access to the Scripture as soon as he chose to look at it. But no doubt it was a very different thing to read or hear the Bible itself consecutively in English from only having selected portions given out, as the narrative taught.

S. But why was Wickliffe's Bible burnt?

A. Because the Church did not permit unauthorised versions when controversy was founded on them. Private versions for promiscuous readers might be perilous. You see a new demand had sprung up. Previously there were few who could read at all who could not read Latin, and for the more ignorant oral teaching had sufficed. But when there was reading without Latinity, the need of vernacular versions was felt, and zealous individuals began to make them; but the Church—very reasonably—distrusted their competency, and checked them. No doubt but for the corrupt state of the clergy at that time, there would have been some authoritative endeavour to obtain standard translations in the different languages, but as the Scripture was

Digitized by Google

beginning to be turned against the abuses of the time, the Italian court of the Pope was afraid of exposure, and contented themselves with suppressing all attempts at translation, and upholding the authority of the Vulgate or Latin version, so as to discourage the critical research Erasmus had set on foot into the meaning of the original Greek.

S. Then were all the translations a sort of 'private venture?'

A. All, till the great work done under James I. in England. Luther in his retirement at the Wartburg began, and worked on, studying the Hebrew with the help of a Jew. Tyndall had been at work a little before him, and in 1525 published his English version, which is said to have had a good deal of unorthodox comment with it, and was burnt at S. Paul's Cross. Then came Miles Coverdale's, where he used Tyndall's language, corrected from the Latin and Luther's German. There were three or four more English ones, which really were the same substantially, only corrected and revised by different hands. Henry VIII., under the influence of Cromwell and Cranmer, ordered an English Bible to be kept in every church, and I believe the short Lessons were, or might be, read from it.

S. That was when all the reading from the chained Bibles took place.

A. Accompanied with a good deal of unauthorised expounding, which made such wild work that the permission to use them was retracted. Then in 1549, with King Edward's first Prayer-book, began the rule for reading the whole Scripture through—four chapters a day, with a Calendar adapted to go through the Old Testament once a year, the New three times, only omitting the Revelation, and a few chapters in the Old Testament. A few Proper Lessons for the greater festivals were retained, but just as the elaborate arrangement of the Psalms was given up, partly in impatience of minutiæ, and partly to insure no omissions, so now the Reformers were chiefly bent on providing that the Scriptures should be read and known from end to end.

S. And that was a great thing!

A. Very great and thankworthy, when we remember that the Word is thus present among us. In the meantime a French Bible had been produced about 1535. Calvin had worked out a system which had great influence upon the advisers of Edward VI., and still more over the fugitives during Queen Mary's persecution. These made a translation, in which words and phrases were twisted to suit the Calvinistic way of thinking. It was published in 1561, was called the Geneva Bible, and was preferred by the Puritans to the Bishop's Bible, the revision by Archbishop Parker, who in 1550 had given us the Tables of Proper First Lessons for Sundays.

S. I must note that for my pupils—the Calendar of Daily Lessons, 1549, the Proper Lessons for Sundays, 1550.

Digitized by Google

A. Yes; and in 1611 the only translation that was set on foot by a national Church was given to us by James I. It was very differently conducted from the translations in France and Germany, being intrusted to the best scholars attainable in the original languages, forty-seven in number, and finally revised and corrected by a committee of the most learned; while the old beautiful language of the translations of Tyndall, Coverdale, and Parker was, whenever it was possible, retained.

S. It was at a happy moment before Scotland had separated.

A. It has been the great bond between all English-speaking people ever since, and its beautiful diction has been our standard of language.

S. So all went on without alteration from Parker's Proper Lessons and James's Bible.

A. 'The King's Bible,' as it was called at first, the Authorised Version, as we call it, fairly conquered the Genevan Bible, even among the Puritans, though there were eighty editions of the last. Bishop Cosin made a few alterations after the Restoration in the Order of Proper Lessons, but otherwise things remained in the same state till 1870, when it was decided in Convocation that the Lessons should be rearranged, and that the translation of the Bible should be revised by competent scholars, English and American, so as to take advantage of fresh lights of criticism and fresh discoveries of ancient manuscripts. The New Testament, being the shortest and least difficult, was revised and the version put forth in 1881. The Old Testament is still in hand.

S. The Revised Version is not nearly so pleasant to read as the old one.

A. The revisers endeavoured to preserve the language of the old one, but their great desire for exactness, especially in dealing with those Greek particles which we represent by prepositions and conjunctions, made them sacrifice the flow of a good many of the sentences. Some corrections are really excellent and important. Over others there is still much controversy. And the upshot of the whole is, that the Revised Version may safely be treated like the Bible Psalms at present used to explain the other privately, but less desirable for devotional use than the other.

S. And what had I better teach my girls about the whole we have said?

A. The constant Synagogue habit of reading two Lessons (with which, indeed, we should have begun), one from the Law, and one from the Prophets. You may refer them to our blessed Lord's reading the Lesson in the Synagogue at Nazareth, in S. Luke iv., and to S. Paul's reading at Antioch in Pisidia. I believe the reading the Lesson is always committed to some Jew of rank, and that they pay for the privilege, except when they come to the portions of Leviticus and Deuteronomy which contain predictions of their present state. Then

Digitized by Google

I would refer to Romans xv. 4, to show the Christian value of the Old Testament, and to 1 Peter x. 12, to mark how the New is the complement of the Old.

S. I suppose I should tell them very shortly that there were always Scripture readings?

A. And as they are sure to know something of English history, mark the first permission to have English Bibles in churches under Henry VIII., the first Lectionary under Edward VI., and the translation under James I. Then keep this from being barren knowledge, if possible, by showing the deep responsibility. Refer to Deut. xxx., 11–14—'For the Word is very nigh unto thee,' and entreat them (as well as yourself), however familiar the chapter may be, not to drop the custom of keeping up the attention by following with one's own book, showing that this not only lessens the danger of inattention, but gives a real command of the subject.

S. And then, I suppose, would come the general principle of the Lectionary.

A. You see there is one system, as it were, belonging to the days of the civil year. This, with regard to the First Lessons, is in many respects the same as that of 1549, except that most of the Apocrypha has been omitted, and the Lessons are arranged more with a view to the sense and subject than by the chapters.

S. And the New Testament is read only twice a year instead of three times; changing the Gospels in the middle of the year to the Evening Service instead of the Morning.

A. Because, unfortunately, some people never come in the morning, and some never in the afternoon. Isaiah, by universal consent, was always read in Advent, and now the Revelation is most suitably read at the same time.

S. And the Proper Lessons make a cycle of Isaiah readings round Christmas.

A. To fill us with the thought of the coming of the kingdom of Christ.

S. Then all the Sundays that depend on Easter have their own Lessons, starting from Septuagesima.

A. And so arranged that penitential chapters marking sin and repentance go along with the Lenten season, all except Refreshing Sunday, when Joseph pardons his brethren.

S. Easter, of course, has the Passover.

A. And then follow the Lessons that warn us, the redeemed Israel of God, against the sins that made Israel of old fall in the wilderness. The later ones, too, come from Deuteronomy, Moses's farewell, to chime in with the Sunday Gospels from our Mediator's farewell discourse.

S. The Sunday after Ascension Day has Moses's death.

A. Then after interrupting the narrative to give appropriate lessons

Digitized by Google

for Whitsuntide and Trinity Sunday, the remaining lessons are on God's dealing with His people after their home was won, as our place in the Church has been won for us, still showing us how the Spirit of God strives with man.

S. Only the chief Sundays have Proper Second Lessons.

A. So that those who only go to church on Sundays may not hear exactly the same year after year.

S. There still remain the Saints' Days Lessons.

A. Which were very much improved by the last arrangement of the Lectionary. The First Lessons used to be selections from the Book of Proverbs, and the others which resemble it; but now passages of Scripture are chosen which either illustrate, or bear in some way on the history of the Saint. Altogether our Lectionary is something to be very thankful for. It is in its own self a most valuable comment and testimony of the interpretation of the Church of many passages of Scripture, as those who duteously follow it must often have felt.

Digitized by Google

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES LOWDER.'

Una. I have taken your advice, and have read what is really a continuation of Mr. Green's *Making of England* straight through;* so we can have a comfortable talk about it. How touching is the story in the preface, of time 'conquered day by day from death' by the author to finish his work; of 'the constancy of a resolve that had wholly set aside all personal aims.' I think it must be his 'spirit of impassioned patriotism' which makes all he tells us of our country in the past so life-like that it is hard to lay down the book till read to the end. Certainly he has succeeded in what his wife tells us was the aim which guided his work—'the desire to quicken in others that eager sense which he himself had, of how rich the inheritance of our fathers is with the promise of the future, and to bring home to every Englishman some part of the beauty that kindled his own enthusiasm in the story, whether old or new, of the English people.'

Aimar. I see that in the opening chapter of his book Mr. Green does fullest justice to the influence of Christianity in civilising Saxon England, and to the 'far more profound change in its moral life,' than even the industrial change in the temper and aspect of the country. How vividly he describes the working of the new faith in 'that sphere within which the individual will of the freeman had been till now supreme, the sphere of the home,' challenging 'almost every social conception,' denying to the king his heritage of the blood of the gods, proclaiming slavery an evil, war an evil, manual labour a virtue, denouncing revenge in the feud, holding up gluttony and drunkenness, the very essence of the old English 'feast,' as sins. And then the gradual change by which the township passed into the modern form of the parish—that change which began with the first entry of the Christian priest into the township, and which ended in the church becoming the centre of village life, built often on the very mound that had served till then for the gatherings of the 'tunsfolk,' and the priest more and more taking the place of the 'tun-reeve,' preserving the weights and measures of the little community, heading the beating of its bounds, administering its oaths and ordeals, and leading its four chosen men to hundred-moot or folk-moot, sometimes even to the field. Two things are, I think, remarkable in the formation of the English Church—first, that though English

* *The Conquest of England*, by John Richard Green. Macmillan & Co. 1883.

Digitized by Google

Christianity had in its earlier days been specially monastic, the influence of the secular clergy quickly superseded that of the regulars, so that 'it was not by monasteries but by its parochial organisation that the Church was henceforth to penetrate into the very heart of English society;' and, secondly, the passion for pilgrimages, so that in the ninth century 'pilgrimages were among the leading features of English life;' the spell which the mere name of Rome had thrown over Wilfrid and Benedict Biscop working the more widely as years went on, passing from Churchmen to laymen, the enthusiasm reaching its height when English kings laid down their crowns to become suppliants at the shrine of the apostles. Very curious indeed is Mr. Green's account of these pilgrimages, from the time when, in 725, King Ine of Wessex 'gave up the strife with the anarchy about him, and made his way to die amidst the sacred memories of the holy city.' The stream of pilgrims 'noble and ceorl, layman and clerk, men and women,' taking mainly the same road by which English travellers now reach Italy, landing near Boulogne, and so by Dijon and Savoy to the passes of Mont Cenis, full of peril from the robber mountain lords, who were especially on the look out for rich ecclesiastics, and where, in Canute's time, an archbishop and three bishops were pillaged. 'If an Archbishop of Canterbury could be frozen to death in traversing the passes, we may conjecture,' Mr. Green says, 'how severe must have been the sufferings of poorer travellers.' But all was forgotten when they reached the goal, and traversed Rome 'from shrine to shrine, listening to its wild legends, gathering relics, books, gold-work, and embroidery, so that it was necessary, in Offa's day, to found a distinct quarter of the town called the "Saxon school," for their reception and shelter.'

Una. The account in the first chapter of the rise of English jurisprudence is very interesting, beginning with the 'frith' or peace of the freeman himself, 'the right that each man had to secure for himself safe life and sound limb;' and passing into the 'folk-frith' of the community as a whole, when 'every man lay in the "folk's hand;" and, wrong-doer as he might be, it was only when the "hand" was opened, and its protection withdrawn, that the folk would suffer him to be maimed or slain.' But such justice was still only the withdrawal of protection, leaving the 'out-law' to be knocked on the head by any man who met him. The 'folk-moot' had no power to enforce its doom, and so the way was paved for 'the king's justice,' as he travelled from one of his demesnes to another 'in constant motion, for payments were made in kind, and it was only by moving from manor to manor that he could eat up his rents.' We almost seem to see the royal progress as described in our book—'the king's forerunners pushing ahead of the train, arriving in haste at the spot destined for the next halt, broaching the beer-barrels, setting the board, slaying and cooking the kine, baking the bread, till the long

Digitized by Google

company come pounding in through the muddy roads, horsemen and spearmen, thegn and noble, bishop and clerk, the string of sumpter horses, the big waggons with the royal hoard or the royal wardrobe, and at last the heavy standard borne before the king himself. Then follows the rough justice court, the hasty council, the huge banquet, the fires dying down into the darkness of the night, till a fresh dawn wakes the fore-runners to seek a fresh encampment.'

Aimar. The condition of the three kingdoms of Wessex, Mercia, and Northumbria at the first coming of the Wikings, in the very last days of the eighth century, makes us understand how difficult it must have been to resist their attacks, when every bay and river-mouth, as yet unprotected by ships, made a 'water-street,' for the northern pirates. Their first coming was the Anglo-Saxon doom; the prelude to the bowing of all England to foreign rule under Sweyn and Canute; and though the fruits of their long attack slipped from Danish hands, it was only that it might be reaped by their far-away kinsmen, Northmen against northmen, the sword of the Normans for the last time driving from English shores the Danish ships, both fitted to conquer by their long fight with nature, battling 'for sheer existence with the stern winter, the barren soil, the stormy seas of the north.'

Una. Their name, Wikings, or 'creek-men,' from the 'wik' or creek where their ships lurked, shows how their true field of warfare was the sea, the very nature of their home land, as yet but a thin fringe edging the sea brim, driving them to it.

Aimar. Yet it seems as if they must have taken advantage of a calm spell of weather to pounce down upon the islands which were a tempting prey; creeping along the coast afterwards from 'wik' to 'wik.' For we know from the Wiking boat lately found under a mound in Norway, seventy-eight feet long by sixteen and a half broad, and drawing about four feet of water, that their ships must have been almost unmanageable in rough water. 'But,' we are told, 'they were well fitted for their special end. A heavy merchant vessel lay at the mercy of the Wikings' "keel" as it darted out from covert of headland or isle, while its flat bottom and shallow draught of water made every river-mouth a haven, and every river a road into the land that the pirates lusted to pillage.' It is surely true that the expeditions of Cortes or Raleigh were only the last outbreaks of this passion. 'It was the wealth of the empire,' to use Mr. Green's words, 'the dream of sacking her towns and pillaging her treasures, which drew on her the German peoples in her decay. And now that the world which had reeled under that mighty shock was again organising itself round powers which recalled the greatness as well as the name of Rome—now that commerce was covering the sea afresh with its merchant boats, and new towns rising within deserted walls, and wealth gathering once more under the shelter of church and abbey, the thirst for plunder woke again in the north. The boats

Digitized by Google

which had sailed from its fiords to pillage the dales of their neighbours steered southwards for a richer spoil.'

Una. And he tells us that to the pirates Ireland was as yet even a more tempting prey than Gaul or Britain. What a picture he gives of the art-treasures of the centres of Celtic Christianity, the abbatial houses. 'Nowhere were the monastic houses so many and so rich. It was in these retreats indeed, sheltered as men deemed by their holiness from the greed of the spoiler, that the whole wealth of the country was stored; and the gold-work and jewelry of their shrines, their precious chalices, the silver-bound horn which king or noble dedicated at their altars, the curiously-wrought covering of their mass-books, the hoard of their treasure-chests, fired the imagination of the northern marauders as the treasures of the Ineas fired that of the soldiers of Spain. News spread fast up dale and fiord how wealth such as men never dreamed of was heaped up in houses guarded only by priests and shavelings who dared not draw sword.'

Aimar. And amidst the tumult and strife, when the Danes had conquered Mercia and Northumbria in a single campaign, and even Wessex had to face the invaders behind the Andredsweald, how grandly the fact is made clear in this book, that in the realms which Egbert strove to build up into a new England, the Church was the one power which he found unbroken. Unlike the Continent, where the bishop represented the Roman sway, English bishops were from the first one in blood and interest with the whole of their English flock while sitting with king and nobles in folk-moot or witenagemot, and the ruin of the civil organisation often only adding fresh greatness to the spiritual organisation beside it, which alone had power to resist the attack of the northmen, in which 'heathendom seemed to fling itself in a last desperate rally on the Christian world.'

Una. In Ireland we are told that almost the whole of Ulster had passed into the hands of the Wikings, who dealt a heavy blow at its religion and civilisation by the destruction of Armagh; while, on the other hand, as they seized the shore-lands, they raised forts and planted colonies to which Ireland owes the rise of its earliest towns—Dublin, Waterford, Limerick, and Cork all having sprung from pirate settlements. Certainly our poor island became very early 'the Irish difficulty,' since from this time England had to take into account the Ostmen, as the Wikings in Ireland were called, ever ready to cross the channel and harry the country. This constant succour from Ireland doubtless made the conquest of the Danes in Northumbria so long and difficult a task.

Aimar. Yet this evil tended to the ultimate building up of the English State, for Egbert's son Ethelwulf saw that the alliance of the Frankish king, himself struggling against the Wikings, was necessary in order to shake off their attacks both from Gaul and Ireland, and so 'if the first result of the pirate storm had been to further English

Digitized by Google

unity by allying the new English State with the English Church, its second result was to force the State into closer relations with its fellow-states of Christendom.' This was indeed necessary, for now that its abbeys were wrecked there was not much booty to be got from Ireland, and there is a terrible account of the force with which the northern storm broke upon Britain in the middle of the ninth century, Northumbria making peace with the pagan, and sinking without further resistance into a tributary kingdom of the Dane.

Una. What struggles our country has passed through! 'With freedom,' Mr. Green says, 'went the whole learning and civilisation of the north. These were concentrated in the great abbeys which broke the long wastes from the Humber to the Forth, and whose broad lands had as yet served as refuges for what remained of order and industry in the growing anarchy of the country. But it was mainly the abbeys that roused the pirates' greed; and so unsparing was their attack after the victory at York, that, in what had till now been the main home of English monasticism, monasticism wholly passed away. The doom that had long ago fallen on Jarrow and Wearmouth fell now on all the houses of the coast.'

Aimar. The pagan Danes have left the memory of their faith, of Balder and of Thor, to this day in Yorkshire, in such names as Baldersby and Thornaby; the Scandinavian termination 'by,' the equivalent of the Saxon 'tun' or 'ham,' marking their settlements. And doubtless Grimsby and Swainby, Thoraldby and Ormsby, give us the names of warriors who became their founders; while, as Mr. Green reminds us, a few names of far greater interest hint how race distinctions perpetuated themselves, no less than three Englebys or Inglebys telling us how here and there lords of the old Engle race remained on a level with the conquerors, or how northmen or Norwegian allies had their reward. And I must read you this little bit lest you should have overlooked it, for it is a most interesting instance of names telling us exact history. 'In the valley of the Tees, a curious coincidence almost enables us to detect the spot from which the settlers came. On the coast of South Jutland we find two towns in close neighbourhood, Middleburgh and Aarhus; while in the Tees valley Middlesborough is as closely neighboured by its "Aarhus-um" or Airsome. It is hardly possible not to believe that the great iron mart of Cleveland must look for its mother-city to the little Jutish township, as the Boston of the New World looks for its mother-city to the Boston of the Old.'

Una. Then in the darkness of the pagan invasion arose the star whose pure clear light has shone through a thousand years of England's history—our own King Alfred. I think the sketch of his character and career in this book is the most vivid and interesting that we possess—beginning with his birth at Wantage, and long visit to Rome, which left a mark on his mind that may be traced through all

Digitized by Google

his after life in his freedom from a narrow insularism, his sense of the brotherhood of Christian nations. We seem to see the boy, with his keen thirst for knowledge, grieving that he 'could find no man to teach him,' with 'the restless outlook of the artistic nature, its tenderness and susceptibility, its quick apprehension of unseen danger, its craving for affection, its sensitiveness to wrong,' its longing to create, and to endue all with which it came in contact with the beauty and order of its own inward vision, the fine sense of a poetical mind expressing itself in practical energy, and adorning all which it touched. Yet, in his first battle against the Danes in the Vale of White Horse, charging again and again 'like a wild boar' up the height of Ashdown, winning the day for his brother Ethelred, and driving Guthrum back to his camp at Reading, in the heart of the rough forest country to which the abundance of 'bearroc' or box-trees among its woodlands gave the name of Berkshire.

Aimar. We might talk for hours over the beautiful story of his life; he alone untouched by terror when all England lay at the feet of the Danes save the 'low lift of ground about two acres in extent, girt in by almost impassable fen-lands,' the famous isle of Athelney, where Alfred threw up a fort and waited for brighter days, and where, in the seventeenth century, a jewel of blue enamel and gold was found engraved with the words 'Ælfred had me wrought'—a token recalling the memory of his gallant stand. What the vigour of his preparations must have been during his three months' stay at Athelney we know from the rapidity and completeness of his victory when he burst through the screen of woodland, and all Europe felt that the tide of invasion had turned. 'Nowhere,' Mr. Green writes, 'had the attack been so resolute, nowhere had the forces of the pirates been so great, nowhere had their campaigns been conducted on so steady and regular a plan, nowhere had they so nearly reached the verge of success, and nowhere had they so utterly failed.'

Una. And this was but the outset of the heroic life to which England owes more than we can say; the peace Alfred had won a mere break in the struggle, and yet peace absolutely needed for the work which he had to do. 'All might be set right,' were his touching words, 'if we have stillness.' But he saw that to insure this stillness military reform was necessary, and his genius turned the weakness of England into her strength by creating her navy. 'Alone among the rulers of his time he saw that the battle with the pirates must really be fought out upon the sea. Clear them from the land as he might, safety was impossible while every inch of blue water which washed the English coast was the Northman's realm.' When we think of what this task must have been, and also the re-organisation of public justice, 'the slow, patient undoing of the evil which the Danes had done,' it does seem marvellous that he should have had time and energy left to repair the intellectual ruin of England.

Digitized by Google

Aimar. Our author tells us that when the Danes first attacked our shores 'England stood in the fore-front of European culture; her scholars, her libraries, her poetry had no rivals in the western world.' Almost all this culture had disappeared, a gleam of the old intellectual light lingering in the school of Bishop Werpith at Worcester; and it was because literature embodies what is worthiest in civilisation that Alfred turned to the restoration of letters. And his greatest work was probably done almost unconsciously, by providing English books in the school which he set up for the young nobles at his court who could not read Latin. 'It was in carrying out this simple purpose that Alfred changed the whole front of English literature. In the verses of Northumbrian singers, in battle songs and ballads, English poetry had already risen to a grand and vigorous life. But English prose hardly existed. Theology had been a favourite study of English scholars, and theology naturally took a Latin shape. Historical literature followed Beda's lead in finding a Latin vehicle of expression. It was from Alfred's day that this tide of literary fashion suddenly turned. English prose started vigorously into life. A national literature, in fact, started suddenly into existence which was without parallel in the western world, and at the outset of English literature stands the figure of Alfred. The mighty roll of books that fills our libraries opens with the translations of the king. And we owe to him not only translations, but the *English Chronicle* and the continuation of the *Bishop's Roll* at Winchester, which S. Swithun had transformed into a national history. For it was where Swithun's work ended that Alfred's begins, and that the *Roll* widens into a continuous narrative—a narrative full of life and originality, whose vigour and freshness mark the gift of a new power to the English tongue. With it English history became the heritage of the English people. Beda had left it accessible merely to noble or priest, Alfred was the first to give it to the people at large; and the tiny streams of historic record which had been dispersed over the country at large were from this time drawn into a single channel.'

Una. He might well say that 'no man should desire a soft life, if he careth for any worship here from the world, or for eternal life after this life is over.' His vivid activity seems to have continued to the end, still 'a mighty hunter, waking the stillness of the "Stene Wood" along the Southampton Water, or the stiller reaches of the Cornish moorlands, with hound and horn;' while 'his love of strangers, his questionings of travellers and scholars, betray an imaginative restlessness that longed to break out of the narrow world within which his own experience bound him.' We perceive from his own words with what keen attention he listened to the tales of far-off lands that they brought him, finding no detail uninteresting which enabled him to realise the countries from which his assailants had come, and where he says 'the Engle dwelt before they came hither to this country.'

Digitized by Google

Aimar. In one attempt only he entirely failed, that of founding monasteries. He found no West Saxons willing to become monks, and his experiment of bringing them from abroad did not succeed. At last, on October 28, 901, the stillness he had sighed for and nobly won came to him. But let me read to you, though you can scarcely forget them, some of the closing words of Mr. Green's fourth chapter: '"So long as I have lived," Alfred wrote, "I have striven to live worthily." It is this height and singleness of purpose, this concentration of every faculty on the noblest aim, that lifts Alfred out of the narrow bounds of Wessex, for if the sphere of his actions seems too small to justify a comparison of him with the few whom the world owns as its greatest men, he rises to their level in the moral grandeur of his life. And it is this that still hallows his memory among Englishmen. He stands indeed in the fore-front of his race, for he is the noblest as he is the most complete embodiment of all that is great, all that is lovable in the English temper, of its practical energy, its patient and enduring force, of the reserve and self-control that gives steadiness and sobriety to a wide outlook and a restless daring, of its temperance and fairness, its frankness and openness, its sensitiveness to affection, its poetic tenderness, its deep and reverent religion. Religion indeed was the groundwork of Alfred's character. His temper was instinct with piety; everywhere throughout his writings which remain to us the name of God, the thought of God, stir him to outbursts of ecstatic adoration. Vexed as he was by sickness and constant pain, a rare geniality, a peculiar elasticity and mobility of nature gave colour and charm to his life. Nor could danger or disappointment check for an hour his vivid activity. His practical energy found scope for itself in a material and administrative restoration of the wasted land; his intellectual energy breathed fresh life into education and literature; while his capacity for inspiring trust and affection drew the hearts of Englishmen to a common centre, and began the upbuilding of a new England. Little by little men came to recognise in Alfred a ruler of higher and nobler stamp than the world had seen. Never had it seen a king who lived only for the good of his people. Never had it seen a ruler who set aside every personal aim to devote himself solely to the welfare of those whom he ruled. It was this grand self-mastery that won him love and reverence in his own day, and it is this that has hallowed his memory ever since. "I desire," said the king, "to leave to the men that come after me a remembrance of me in good works." His aim has been more than fulfilled. His memory has come down to us with a living distinctness through the mists of exaggeration and legend which time gathered round it. The instinct of the people has clung to him with a singular affection. The love which he won a thousand years ago has lingered round his name from that day to this. While every other name of those earlier times has all but faded from the

Digitized by Google

recollection of Englishmen, that of Alfred remains familiar to every English child.'

Una. His descendants were not unworthy of him. I think there is hardly another instance in history of a great king having so many patriotic and noble successors, and this is especially remarkable in the case of his daughter Ethelfled, joint ruler with her husband of Mercia, and who, in her many campaigns against the Danes, might more than probably have come into collision with her brother Edward. But, on the contrary, what made his victory in Mid-Britain easy and complete was the political and military energy of the Lady of Mercia, the remains of her fortifications at Tamworth, Stafford, Warwick, and Chester still witnessing to the patriotism and strength of Alfred's daughter.

Aimar. Yes, there is a real pleasure in reading of one noble life after another, instead of the degeneracy which generally follows a great reign. Athelstan, 'worthy of the knightly sword with which his grandfather, Alfred, had girded him in his childhood;' firm ruler and great warrior, quick to perceive the importance of Rollo's settlement in Normandy (the country which from that time interweaves itself with the story of the English people), and to strengthen England by foreign alliances. Edmund, showing in his short reign that he possessed the genius of his house both for war and politics, binding Scotland to England, and conquering Cumberland, where the Wikings have left frequent marks in names, and where Sölvar, Böll, and Skall may be resting beneath their 'hangr' or tomb-mound at Silver How. Bull How, and Scale How. Edred, the friend of Dunstan, whose coronation was the first national coronation, when 'the Primate of the North and the Primate of the South united in setting the crown on the head of one who was to rule from the Forth to the Channel.' Edgar, of whom the chronicler says, 'He dwelt in peace the while he lived, God so granted it him;' and who 'in winter and spring rode through every shire, inquiring into the law-dooms of the powerful men, and showing himself a severe avenger of any wrong done in the name of justice. Edward the Martyr; Ethelred the 'Un-redig,' or counsel-lacking; but never 'unready,' shiftless, or without resource—brave, though impulsive. Edmund Ironside, fighting at hopeless odds against Canute the Dane. All these were worthy and noble children of Alfred of England, and in Mr. Green's pages they become to us as living friends, while we learn the debt of gratitude which we owe to them.

Aimar. How life-like also is the account of English customs in those days, and how interesting the knowledge which names are made to yield to us. For instance 'Hampshire,' the earliest portion of West Saxon conquest within the original Wessex, and for which we possess no earlier name, Hampshire being an abridged 'Hamptonshire,' the district that found its centre in the 'tun now represented by our

Digitized by Google

Southampton.' 'Had the formation of this district taken place after the revival of Winchester, and the settlement of the West Saxon kings and bishops there in the time of Cruwalch (in 643), the district would naturally have taken such a name as Winchestershire, like our Leicestershire or Gloucestershire; but its name of Hamptonshire points necessarily to an earlier date than this, and one which cannot be later than the first half of the seventh century. The name, however, has more to tell us. A shire is necessarily a district "shorn" off from some neighbour district; and the artificial character of such a "shearing" between Hampshire and Wiltshire is shown in the absence of any distinctly marked local divisions in the bounds between the two shires, while a close connection between the two districts is shown in the similarity of their naming. Not only does Hampshire draw its name from the "tun" of the first Gewissas at Hampton, but the "t" in our Wiltshire shows that the word is only a contracted form of Wiltonshire, or the shire that found its "tun" in our Wilton, the settlement made by the Gewissas in the valley of the little Wil, or Wiley.'

Una. Although we are told that it is difficult to trace the steps by which the sheriff rose to be a great executive officer, absorbing the judicial authority of bishop and earl, his name tells us that he was once the shire-reeve, collecting the king's dues. Then the notices of the inland trade of Saxon England are most interesting, salt being the most important; the salt works of Worcestershire, which had been worked under the Romans, still busy, as they are to this day, while the boundless supply of fuel from the Andredsweald encouraged the making of sea-salt along the Kentish coast. It is strange to think of the one export of Saxon England being slaves, 'the Bristol men buying up men over the whole face of England for export to Ireland, where the Danes, as elsewhere, acted as factors for the slave markets of half Europe.'

Aimar. We have not left ourselves time to talk of half that is worth remembering in this noble book—the Danish conquest under Sweyn and his son Canute, when 'the land that had seemed under Ethelred but a bundle of isolated shires, and whose fortunes had been the sport of warring ealdormen, became a great and tranquil nation, owning from end to end the supremacy of the crown;' the rise and growth of London; the masterly sketch of Earl Godwine's career; and, above all, the story, told with clear and keen insight, of Rollo's children in Normandy, and the gradual interweaving of his conquest with the supremest interests of both France and England. Never has the irrepressible force of the northmen been more vividly described—a force which, whatever were his faults, was in no man greater than in William the Conqueror. Do you remember the account of his final mastery of the haughty lords who at his father's death had scorned his age as well as his birth, and had driven him from refuge to refuge? He was

Digitized by Google

hunting in the woods of Cotentin when he heard that the Norman barons had sworn on the relics of the saints at Bayeux that they would smite him wherever they might find him. They were soon to find him on the battle-field. As he dashed through the rough woodland with Grimbald on his track, the Bessin and Cotentin were already on fire behind him, and he rode across the border to ask for help from the French king. Then came his fierce fight and victory at Val-ès-Dunes, near Caen, the turning-point in his career. Let me read you this bit before you go: 'It was not merely that he had shown himself a born warrior, that horse and man had gone down before his lance, that he had faced and routed the bravest warriors of the Bessin; nor was it only that with this victory the struggle of the wild northman element in the duchy against civilisation, against the French tongue, against union with Western Christendom, was to cease. It was that William had mastered Normandy. "Normans," said a Norman poet, "must be trodden down and kept under foot, for he only that bridles them may use them at his need;" and the young duke had bridled them to use them in a need which was soon to come. The valour which had so sullenly withstood him on the downs above Caen, gave itself from that hour into its master's hands, and, mere youth of twenty as he was, William stood lord of Normandy as no duke had stood its lord before; lord of a Normandy whose restless vigour was spending itself as yet in the winning of realms for adventurers over sea, but was ready to spend itself now in winning realms for its duke nearer home. Far off as the Conquest was, it was at Val-ès-Dunes that William fought his first fight for the crown of Cerdic. It was the men who had sworn to smite him on the relics of Bayeux who were to win for him England.'

Digitized by Google

THREE LITTLE DOGS.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

CHAPTER VI.

'TIS MERRY, 'TIS MERRY, IN GOOD GREEN WOOD.'

'Some with small fare they be not pleased,
Some with much fare they be diseased,
Some with mean fare be scant appeased;
But of all somes, none is displeased
To be welcome.' HEYWOOD.

I MUST allow that after two days, Roderick (or Roddy, as he soon began to be called) ceased to howl, and became obtrusively affectionate. However ugly he might be—although I might have nightmares, in which he figured as the principal personage—I could not shut my heart to the great disjointed creature, who came feebly lumbering up the steps to greet my first appearance in the garden, as I came out after breakfast with my basket and gloves. And it was touching to hear his howls as one vanished in the distance. But my Wopsky never took to him. He held aloof as a superior being. He had not even the condescension of Mrs. Robertson to the Denyers. He said as plainly as dog can speak (and that is very plainly indeed), 'I have never been used to mix with *canaille*, and at my time of life I cannot begin to change my habits.' For Wopsky was getting old. One of his eyes was beginning to be covered with a blue film. His teeth were nought. His face was growing wizen and pointed. He was becoming fat and lazy. He would walk in his dignified trot by my side, as I proceeded to my flower-beds; and when Roddy came lumbering with a sociable 'Good morning, brother,' he would put down his ears, turn aside with cold dignity, and walk away, leaving even his mistress sooner than associate with tag, rag, and bobtail.

Roddy was at this time in the position of the ugly duckling, and though Jessie had made friends with him out of pity, she openly avowed that she couldn't think whatever had made master buy such an ugly thing as that. She had seen a dear little poodle, half pink and half white, for only ten shillings. If she had been a gentleman she would have bought *that* now!

Repeating her opinion to my brother, we were led to speak of the large silky poodle which lies on quilted satin in Mrs. Denyer's morning room, and thence of the Denyers' hospitality to us.

Digitized by Google

'I should like to return the kindness of those people,' said Paul. 'That is the second time we have had a good dinner at their expense.'

'Oh, Paul!' I cried, alarmed, 'people like that don't want return invitations. They ask us because you are their doctor, and because it is a pleasure to collect a few people in a country place about you. But they *cannot* expect us to give the same entertainments.'

'I should think not,' Paul answered, laughing, 'I should like to see Jessie's entrées and sweets.'

'I am sure,' I replied, colouring a little (for Jessie's training is a tender point with me), 'she cooks a leg of mutton and a potato as well as any girl in the country, you yourself have often said.'

'All right, dear. I'm not insulting her. She *does* do wonders, thanks to you. But we couldn't ask the Denyers to a leg of mutton and a potato, could we? There are other things to ask people to, aren't there? *Evenings*, ladies call them, I think.'

'But I go out so little, Paul; I really fear I should not know how to manage it for people up to all the latest fashions. There are such different ways about tea from what there were when I was young. And we could not get any good music such as they have.'

'Then let us have some good old-fashioned entertainment such as there was when you were young. It would be new to them. And I really want to return their hospitality by an invitation of some sort. Come now, Lucy, let's lay our heads together, and invent something jolly.'

I was standing by the window, absently looking into the bit of garden, and nervously pulling the blind-cord. Paul came up and put his arm round my neck, turned my face to his, and gave me a kiss. Of course he had his own way. A smile broke over my beclouded face.

'There were teas and suppers when I was young, Paul. Tea and muffins at six; music and round games till ten; and then a little hot supper. And there were picnics.'

'A picnic! The very thing. Jolly! Easy to manage! Come now, that is a great idea.'

'Do you mean to take them to Richmond or something?' I asked, very doubtfully.

'Good gracious! No. Nothing so stiff, and stupid, and dear. Something new to them; rural and jolly. There is no end of a pretty place half way to Allington. I have seen people picnicking there when I was attending old Rogers at Hall Farm. It is a bit of broken ground, with a capital view and plenty of shady trees. There was always something very delicious about boiling a kettle under a tripod when we were children, wasn't there, Lucy? Do you remember the Garnet woods?'

'Oh, those *were* picnics!'

'Well, we'll revive them. We'll light our fire and boil our kettle,

Digitized by Google

and take some of your capital pigeon-pies and tarts, and cakes, and a few bottles of good old wine for the men. It will be downright fun.'

Well, of course, as he planned, so it fell out. Invitations were sent, fires were made, and on the given day, which happily proved fine, our open fly went modestly following Mrs. Denyer's fine landau. Paul had proposed a waggonette for the whole party; but blunt, good-natured Mrs. Denyer had said, 'Now what's the use of putting you to that expense, when we may just as well go in our own carriage and all meet at the place?' And her suggestion was followed.

There were ten of us—Mrs. Denyer and her daughters, ourselves, two intimates of Paul's, Mr. Jeffs and Mr. Stanley, nice young men—'there nis no more to sayn'—my widowed friend Mrs. Mortimer, and the Haywoods, who had occurred to my brother from the society of Roddy and from the situation of the *rendezvous*. They also seemed to me nice people to know more of, and likely to suit well with the Denyers.

Paul had just handed the latter family from their carriage, and the sisters—daintily dressed, precisely alike, from the humming-birds in their hats to the dainty little bronze kid boots—had alighted—themselves like two big humming-birds, or something equally dazzling—beside the gate which led to our picturesque field.

'Are we to play at love in a cottage?' asked Coralie, with one of her laughs.

'We are all to play at love, but it will be under the greenwood tree,' replied Mr. Jeffs promptly, congratulating himself on playing up so readily to the lead of so pretty a girl, and insuring a place by her side and the burden of her shawl.

At this moment the Haywoods drove up in a low chaise from the opposite direction. Roddy was wildly tugging at a string in my brother's hand.

'Ah, here you are, in capital time!' he cried, heartily. 'Here is your lost child yearning to welcome you.'

'And our other lost child is here; we thought you would let us bring him,' said Bertha.

There indeed sat Dodo, grinning from ear to ear, clean and tidy in a suit of serge.

'What, you have the waif still! All right, my jolly little dog. Jump out!'

'Who are those?' asked Coralie aloud.

Mr. Jeffs could not inform her.

'Their name is Haywood; they are brother and sister,' I answered rather formally.

She took a cool stare at Bertha. Through Coralie's eyes I saw, what I should never have seen alone, that Bertha's pretty straw hat was coarse, and that the muslin and real ivy it was trimmed with had

Digitized by Google

not cost a shilling; that the gloves on her large, shapely hands, and the boots on her *rather* large, well-shaped feet, were strong and country-made. But what a bright, sweet, kind, healthy face beamed under that cheap hat!

'Who's the child?' asked Coralie again.

I was not going to satisfy her curiosity by that long story, so I turned to Mr. Stanley, who was helping Jessie to carry the baskets.

It was a charming place. Perhaps there had been a gravel-pit there once; some sort of excavation had left miniature mountains and valleys, bristling with little bushes of broom, and shadowed here and there by an elm or a wild apple-tree. From the summit of these miniature Alps we saw a stretch of meadows, with a little river winding in and out, a windmill waving its long arms, some low hills blue in the distance. The sky was covered with broken clouds; there were sudden gleams, soft shadows.

Paul had soon built his tripod and laid his fire in a green hollow under apple branches. The girls were entering into the spirit of the thing. Mathurine had gone with two gentlemen to fetch water and milk from the mill. Bertha was puffing with all her might at the fire, which had not been artistically laid and threatened to go out. Dodo was collecting sticks, running in a fashion peculiar to himself, which made him look as if he were perpetually tumbling head over heels. Roddy followed, in handsome emulation. Wopsky was sniffing proudly at my side, as who should say, 'Low doings these!' Jessie was putting out the tea-cups.

'Come here, Lucy,' said Mrs. Mortimer. 'Here is a cosy seat among the broom. We may let the young folks do the work.'

'Law! are we to sit down on the grass?' asked Mrs. Denyer, in her rich, husky voice. 'I prefer a table and chair myself. I'm a perfect martyr to rheumatism. Well, I shall stand.'

No, no: we could not permit that. We found her a hamper, and made it soft with shawls, and by and by persuaded her to sit down on it with a comfortable chuckle, declaring she should slip off every minute. She propped herself up with her umbrella, and in five minutes began to nod.

Coralie did not work. She sat on the bank over above Paul and his fire. The large light-coloured parasol she held cast a reflection on her face which made it seem half transparent. Her brusque mood had gone by; she was charming; there was a soft light on her countenance, a quaint play of meaning on her smiling lips. Paul looked up at her, and said—

'We have no poker, Miss Denyer. Lend us your parasol.'

'Here it is,' she said, and tossed it down. It fell on to the smoke-stained wood.

'Hallo, there's damage!' cried Paul, examining its smutted texture ruefully.

Digitized by Google

'All right,' she answered; 'a poker does not need to be over clean.'

'I am glad to hear you say that,' answered Bertha Haywood looking up at her and smiling. 'I am a poker too, and I am certainly not clean at present; so I am glad to hear it is unnecessary.'

Coralie was yawning as she finished her speech.

'What manners that girl has!' murmured Mrs. Mortimer in my ear.

Laughter was heard: Mathurine came trampling down the brambles with her dainty shoes, and holding her skirts aside with one hand, as the other held the milk-jug on her shoulder.

'We are making Miss Denyer look like Rebekah at the well,' said Mr. Stanley. 'She is going to let Jeffs draw her if he is very good.'

'Coralie, you lazy girl!' she cried. 'You shall have no tea.'

'I have been doing good, have I not, Mr. Lennox?' said Coralie.

They were the first girl-like words I had heard her speak that day. At this moment Paul's voice sounded from his nest whence the grey smoke was curling.

'Come, for the kettle is boiling.'

The cups of tea they served were very good and hot. Jessie ran about with cakes and fruit; Bertha carried round the milk and the sugar in a basket.

'There is a capital little place near here—a little inn with a pretty garden, where people come and have tea,' said Mr. Haywood. 'When I began to read your note, Lennox, I thought you must be coming there.'

'What! to a tea-garden? Tea and shrimps, ninepence?' asked Paul.

'Exactly, bar the shrimps. And uncommonly nice it is, isn't it, Bertha?'

'It reminds me of the little German places where we used to have coffee when I was at school,' she answered.

'Are there seats and tables there?' asked Mrs. Denyer, who was in a wakeful interval.

When assured there were, she gave a note for an adjournment.

'If you like, we will sup there,' I suggested.

The plan was taken up; it was something new. The Denyers had been to the 'Star and Garter' often enough, but never to a garden where tea was dispensed at ninepence a head.

There was some wandering about among the hillocks; some bouquets of wild flowers were gathered; some whispered talk was held among the bushes. Young people are all alike, and it is very kind of them to amuse one another.

Our cup of tea had been served at five o'clock, and at seven we

Digitized by Google

were all seated on the wooden benches in the garden of the 'Bald-faced Stag.'

The inn was a little, low, red-tiled house: it showed dimly through its fruit trees. The long beds on either side the straight gravel walk were one mass of colour; scarlet geraniums, little golden calceolarias, grey antirrhinum, and the old lad's-love in between—always in season, always sweet with the old, old fragrance. Hops clambered on a trellis over our heads; their pale green clusters drooped as gracefully as the grapes of Italy. Through an opening of an arbour we saw stubble fields, with pale purple shadow broadly cast upon them, and a mellow sunset glow which touched them with a crimson light like the red on a peach. Little bosky groves studded the landscape; two white spires lifted themselves up in the distance, pointing to a sky where dashes of pure blue shone out from translucent clouds in masses, tinged here and there with a soft amber-crimson. A strange mellow light was abroad—the light of a dream or of an old picture.

Our table was spread with a white cloth, and on it was my supper, good, and sound, and homely. The landlord added lovely roses, pink and buff, in a quaint high glass. We supped merrily. It was like a foreign scene, as Bertha had said, so simple, and healthy, and pleasant. There was plenty of fun: all the young men were bright, and kindly, and cheerful; so were two of the girls, and the beauty sat silent. The men were not 'up' to the compliments and tricks to which she was accustomed, and she was more quiet and graceful than I had ever seen her.

Presently the little feast was done. Twilight came on. The maid brought a lamp and set it on the table. The young people began to slip out to look at the sunset, they said. Mrs. Mortimer and I had a comfortable domestic chat, Mrs. Denyer joining in with a word now and again. Dodo was asleep with his head in my lap. Presently there came a rattle of harness, and a trample of hoofs without.

'The carriages have come,' we said. 'Where are all the young people?'

Behind us in the fields were two voices talking low, and coming nearer.

'It is so hard to be good—oh, so hard!' said one. 'And there is no one to help.'

'Is there not?' said another, gravely.

I knew that voice well; it was Paul's, and the other was Coralie Denyer's.

'Paul! Paul!' I called sharply, through the hop-vine. 'The carriages are here; it is growing chilly. Will you call our friends?'

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VII.

FRIENDLY CRITICISM.

'One of the pleasures of having a rout
Is the pleasure of having it over.'
HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg.*

WHEN any event has occurred in our small circle—when the maid has given warning, or the man has been impertinent, or a new dress has become requisite—I invariably pack up my work in my little bag and run across to Mrs. Mortimer's to talk the matter over at her six o'clock tea. Troubles lessen under her benign influence, and my own ideas are crystallised by conversational friction.

After the picnic I followed my usual course, and was gratified to hear my friend say that the affair was capitally managed, and that every one seemed to enjoy the evening.

'It was so simple and so easy that we did not feel we were being entertained,' she said, 'until we looked back on the evening and felt how very much more pleasantly it lived in the memory than many a set party.'

'You have never met the Denyers before: what do you think of them?'

'Kind, good-natured people. But, my dear, the eldest is a dangerous girl.'

'Indeed! How *dangerous?*'

'Because, if she sets her desires on anything, she will never rest till she has obtained it—never!'

'Perhaps so,' I answered absently, picking up a stitch in my knitting.

My old friend glanced at me keenly.

'It is to be hoped she will never set her desires on anything precious to you,' she added.

'I hope not, indeed,' I replied lightly. 'It would be a case of the greedy rich man and the one ewe lamb, when she is in a position to have everything she wishes.'

'There are some things one cannot buy.'

'Ann, you mean more than you say; it is not like you to worry one with hints.'

'I have been worrying myself with my own fancies since the picnic.'

'No, no;—I know what you mean. Her odd, light conduct annoyed you. But there are some girls who can never speak to a man without seeming to flirt with him. I know what you mean. Be easy: she is engaged.'

'Indeed! Where is the gentleman?'

Digitized by Google

'In America.'

'At a safe distance.'

'He started only ten days ago.'

'What difference does that make?'

'Ann, you will almost make me cross. Is it likely that such a girl with those brusque, loud manners, even if disposed to set light by her own promise, could ever attract——'

'Paul Lennox? Yes, Lucy, it is possible. Female beauty is what not a man in ten thousand can withstand. It will carry off manners which, to a woman, appear detestable. Have you not noticed it again and again?'

'You make me laugh. Why should you suppose that she would think it worth while to attract Paul? Her parents would think slightly of such a match. Besides, she is engaged; I have seen her lover, and there is an end of it.'

I pretended to laugh, but I flushed and shivered. The mere idea of Coralie as my Paul's wife was too terrible.

'I have made you anxious, perhaps, for nothing,' said my friend kindly. 'One thinks it one's duty to speak at times, and perhaps the real duty is to be silent. But Paul will marry, doubtless——'

'I hope he will.'

'Yes, I know you do. I know you are not one of those who would keep him by your side all your life. And I do earnestly trust he will have a thorough good wife.'

Here the maid came in with a letter; and it was after a long interval that she asked—

'Who is that bright, pretty little Miss Haywood?'

I gave such account as I could of Miss Haywood. Mrs. Mortimer, of course, knew how I had first met her; but the *who is she* referred rather to her social position.

'And what was that strange story about the little boy? Have not his people come to claim him?'

'No; the Haywoods have advertised, but no one has come. Bertha has begged her brother to keep him for a time. I suppose there is no doubt that when the present cloud has passed over, his people will make a keener search for him than they dare to make now.'

'Poor little waif! He is fortunate to have fallen among good Samaritans. That is a good girl, Lucy, believe me; and she will make a *good wife*.'

She spoke with emphasis, but I did not answer. We spoke not another word on the subjects of this conversation, but that as I was leaving, I said to Mrs. Mortimer—

'Coralie Denyer has many faults, but she has a good heart and a noble nature when one can reach them.'

'Have you ever proved them?' she asked quietly.

'No; but I believe they are there.'

Digitized by Google

'You are always ready to think the best of every one, Lucy.'

'And sometimes I am right.'

When, in the quiet of my own room, I reflected upon what my friend had said, I saw her meaning clearly enough. She would never have spoken words to make me anxious without a cause and a meaning. She meant that I must make up my mind, sooner or later, to yield up my Paul to a wife, and that the sooner I faced the necessity, the better; for that my opposition might perhaps deter him from forming or avowing a wholesome affection, while no opposition of mine might avail to avert an end which would bring evil to us all. I determined that her words should have this effect—that I would be on my guard never to let jealousy of mine stand in the way of Paul's happiness.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

Spider Subjects.

There are so many charming flower legends that Arachne has resolved to put in as many as possible, and to defer Marcus Aurelius till next month, asking two questions with brief answers so as to leave room for him. Those received are from Alert, F. M. M., Nightingale, Kitten, Beltenbrosa, J. M. B., Wakatu, Blackberry, The Muffin Man, A Marguerite, M^{cube}, Trusty Servant, Cirro-Cumulus, A Bee, Vigneur, Intra Claustra Tene, Wandering Jew.

NAME TWENTY FLOWERS OR PLANTS EACH WITH ONE LEGEND ATTACHED TO IT.

'Will you walk into my *garden*?
Said a Spider to a Fly.'

1. THERE are twenty plants in it, and over each plant is spun a gossamer web which some people call legend. Looking through this veil at that 'fair mayde of February' the snowdrop, we see Hope leaning on her anchor and looking down upon the earth, which appears so barren that Hope sheds a tear. It bedews the ground, and a snowdrop rises up.

2. Tears remind us of those shed by King David, after he had been convicted of the great sin of his life. It is said that, hanging up his harp, he lay upon his face forty days and forty nights, and that the penitential streams from his eyes flowed out of his chamber into a garden. Where they watered the ground weeping willows took root.

3. Repentance leads us to the Lent lilies, as ready now to 'fill their cups with tears' as they were in the time when they served as chalices for the tears shed by Persephone, when she dropped the daffodils from Dis's wagon on her way to the lower world.

4. From the pseudo we pass on to the poetic narcissus. In the graceful head of the flower we see the pensive droop of the beautiful youth, who died of self-love and rose again as a flower, whose snowy petals and golden inner cup must be much more worthy of admiration than his love-sick visage could be.

5. Fancy's gossamer supplies us with another picture of youthful destruction and flower-like resurrection in the person of Hyacinthus, who, smitten by Apollo's quoit, through the agency of Zephyrus, died instantaneously; his blood rising up from the ground on which it was shed, as a flower 'inscribed with woe' (*Ai, Ai*) which, by courtesy of long usage, we accept as the hyacinth.

6. The suggestions of suffering and repentance ending in regeneration conveyed to us by the flowers of Lent or spring lead us on by our filmy web to the primrose, peculiarly an Easter blossom, though, through the mist of ages, we glimpse a legend of the birth of the flower before the time of Christian imaginings. When Paralisos lay slain by grief for the loss of his betrothed Melicerta, he was changed into what may be called the rath*est* primrose of the family. Perhaps the pearly stigma in the pale face of the primrose is the tear left undried in the eye of the faithful lover who 'forsaken died.'

Digitized by Google

7. Anemone is never far away from the primrose. The wind-flower sprang from grief. Aphrodite's tears, mingling with the blood of Apollo's wounds, over which she wept, gave birth to the winsome flower whose fragile petals are sometimes flushed with pink.

8. Easter over, we go a-maying to find the 'flowers of Mary,' and first, in rank if not in time of blowing, we come to the lily. It seems to be linked to the lesson of *exultavit humiles* by a story which comes from Spain. There dwelt in Southern Spain, near a Cistercian monastery, a poor boy, 'the only son of his mother, and she was a widow,' who could by no means be taught book-lore or handicrafts, and whom the monks, at his mother's entreaty, took into their house to teach him, at least, religion. He learned the spirit but not the letter, except that he repeated as his confession, prayer, and aspiration, 'I believe in God, I hope in God, I love God.' As he lived so he died, and after he was buried, a lily grew upon his grave. The grave was opened, and the root of the lily was found to be in the heart of the idiot boy.

9. We are reminded of the piercing of the heart of the Blessed Mother by the legend that the crown of mockery, which pierced the brow of her Son, was made from branches of the white thorn, which grew in the garden into which, tradition says, the soldiers led our Lord after the trial. A modern writer says this crown has not been lost, Christ having untwined it, and given to each of His saints a thorn.

10. The rose of course belongs to the Blessed Virgin, although it is associated with S. Barnaby bright. From the East comes the legend of the sultan's daughter, who ignorantly worshipped the true God when she daily gathered her flowers, and wondered Who was the Master of them. 'I love Him,' she said. And at midnight the Bridegroom came to her, in the guise of a beautful youth. He told her the flowers were His, that Paradise was His garden, and bade her accompany Him back to that garden. In His hand were roses, and, as she answered Him with love, the roses flushed a deeper red, and His wounds appeared as crimson stains. 'O Love,' said the maid, 'how red Thy heart is, and Thy hands are full of roses.' Then He told her that for her sake He had been wounded, for her He had gathered the flowers—at the Cross. Then the maiden followed the Master to the garden of the Father.

11. Although the *Adiantum Trichomanes* receives its English name from S. Mary, the popular legend is that a lover, keeping tryst with his lady, was suddenly changed into a wolf, and that, in her headlong flight from him the lady fell over a precipice. Her long hair was entangled in the foliage on the side of the rock, and in course of time a *Bächlein silber-hell und klar* flowed out from the place where she fell, and her tresses took the form of maiden-hair fern.

12. Having strolled or spun about our garden till summer's cheeks wear their rosiest flush, we are glad of our gossamer veil to subdue the brilliance of the poppy, and place it at the feet of S. Margaret; for

> 'From the blood of the dragon S. Margaret shed,
> A sanguine mantle the poppies spread.'

13. One expects to see in a daisy a pearl dropped from S. Margaret's hand, but the first daisy was planted by angels on a baby's grave.

Digitized by Google

14. S. John's wort seen through the haze of Teutonic fable shines like stars among the fern, and, like 'wandering stars,' evades the grasp of those who seek to grasp it and try their fate by it, and also put the devil to flight by it and 'hinder witches of their will.'

15. We have to look 'beyond the veil' to glimpse the dewless asphodel. The golden blossoms supply the dead with food, and the feet of those who have passed over Achæron into the silent land tread over plains of the 'deathless asphodel.'

16. To come back to sunshine, but still to wander on classic ground, we see Clytie overwhelmed with grief, that her jealousy, successful though it has been in removing her rival, has caused her beloved Helios to turn away from her. Her weary head turns towards him always, for which constancy the gods transform her into that æsthetic delight—a sunflower.

17. Our cobweb, now touching the Campanulaceæ, does not reach as far as Canterbury, much as it likes to nestle round a bell, but is spun round a mirror dropped by Aphrodite which possessed the power, like a certain artist of our own day, of making those who looked into it appear 'beautiful for ever' in their own eyes. Possibly Eros thought the ideal of beauty might be damaged if it were left lying about, so he smashed the glass, and the bits took life as the flower we still call Venus' looking-glass.

18. Broom is not called golden-rod; but, according to tradition, a repentant prince of the House of Anjou, who had slain his brother, made a rod for his own back out of it. At any rate it typifies humility.

19. Frost has touched our cobweb, so long have we lingered, and the mistletoe berries gleam white. Love seems to be lurking about; he fashions an arrow from the mistletoe bough, places it in the hand of the blind Hodur, and in another moment Baldur the Beautiful is dead.

20. To come from Scandinavian to Hebrew poetry, we are reminded of the words, 'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle,' by the Eastern tradition that Adam was permitted to bring one plant out of Paradise, after the ground had been doomed to bear thorns and briars because of his sin, and that plant was the myrtle, symbol of a

> '. . . Sweeter flower than e'er
> Blushed on the rosy spray.'

We opened the door of our garden with *hope;* we pray you to leave it in *charity* with

SPINNING-JENNY.

TWENTY FLOWERS WITH LEGENDS.

> 'Bright gems of earth in which perchance we see
> What Eden was, what Paradise may be.'

IT was the night of the first Christmas Day, and in that manger where the ox knew 'his owner and the ass his master's crib,' a portion of the cattle-bedding was arranged, and the Holy Babe was tenderly laid there. The bedding was made of dried bracken mixed with 'our lady's bedstraw.' As soon as the little *Galium verum* (1) felt the

Digitized by Google

presence of its Maker, it put forth its flowers in honour of the event (a similar story being told of the saintfoin); but the bracken remaining hard and dry was forbidden ever to flower again. We shall see presently the bracken has a story of its own.

When thirty-three years later He hung on His cross, it is said that at the foot grew the spotted persicaria, whose green leaves then received the dark blood-stain they have since retained. The *Polygonum persicaria* (2) shares this tradition with Calvary clover and some other plants.

Heathen myths, too, believed in the effect of blood on flowers, a typical instance being that when Aphrodite hastened to the scene of the fatal boar-chase, in which her beloved Adonis was slain, she beheld a lovely crimson flower springing from his blood, which had also stained the water of a rivulet in Lebanon. The river still keeps his name, and the flower is the pheasant's eye or *Adonis autumnale* (3). Other crowfoots, too, have a taste for blood, *e.g.* the pasque flower.

One need not do more than name S. Patrick and his sermon to the Irish on the Blessed Trinity, illustrated by the little shamrock, which some believe to be an *Oxalis*, and others *Trifolium repens* (4).

In a hall in the Vatican sat Clement X. receiving a deputation, headed by the General of the Dominicans, humbly requesting the Pontiff to examine the credentials necessary for the canonisation of a holy maiden of the Third Order of S. Dominic who had lived and died in Lima, and whom they described as the very flower of sanctity. The Pope amazed, exclaimed (not *ex cathedrâ*, but somewhat unadvisedly), '*India y Santa! asi como llueven Rosas.*' He was taken at his word, and a shower of roses fell at his feet. The canonisation was granted, and the saint is known as Santa Rosa di Lima (5).

What precise botanical variety those roses belonged to we know not, but the briar-rose (probably *Rosa rubiginosa*) (6) recalls the legend of S. Benedict, in his retreat at Subiaco, when, beset with recollections of the corruption of Roman society, he rushed from his cave and rolled on a bed of briars, and thus overcame the temptation. Nearly seven centuries afterwards S. Francis of Assisi, visiting the spot, planted some rose-bushes in memory of this act of discipline.

The apostle of Switzerland stood on the edge of a dangerous precipice, watching the peasants at their perilous task of gathering the green tufts of samphire (surely this was not *Crithmum maritimum*) (7), he exclaimed, 'In the midst of life we are in death.' How few of us connect that often-heard hymn, *In mediâ vitâ*, with S. Gall, or remember how he

> 'watched, from Alpine height,
> The samphire gatherers, and with breath
> Bated in terror, learnt to write,
> "In midst of life we are in death."'

Another umbelliferous plant has its legend, teaching a somewhat similar lesson.

It was a present of *Angelica archangelica* (8), brought by Olaf Trygvesson, King of Norway, to his young bride Thyra, sister of Svend Iveskœg of Denmark, that caused her pettish speech that he might give her a better present by rescuing her dowry from Burrislaf of Vendland; the result being his death in a sea-fight.

Digitized by Google

but when the evil one came and beheld this, and reflected how thus men might often escape him, in rage and envy he bit off as much as he could of the root, and ever since the plant is named remorse scabious (*Scabiosa succisa*) (9).

The conquests of the mighty Charlemagne were in danger of a check; the plague had broken out among his soldiers. As the monarch paced the dry sandy soil in the hot summer sun, he meditated by what human means the pestilence might be stayed. All at once there appeared to him an angel, who bade him observe a thistle springing everywhere in great profusion over the barren plain. Its young roots being prepared saved the army, and the plant was thenceforth called the stemless carline thistle (10). Centuries afterwards the same plant cured the plague in the army of Charles V. in Barbary.

When at the creation all the plants had received their names, they came before their Maker to repeat them. One bright blue flower alone had forgotten its name, and when it could not remember it, God gave it a new name—Forget-me-not. Surely the message of the *Myosotis palustris* (11) is misunderstood when we read it as if the flower alone were to be remembered.

The *Atropa mandragora*, or mandrake (12), is a deadly poison, and was supposed to have many powerful properties. The groan of the plant when plucked was said to be so awful that it deafened the hearer, or sometimes even did worse.

'She knew the place where the mandrake grew,
And round the neck of the ounce,
And round the mandrake's head,
She tightens the ends of her cord.
Her ears are closed with wax.

* * * *

The spotted ounce, so beautiful,
Springs fierceful from the scourge;
With that the dying plant, all agony,
Feeling its life-strings crack,
Uttered the unimaginable groan
That none can hear and live.'

One of our mulleins (*Verbascum*) (13) is known by the popular name Adam's flannel. Travellers tell us that the same plant is found on the banks of the Euphrates, and that the native tribes say it came from the Garden of Eden.

When Julius Cæsar and his soldiers prepared to brave the extreme cold of Albion they laid in a store of nettle-seed and carefully planted it near the sea that its stings might give some warmth to their blood, and this is the reason we still find rarely near the sea-side a most painful variety of *Urtica*, and we call it the Roman nettle (14).

The bracken, or *Pteris aquilina* (15), according to Russian, Scotch, and Shropshire legends, bears a small but lovely blue flower on Midsummer Eve, which falls before dawn. This is the true luck-flower, and by its means hidden treasures can be found. He who would gather it must first overcome the devil, and once possessed of it he can open mountains, and is protected from all evil. Baring-Gould makes this flower the forget-me-not, but no doubt the true luck-flower is the blossom of the bracken.

Digitized by Google

'Not an iron bolt or lock,
Not an adamantine rock,
Can resist that flow'ret's shock;
It can ope the prison cell,
Burst the barriers of hell;
Ay, to Heaven's gate applied,
Starts the crystal bar aside
And the valves reel open wide.'

One other fern has a marvellous history, this is the *Dicksonia barometz*, or Scythian lamb (16). Its caudex, creeping above ground like the harefoot, is covered with silky white hairs, and when judiciously cut, inverted, and planted on four legs, formed of the bases of four fronds, it has a general likeness to a lamb. Travellers having been shown these objects were deceived into thinking them a sort of Darwinian link between the animal and vegetable kingdom. 'Wolves love it and greedily devour it . . . this plant really has bones, blood, and flesh;' and little pictures are drawn of the plant as a lamb swinging on a stalk!

'Cradled in snow and fanned by Arctic air,
Shines, gentle barometz! thy golden hair.
* * *
Crops the grey coral moss and hoary thyme,
Or laps with rosy tongue the melting rime;
Eyes with mute tenderness her distant dam,
Or seems to bleat, a vegetable lamb.'

An Eastern legend says that from the blood of some Mohammedan martyrs sprang a thicket of balsam plants, of such virtue that the very vipers who inhabit it lose their poison, so that those bitten by them are not hurt. Does not this fable lead us back to what we started with and remind us of the words—

'Is there no balm in Gilead then; is there no Healer nigh?
No freshening spring to cheer the waste so desolate and dry?'
* * * *
'In Jesu's Cross and Passion is the medicine of thy soul,
Yes, there is balm in Gilead, and a Healer to make whole.'

BOG-OAK.

Three of Bog-Oak's flowers being duplicates we supply three more—

Maize (Indian corn). The Indians tell a legend about this which Longfellow has incorporated into his poem of *Hiawatha*—the first appearance and use of maize amongst the Indians. One of their nation had fasted many days and had to wrestle against a young man with nodding plumes, whom at length he overcame and buried, and from his grave came up the much-prized Indian corn.

Double cocoa-nut (*Ladoicea seychellarum*), a handsome tree with leaf about thirty feet long and several feet broad, so strongly attached to the trunk that a man can sit on it and swing himself about. This tree only produces *one* leaf during the year. As its name informs us, this tree grows on the Seychelles Islands. Many years before these islands were discovered these nuts floated on the sea, and were drifted to the shores of the countries washed by the Indian Ocean, and as no tree was known that bore such strange fruit, it was generally believed that they grew at the bottom of the sea, that only *one tree* of the sort existed, that its roots could not be reached by the longest line, and that on the top sat a griffin as guard. Some English and Dutch sailors affirmed they had seen the top of the tree!

re among the names given them) that 1500*l.* was given for one. hey were considered especially valuable from their supposed virtue in nteracting the effects of poison. When the French discovered ese islands and the nuts, there was a speedy end to their value.

F. M. M. PENZANCE.

'Our legend is really true,' said some Cherries, 'and we have a arly festival in Hamburg now in honour of it. When our city was sieged by the Hussites in 1432, the Hamburghers were in great raits and, as a last resource, a citizen named Wolf proposed that all e children from seven years old to fourteen should be clad in mourning d sent to plead with the besiegers. This was done, and Procopius asus, the Hussite general, was so touched by the childish ambassadors at he promised to spare the city, and, regaling the children with herries, sent them home waving their branches of fruit in glee.'

'Yes,' said the queen, 'most of you are very good, but we must dis-olve the meeting now and hear the rest another day.' ALERT.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

Give the history and allusions contained in the words Candidate, Cicerone, Delirium, Lumber, Marauder, Pasquinade, Tribulation.

What was Tonnage and Poundage?

STAMPS RECEIVED.—Spectacles, Wakatu.

Arachne is often asked for her rules. The only one is that those who answer questions should once a year send a dozen stamps to meet the expenses. Answers should be sent before the 27th of the month.

Notices to Correspondents.

E. J. H. would feel greatly obliged if any of the readers of the *Monthly Packet* will tell her the author and composer of the 'Austrian Sailor's Hymn.' *E. J. H.* would be glad of music and words.

'Nor yet he ended. When with troubled mien
Quick at his knees low bowed Britannia's Queen.
"Not so, not so, my father!" loud she cried;
"See here thy child, thy daughter, at thy side;
Why look you thus with wild and piercing eye!
'Tis I, long lost, my father, it is I!
Constantia."'

Quotation wanted.—*E. N.*

Can any of your correspondents tell me who is the author of a hymn beginning—

'Great High Priest, Who deign'st to be
Once the Sacrifice for me'?

—*Magdalen.*

Will any reader of the *Monthly Packet* be kind enough to send me the words (in French) of the song, *Ce que je suis sans toi?* Address—*Miss Stapleton, Mereworth Rectory, Maidstone.*

'Old Daddy Long-legs would not say his prayers,' &c.

A nursery rhyme on the above was published *at least* five-and years ago, containing the lines—

'The bride she then fainted,
For she was acquainted

Digitized by Google

With manners, and knew what was right;
But they fanned her and brought her
Some brandy and water,
And so they recovered her quite.'

Can any one supply the rest of the words? or, if they have a copy to dispose of, will they kindly communicate with *Mrs. Temple, Kington, Herefordshire?*

ANSWERS.

We have several times been asked the source of the saying, 'Pouring oil on troubled waters,' and the Bible, Apocrypha, and Shakespeare have been suggested as having originated it. It is a simple fact that oil does smooth the surface of agitated water, and we have read about the experiment in a child's book of the last generation; and we believe that the comparison has no more distinguished literary origin than any other proverbial expression.

M. C. W.—Massino di Azeglio's books can be procured through Messrs. Williams, Foreign Booksellers, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

Gem.—Klopstock was born on the 2nd of July, 1724, at Quedlinburg, in North Germany. In 1745 he entered the University of Jena to study theology, and there wrote the first part of his *Messiah*. He married Margaret Moller, and in 1763, for the second time, he went to live in Copenhagen. There he remained till 1771, when he went to Hamburg, where he lived till his death on March 14th, 1803, and was buried in Ottensen. He wrote many poems, the principal of which is the *Messiah*. A full account may be found in G. Wirth's *Deutsches Lesebuch.—Muriel C.*

Mrs. Newell.—'Mr. Pillblister' is in *The Dandy's Ball*, a child's book, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

WANTED.

1. A list of books for girl of fourteen—not stories—good, sound, useful reading, yet not dry; interesting, and which will impart a *taste* for sound, not frivolous, reading.—*E. E. F. M.* [Professor Church's *Mythological Tales*, from Homer, Herodotus, &c. (Seeley), Kingsley's *Heroes* (Macmillan), *Madam How and Lady Why*, Maria Hack's *Winter Evenings, or Tales of Travellers*, Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, *Biographies of Good Women*, Dr. Maclear's *Missions of the Middle Ages* —are a few.]

2. A list of books—English classical authors and others—for good, general reading.—*E. E. F. M.* [Butler's *Analogy*, Herbert's *Country Parson*, Defoe's *Plague of London*, (everybody has not, in these days, read *Robinson Crusoe* or *The Pilgrim's Progress*; if not, read them by all means), Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Burke's *Sublime and Beautiful*, Reynolds's *Lectures on Painting*, Southey's *Life of Nelson*, Scott's *Lives of Novelists*, Lockhart's *Life of Scott.*]

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mrs. Fagg, Homeside, Duppas Hill Terrace, Croydon, acknowledges with grateful thanks the following sums for the Mission to Untaught Chinese Ladies, sent in since March 7th:—Miss Lanfear, 3*s.*; Miss King, 2*s.*; A Friend, 5*s.*; Mrs. Frewer, 2*s.* 6*d.*; by Mrs. Causton, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Mrs. Clarke, silver bracelet; Miss Tabor, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Miss Beardmore, 5*s.*; Miss Jones, 10*s.*; Mr. M. Smith, 5*s*; Miss Atkinson, 6*d.*; Miss Hirst, 10*s.*; Miss Leakey, 5*s.*; C. O. P., 5*s.*; G. R. H., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Miss Rutley, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Mrs. Gould, 5*s.*

Digitized by Google

The Monthly Packet.

JUNE, 1884.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VI.

PERSECUTION.

On Monday afternoon Dolores was sitting at the end of the long garden walk, upon a green garden-bench, with a crocodile's head and tail roughly carved. The shouts of the others were audible in the distance beyond the belt of trees. Aunt Lily had driven into the town to meet her sisters, taking Fergus with her, whereas Dolores had never been out in the carriage. There was partiality! Though, to be sure, Fergus was to have a tooth out! Harry and Gillian were playing with the rest, and she had been invited to join, but she had made answer that she hated romping, and on being assured that no romping was necessary, she replied that she only wanted to read in peace. She had refused the *Thorn Fortress*, which she was told would explain the game, and had hunted out *Minnie, or No Home*, to compare her lot with that of the homeless one.

Certainly, she had not yet been sent to bed with a box on the ear, because a countess had shown symptoms of noticing her more than her ugly, over-dressed cousins. But then Aunt Lily would not allow her to walk down alone to the Casement Villas to see dear Constance, and would let that farmer keep all those dreadful cows in the Paddock, so that even going escorted was a terror to her.

Nor had her handsome mourning been taken from her and old clothes of her cousins substituted for it. No, but she had been cruelly pulled about between Mrs. Halfpenny and the Silverton dressmaker with a mouthful of pins; and Aunt Lily had insisted on her dress being trimmed with velvet, instead of the jingling jet she preferred.

Did they intercept her letters? She had had one from her father

Digitized by Google

sent from Falmouth, but only one from Maud Sefton in ten days! Moreover, she had one from Constance in her apron pocket, arrived that very afternoon, asking her to come down with Gillian on the Sundays, that the friends might enjoy themselves together, while the classes were going on; but she made sure that all were so jealous of her friendship with Constance that no consent would be given.

She did not hear or notice the whisperings in the laurels behind her—

'Do you see that sulky old Croat, smoking his pipe under the tree?'

'No, he is a Black Brunswicker?'

'Nonsense, Willie; the Black Brunswickers weren't till Bonaparte's time.'

'I don't care, he is anything black and nasty; here goes!'

'Oh stop; don't shoot. I believe he is only a *vivandière*. Besides, its treacherous—'

'I tell you he is laying a train to blow up the tower. There!'

An arrow struck the bench beside Dolores, who, more angry than she had ever been in her life, snatched it up, unheeding that it had no point to speak of, rushed headlong in pursuit, while, with a tremendous shout, Valetta and Wilfred flew before her to a waste overgrown place at the end of the kitchen garden.

'We've shot a Croat!'

'No, a Black Brunswicker.'

'Oh ah! They are coming—the enemy! Into the fortress! Bar the wolf's passage!'

And as Dolores struggled through the bushes, she saw the whole family dashing into an out-house, and the door slammed. She pushed against it, but an unearthly compound of howls, yells, shouts and bangs replied.

'Gillian! Harry, I say,' she cried in great anger; 'come out, I want to speak to you.'

But her voice was lost in the war-whoops within, and the louder she knocked, the louder grew the din, till she walked off swelling with grief and indignation. Mysie, after all her professions of friendship, to use her in this way! And Harry and Gillian, who should have kept the others within bounds!

Slowly she crossed the lawn, just as Lady Merrifield, the other two aunts and Fergus, all came out from the glass door of the drawing-room. Aunt Jane, a trim little dark-eyed woman, looking at two and forty much the same as she might have done at five and twenty; and Aunt Adeline, pretty and delicately fair, with somewhat of the same grace as Lady Merrifield, but more languor, and an air as if everything about her were for effect. Though not specially fond of these aunts, Dolores was glad to have them as witnesses of her ill-usage.

'There stands Dolly, like a statue of Diana, dart in hand,' exclaimed Aunt Adeline.

Digitized by Google

'Yes,' said Dolores; 'I wish to know, Aunt Lilias, if Wilfred and Valetta are to call me names, and shoot arrows at me?'

'What do you mean, my dear?'

'They came at me while I was sitting quietly reading—there—and shot at me, and called me such horrid names I can't repeat them, and ran away. Then the others, Gillian and Harry and all, would not listen to me, but shut themselves up in an out-house and shouted at me.'

'I think there must be some mistake, Dolores,' said her aunt. 'Where are they?'

'Out beyond there,' said Dolores, pointing in the direction in which Fergus was running.

Lady Merrifield set off with her, and the other two ladies followed more slowly.

'I thought it would not do,' said Aunt Jane.

'Lily's children are so rough,' added Aunt Adeline.

'I am not so sure that the fault is theirs,' was the reply. 'She is a priggish little puss, who wants shaking up.'

'Ah! here come the hordes,' sighed Adeline, shrinking a little, as the entire population, summoned by Fergus, came pouring forth to meet the advancing mother.

'How is this, Wilfred? Have you been shooting arrows at your cousin?'

'Mamma!' cried Valetta, indignantly, 'he did not shoot at her; he only pretended, and shot the old crocodile bench. He never meant any more. It was only play.'

'Have you not been forbidden to shoot in the direction of any person?'

'Nor I didn't,' said Wilfred. 'I only shot the crocodile. I never tried to hit her. She is quite big enough to miss.'

'And she did look such a nice Croat, mamma,' added Valetta. 'We were scouts out of the Thorn Fortress, Willie and I, and it was such a jolly dodge to steal upon one of the enemy.'

'You should have warned her.'

'Then it would not have been a surprise,' said Val, seriously.

'Was she not at play with you?'

'No, mamma,' said Mysie. 'We asked her, and she would not. I say,' pausing in consternation, 'Dolores, was it you that came and called at the door of the Wolf's passage?'

'Of course. I wanted to show Gillian how Wilfred behaved to me?'

'I thought it was Fergus come home to be the enemy.'

'Didn't you know her voice?' asked the mother.

'We were all making such a noise ourselves in the dark,' said Gillian, 'that there was no hearing any one; and Primrose was rather frightened, so that Hal was attending to her. Indeed

Digitized by Google

Dolores, I am very sorry. If we had guessed that it was you, we would have opened the door at once, and then you would have known that it was all fun and play, and not have troubled mamma about it.'

'Wilfred and Valetta knew,' said Dolores, rather sullenly.

'Oh! but it was such fun,' said Val.

'It was fun that became unkindness on your part,' said her mother. 'You ought not to have kept it up without warning to her. And what do I hear about names? I hope that was also misunderstanding of the game. What did you call her?'

'Only a Croat,' said Valetta, indignantly, 'and a Black Brunswicker.'

'Was that it, Dolores?'

'Perhaps,' she muttered, disconcerted by a laugh from her Aunt Jane.

'I do not know what you took them for,' said Lady Merrifield, 'but you see some part of this trouble arose from a mistake on your part. Now, Wilfred and Valetta, remember that it is not right to force a person into play against her will. And as to the shooting *near*, but not *at* her, you both know perfectly well that it is forbidden. So give me your bow, Wilfred. I shall keep it for a week, that you may remember obedience.'

Wilfred looked sullen, but obeyed. Dolores could not call her aunt unjust, but as she looked round, she met glances that made her think it prudent to shelter herself among the elders. Aunt Jane asked what the game was.

'The Thorn Fortress,' said Gillian. 'It comes out of that delightful S.P.C.K. book so called, where, in the "Thirty Years' War," all the people of a village took refuge from the soldiers in a field in the middle of a forest guarded by a tremendous hedge of thorns. Val had it for a birthday present, and the children have been acting it ever since.'

'It has quite put out the Desert Island passion, which used to be a regular stage in these children's lives. Every voyage we have taken, somebody has come to ask whether there was any hope of being wrecked on one.'

'Fergus even asked when we crossed from Dublin,' said Gillian.

'He was put up to that, to keep up the tradition,' observed Harry.

On reaching the house, the elders proceeded to five-o'clock tea in the drawing-room, the juniors to *goûter* in the dining-room. As Dolores entered, she beheld a row of all her five younger cousins drawn up looking at her as if she had committed high treason, and she was instantly addressed—

'Tell-tale tit!' began Valetta.

'Sneak!' cried Wilfred.

'I *will* call her Croat!' added Fergus.

'Worse than Croat! Bashi Bazouk!' exclaimed Valetta.

Digitized by Google

'Worse than Crow!' chimed in Primrose.

'Oh, Dolores! how could you?' said Mysie.

'To get poor Willie punished!' said Val.

Dolores stood her ground. 'It was time to speak when it came to shooting arrows at me.'

'Hush! hush! Willie,' cried Mysie. 'I told you so. Now Dolores, listen. Nobody ever tells of anybody when it is only being tiresome and they don't mean it, or there never would be any peace at all. That's honour! Do you see? One may go to Gill sometimes.'

'One's a sneak if one does,' put in Wilfred; but Mysie, unheeding, went on—

'And Gill can help without a fuss or going to mamma.'

'Mamma always knows,' said Val.

'Mamma knows all about everything,' said Mysie. 'I think it's nature; and if she does not always take notice at the time, she will have it out sooner or later.' Then resuming the thread of her discourse: 'So you see, Dolly, we have made up our minds that we will forgive you this time, because you are an only child and don't know what's what, and that's some excuse. Only you mustn't go on telling tales whenever an accident happens.'

Dolores thought it was she who ought to forgive, but the force against her was overpowering, though still she hesitated. 'But if I promise not to tell,' she said, 'how do I know what may be done to me?'

'You might trust us,' cried Mysie, with flashing eyes.

'And I can tell you,' added Wilfred, 'that if you do tell, it will be ever so much the worse for you—girl that you are.'

'War to the knife!' cried Valetta, and everybody except Mysie joined in the outcry. 'War to the knife with traitors in the camp.'

Mysie managed to produce a pause, and again acted orator. 'You see, Dolores, if you did tell, it would not be possible for mamma or Gill to be always looking after you, and I couldn't do you much good—and if all these three are set against you, and are horrid to you, you'll have no peace in your life; and, after all, we only ask of you to give and take in a good-natured sort of way, and not to be always making a fuss about everything you don't like. It is the only way, I assure you.'

Dolores saw the fates were against her, and said—

'Very well.'

'You promise?'

'Yes.'

'Then we forgive you, and here's the box of chocolate things Aunt Ada brought. We'll have a cigar all round and be friends. Smoke the pipe of peace.'

Dolores afterwards thought how grand it would have been to have replied, 'Dolores Mohun will never be intimidated;' but the fact was that her spirit did quail at the thought of the tortures which the two

Digitized by Google

boys might inflict on her if Mysie abandoned them to her mercy, and she was relieved, as well as surprised, to find that her offence was condoned, and she was treated as if nothing had happened.

Meantime Aunt Jane was asking in the drawing-room, 'How do you get on?'

'Fairly well,' was Lady Merrifield's answer. 'We shall work together in time.'

'What does Gill say?' asked the aunt, rather mischievously.

'Well,' said the young lady, 'I don't think we get on at all, not even poor Mysie, who works steadily on at her, gets snubbed a dozen times a day, and never seems to feel it.'

I hoped her father would have sent her to school,' said Aunt Adeline. 'I knew she would be troublesome. She has all her mother's pride.'

The proudest people are those who have least to be proud of,' said Aunt Jane.

'School would have hardened the crust and kept up the alienation,' said Lady Merrifield.

'Perhaps not. It might teach her to value the holidays, and learn that blood is thicker than water,' said Miss Jane.

'It is always in reserve,' added Miss Adeline.

'Yes, Maurice told me to send her if I grew tired of her, as he said,' replied Lady Merrifield, 'but of course I should not think of that unless for very strong reasons.'

'Oh, mamma!' and Gillian remained with her mouth open.

'Well?' said Aunt Jane.

'I meant to have told you mamma, but Mr. Leadbitter came in about the G.F.S. and stopped me, and I have never seen you to speak to since. Yesterday, you know, I stayed from evensong to look after the little ones, and you said Dolores might do as she pleased, so she stayed at home. The children were looking at the book of Bible Pictures, and it came out that Dolly knew nothing at all about Joshua and the walls of Jericho, nor Gideon and the lamps in the pitchers, nor anything else. Then, when I was surprised, she said that it was not the present system to perplex children with the myths of ancient Jewish history.'

Gillian was speaking rapidly, in the growing consciousness that her mother had rather have had this communication reserved for her private ear—and her answer was, 'Poor child!'

'Just what I should expect!' said Aunt Jane.

'Probably it was jargon half understood, and repeated in defence of her ignorance,' said Lady Merrifield. 'She is an odd mixture of defiant loyalty and self-defence.'

'What shall you do about this kind of talk?' asked her sister.

'One must hear it sooner or later,' said Harry.

'That is true,' returned his mother, 'but I suppose Fergus and Primrose did not hear or understand.'

Digitized by Google

'Oh no, mamma. I know they did not, for they were squabbling because Primrose wanted to turn over before Fergus had done with Gideon.'

'Then I don't think there is any harm done. If it comes before Mysie or Val I will talk to them, and I mean to take this poor child alone for a little while each day in the week and try to get at her.'

'There's another thing,' said Gillian. 'Is she to go down with me always to Casement Cottages on Sunday afternoons when I take the class?'

'To teach or to learn?' ironically exclaimed Aunt Jane.

'Neither,' said Gillian. 'To chatter to Constance Hacket. They both spoke to me about it yesterday before I went home, and I believe Constance has written a note to her to ask her to-day! Fancy, that goose told me my sweet cousin was a dear, and that we didn't appreciate her. Even Miss Hacket gave me quite a lecture on kindness and consideration to an orphan stranger.'

'Not uncalled for, perhaps,' said Aunt Jane. 'I hope you received it in an edifying manner.'

'Now, Aunt Jane! Well, I believe I said we were as kind as she would let us be, especially Mysie.'

Lady Merrifield here made the move to conduct her sisters to their rooms; Miss Mohun detained her when they had reached hers, and had left Adeline to rest on her sofa. The two, though very unlike, had still the habits of absolute confidential intimacy belonging to sisters next in age.

'Lily,' said Miss Mohun, 'Gillian spoke of a note. Did Maurice give you any directions about this child's correspondence?'

'You know I did not see him. I was so much disappointed. I would give anything to have talked her over with him.'

'I am not sure that you would have gained much. I doubt whether he knows much about her, poor fellow. But the letters?'

'He wrote that she had been a good deal with Professor Sefton's family, and he thought they might like to keep up their intercourse.'

'Nothing about Flinders? He ought to have warned you.'

'No. Who is he?'

'A half-brother—no, a step-brother to poor Mary. He was the son by a former marriage of her father's first wife, and has been always a thorn in their sides. He is a low, dissipated kind of creature; writes theatrical criticisms for third-rate papers, or something of that kind, when he is at his best. I believe Mary was really fond of him, and helped him more than Maurice could well bear, and since her death the man has perfectly pestered him with appeals to her memory. I really believe one reason he welcomed this post was to get out of his reach.'

'You always know everything, Jenny. Now how did you know this?'

'I called once in the midst of an interview between him and Mary.

Digitized by Google

And afterwards I came on poor Maurice when he was really very much provoked, and had it all out; and since her death—well, I saw him get a begging letter from the man, and he spoke of it again. I wish I had advised him to warn you against the wretch.'

'I don't suppose he knows where the child is. He is no relation to her, you say?'

'None at all, happily. But on that occasion, when I was an uncomfortable third, Maurice was very angry that she should have been allowed to call him Uncle Alfred; and Mary screwed up her little mouth, and evidently rather liked the aggravation to Mohun pride.'

'Poor Maurice, so he had a skeleton! Well, I don't see how it can hurt us. The man probably knows nothing about us, and even if he could trace the girl, he must know that she can do nothing for him.'

'You had better keep an eye on her letters. He is quite capable of asking for the poor child's half-sovereigns. I wish Maurice had given you authority.'

'Perhaps he spoke to her about it. At any rate, what he said of the Seftons is quite sufficient to imply that there is no sanction to any other correspondence.'

'That is true. Really, Lily, I believe you are the most likely person to do some good with her, though I don't think you know what you are in for. But Gillian does!'

'I believe it is very good for the children to have to exercise a little forbearance. In spite of all our knocking about, the world, our family exclusiveness, is pretty much what ours was in the old Beechcroft days'——

'When Rotherwood and Robert Mohun were our only outsiders and the Westons came on us like new revelations!'

'It is curious to look back on,' said Lady Merrifield. 'It seems to me that the system, or no system, on which we were brought up was rather passing away even then.'

'Specks we growed,' said Jane. 'What do you call the system?'

'Just that people thought it their own business to bring up their children themselves, and let the actual technical teaching depend upon opportunities, whereas now they get them taught, but let the bringing up take its chance.'

'People lived with their children then—yes, I see what you mean, Lily. Poor Eleanor, intending with all her might to be a mother to us, brought us up, as you call it, with all her powers; but public opinion would never have suffered us to get merely the odd sort of teaching that she could give us—regular, of course. But oh! do you remember the old atlas, with Germany divided into circles, and everything as it was before the Congress of Vienna?'

'You liked geography; I hated it.'

'Yes, I was young enough to come in for the elder boys' old school atlases, which had some sense in them. It seems to me that we had

Digitized by Google

more the spirit of working for ourselves according to our individual tastes than people have now. We learnt, they are taught.'

'Well! and what did we learn?'

'As much as we could carry,' said Aunt Jane, laughing. 'Assimilate, if you like it better; and I doubt if people will turn out to have done more now. What becomes of all the German that is crammed down girls' throats, whether they have a turn for languages or not? Do they ever read a German book? Now you learnt it for love of Fouqué and Max Piccolomini, and you have kept it up ever since.'

'Yes, by cramming it down my children's throats. But what I complain of, Jane, in the young folk that come across me is not over-knowledge, but want of knowledge—want of general culture. This Dolores, for instance, can do what she has been taught better than Mysie, some things better than Gillian, but she has absolutely no interest in general knowledge, not even in the glaciers which she has seen; she does not know whether Homer wrote in Greek or Latin, considers *Marmion* a lesson, cannot tell a planet from a star, and neither knows nor cares anything about the two Napoleons. Now we seem to have breathed in such things. Why! I remember being made into Astyanax for a very unwilling Andromache (poor Eleanor) to caress, and being told to shudder at the bright copper coal-scuttle, before Harry went to school.'

'Of course poor Maurice could not cultivate his child. Yet, after all, we grew up without a mother; but then the dear old Baron lived among us, and knew what we were doing, instead of shutting us up in a schoolroom with some one, with only knowledge, not culture. Those very late dinners have quite upset all the intelligent intercourse between fathers and children not come out.'

'Yes, Jasper and I have felt that difficulty. But after all, Jenny, when I look back, I cannot say I think ours was a model bringing up. What a strange year that was after Eleanor's marriage!'

'Ah! you felt responsible and were too young for it, but to me it was a very jolly time, though I suppose I was an ingredient in your troubles. Yes, we brought ourselves up; but I maintain that it was a better alternative than being drilled so hard as never to think of anything but arrant idling out of lesson-time.'

'Lessons should be lessons, and play, play, is one of the professor's maxims to which that poor child has treated us.'

'Ah! on that system where would have been all your grand heraldic pedigrees? I've got them still.'

'Oh! Jenny, you good old Brownie, have you? How I should like to look at them again and show them to Gillian and Mysie. Do you remember the little scallopped line we drew round all the true knights?'

'Ay! and where would have been all your romancing about Sir Maurice de Mohun, the pride of his name? For my part, I much

Digitized by Google

prefer a cavalier dead two hundred years ago as the object of a girl's enthusiasm—if enthusiasm she must have—to the existing lieutenant, or even curate.'

'Certainly; I should be sorry to have been bred up to history with individual interest and romance squeezed out of it. You see when Jasper came home from the Crimea he exactly continued mine.'

'You have fulfilled your ideal better than falls to the lot of most people, even to the item of knighthood.'

'Ah! you should have heard us grumble over the expense of it. And, after all, I dare say Sir Maurice found his knight's fee quite as inconvenient! Oh!' with a start, 'there's the first bell, and here have I been dawdling here instead of minding my business! But it is so nice to have you! I say, Jenny, we will have one of our good old games at threadpaper verses and all the rest to-night. I want you to show the children how we used to play at them.'

And the party played at paper games for nearly two hours that evening, to the extreme delight of Gillian, Mysie, and Harry, to say nothing of their mother and aunts, who played with all their might, even Aunt Adeline lighting up into droll, quiet humour. Only Dolores was first bewildered, then believed herself affronted, and soon gave up altogether, wondering that grown-up people could be so foolish.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER XI.

'ONLY GEOFF.'

'Waking men to life from dreaming;
Reaching truth through outward seeming;
That is love.'

THE immediate result of Dulcie's little experience was to turn her attention back to the home circle, and to the occupations which she shared with May, while the approaching end of their visit caused much sight-seeing to be done in a hurry, for the Leightons did not despise the sights proper only to country cousins.

Dulcie had no cause to complain of any want of sympathy in her interests when she and Geoffrey walked all round the Tower together, and discussed every historical character connected with its past, beginning again on Lady Jane Grey and Lord Strafford, as if their merits and demerits had never been discussed before.

How delightful it was to eat dry buns and drink warmish lemonade by way of refreshment after the hot summer day, before they pushed through the crowded street and took boat at Tower Stairs—a thing which Dulcie could never help feeling connected her with kings, traitors, and other interesting people—and then sat on the deck of the crowded steamer, watching the curious effects of the smoky sunset, the dazzle of silver lights on the muddy water, passing the great old buildings one by one till the moon rose clear above the haze, and they walked home, weary and tired, to supper.

The next morning, the early breakfast was over, and Mr. Leighton was strolling up and down his garden paths before setting off for his chambers, when suddenly Geoffrey appeared before him.

'Father,' he began, abruptly, 'I—I think under the circumstances I ought to speak first to you. I—I want to marry Dulcie Fordham. Will you tell Captain Fordham about me, and ask his consent?'

Geoffrey was scarlet, and the extreme abruptness of his declaration gave it almost an appearance of childishness, especially when coming from so youthful a speaker.

Mr. Leighton looked at him, uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and then said, with half a smile—

'Since when have you come to this determination?'

'Ever since I was at school,' said Geoffrey. 'She—she fulfils my highest ideal.'

'Really, Geoffrey,' said Mr. Leighton, after a pause, 'I think your

Digitized by Google

application to me shows some want of common sense. I am not at all surprised at your feelings for so sweet a girl as Dulcie, nor even at your entertaining a fixed determination to win her by and by if you can; but you ought to know that any formal conversation between myself and Captain Fordham would, at your age, be premature—almost ridiculous.'

Geoffrey looked intensely hurt, and misunderstood.

'I was determined that no one should say that I took advantage, or acted in other than the most formal manner,' he said, looking away, and speaking in his harshest voice.

Mr. Leighton laid his hand on his shoulder, and said kindly—

'My dear boy, you mean well, I don't doubt; but it would be impossible to recognise any formal intentions on the part of a boy like you—your profession unsettled, and your prospects so vague.'

'I'll go to Oxford,' said Geoffrey.

'Yes. I believe that you have a successful career in your power; but it must be rather further advanced before you could make any such proposals to headquarters. Of course, you know, you boys must depend on your own exertions.'

'Oh!' said Geoffrey, almost with tears in his eyes, 'I never thought for one moment—I wouldn't for the world—— But—I suppose I've made a fool of myself! But I didn't think mine—was an ordinary case.'

'I respect your confidence,' said Mr. Leighton, kindly, 'and I won't consider it as official. Dulcie is a lovely creature, and I should regard it—as I have no doubt Captain Fordham would—as a very suitable connection in every way. She has no fortune, but that cannot be always expected.'

Geoffrey looked up, half grateful, half searching out how much was implied in the words, and Mr. Leighton went on—

'She is so very young, that I should advise you not to betray yourself. And, of course, you were quite right in thinking that it would be unpardonable while she is here——'

'Oh, yes!' said Geoffrey; 'but there's sure to be some other fellow——'

'Well, my boy, you must enter the lists like every other fellow, and fight your own battle. Now I must go,' as a clock struck. 'Think it over, and you will see that I am right.'

Geoffrey felt that his effort had hardly been appreciated. In his determination to avoid any repetition of the unhappy history of that 'near relation,' every detail of which he had contrived to learn, Geoffrey had thought his confidence heroic. Now he began to feel that it had been unnecessary and rather foolish—a reflection that made his ears burn. As he crossed the lawn slowly and sadly he suddenly encountered Dulcie herself standing under an arch of little crimson roses talking to May, and looking fair enough, her young lover thought, to attract every 'other fellow' in

Digitized by Google

Oxley, from the eldest unmarried tutor to the youngest sixth-form boy. Besides, girls in the country were always meeting curates and dancing with officers. And, worst of all, there were many-acred and empty-headed young squires, whom she might meet at the Osgoods. Oh, how could he endure it!

'Well, really, I *do* think he is very delightful,' Dulcie was saying eagerly, as Geoffrey came upon them.

May laughed and ran off, and Dulcie looked confused as she said—

'Only two days more! I am so very sorry.'

'Are you?' said Geoff, vaguely, and pulling at the roses.

'Oh, yes! I *have* enjoyed myself! And May and I seem to find more things to talk about every day.'

'You'll write to May?'

'Of course. Oh yes, I shall tell her everything. But what is the matter, Geoffrey? Has any one been doing wrong?' she added, laughing.

'No—unless it's myself. There isn't much use in your writing to May—she'll never show me your letters. I suppose girls have secrets——'

'Well, Geoff,' began Dulcie, then paused. Perhaps her mother would not approve of an impulsive promise to write to him, and she blushed deeply, and to cover it up said, as she smelt the roses, 'Oh, of course—I tell secrets to May.'

'It isn't fair to make a secret of what may wreck a man's life!' cried Geoffrey, passionately. She turned, and stared at him for a moment, uncomprehending, and he exclaimed, 'There! I've done it now. I never meant to! But you may as well know it. My whole hope in life is to win you. I don't want to bind you now; but if you are honest you will tell me if—if my chance is over. Is *that* your secret?'

'My secret?'

'You were talking of some one to May. You spoke with admiration——'

'Oh,' stammered Dulcie, almost with tears of shame, 'it—it wasn't. *How could* you think? It was only Abdallah—the Moor—in our story.'

'Oh!' and, seized with a sense of the ludicrousness of the idea, she began to laugh, and Geoffrey, relieved, conscious of having again been very foolish, laughed aloud too.

He was the first to regain his gravity, or at any rate his self-control, and said, firmly enough—

'Well, Dulcie, I am no hero, but you know it all now. I love you, and when I have the right, I shall come again and tell you so.'

Dulcie could not speak, and really did not know what to say.

The words roused her out of a sweet confusion of girlish dreams of a possible hero, as delightful as Abdallah—that chivalrous compound

Digitized by Google

of saint and cavalier who was one day to turn up in a tweed suit or a dress coat—just like other young men apparently, probably talking a little slang and very fond of playing cricket, who should be capable of every virtue ever bound up between the boards of all the one-volume tales and novelettes ever permitted to Dulcie, with a dash of the Waverley novels to give fire and spirit. The type had varied according as Dulcie had been deeply impressed by the *Heir of Redclyffe*, or excited by the dash of *Lewis Arundel*, very full of Abdallah or his predecessors, or touched by the possibility of finding in some real just-seen or heard-of individual, a fulfilment of the ideal. But a hero there had been, and half the charm of her London life had been the finding out that *when he did come* she would be likely to win him.

And now, here was *Geoffrey!* She liked Geoffrey very much, and had always known that he liked her—but 'not in *that* way.'

Surely Geoffrey was not her hero? She couldn't care for *him!*

And yet the real words of real love smote with a strange new strength upon her, went down to the childish heart that lay untouched beneath all her effervescence of fancy. She forgot any theories as to how a young lady ought to behave on receiving an offer, and as Geoffrey, growing more vehement with her silence, seized her hand and repeated—

'I love you—I love you. Can't you care at all for me?' she looked at him and answered—with the strictest truth—

'I don't know, Geoffrey.'

'Don't know? If you care nothing for me, tell me so, and let me make up my mind to it.'

Dulcie's throat ached with the effort to bring out her words.

'I can't say that. But I can't say the other. I haven't grown up enough. I—I wish——'

'What do you wish, darling? I'll do anything you wish.'

'I wish you would wait, and ask me by and by; but I couldn't promise now, so—so—I think I ought to say I cannot.'

She burst into tears at last, and ran away from him, just as Mrs. Leighton advanced on the scene.

'Why, Dulcie, what's the matter?' she said, and then perceived that she ought not to have asked the question, and let the girl fly off to her own room, while she faced her son, on whom the recollection of his conversation with his father came back uncomfortably.

'Really, Geoffrey,' she said, when she understood what had passed, 'I do not think you ought to have spoken to her now.'

'I couldn't help it,' said Geoffrey. 'Of course I know nothing can come of it yet—even if she cares a fig about me.'

Of course the whole household knew what had passed. May was very much inclined to laugh at the idea of Geoffrey in such a capacity. Mrs. Leighton soothed Dulcie and told her that she was quite right, that no one could expect her to make Geoffrey any answer at all then;

Digitized by Google

she should not be teased any more. Geoffrey must wait and have patience till his prospects were more confirmed. She felt that Mrs. Fordham might think 'only Geoff' a flat result of all her daughter's triumphs.

Mr. Leighton heard the story with great surprise and disapproval.

'I am disappointed to find, Geoffrey,' he said, 'that you have so little power of keeping a resolution'—a remark which put poor Geoffrey into an agony of indignant shame.

'Dulcie!' said Fred, on coming home in the evening and hearing in confidence what every one knew before. 'Dear me, I'd see what you think about it in a couple of years, Geoff.'

Geoffrey absented himself during most of the remaining two days, and did not 'tease' Dulcie any more. She gathered that he was blamed on her account, and he began to stand on quite a different level. She began to think that she knew what she should say to him in that far distant future when she saw him again.

May regarded the incident as rather a tiresome absorption of her friend's chief interests, and an interruption in the career of Abdallah. She could have sympathised in a confidence about a stranger, but blushes and confusion about '*Geoff*,' whose behaviour was often very reprehensible and whose hair was always so very sandy, seemed to lower Dulcie in her estimation. Besides, plans for future visits were difficult under the circumstances, and altogether May was disgusted.

'It will retard Dulcie's development,' she said to her mother, almost with tears in her eyes, when all the farewells were spoken, and Dulcie's last smiles and blushes had been seen out of the window of a South Western Railway carriage.

'Perhaps,' said her mother with half a smile, 'it may expedite Geoffrey's.'

'Geoffrey!' said May, with some scorn.

'My dear,' said Mrs. Leighton, 'Geoffrey, like some one not very far off, is inclined to think very well of himself. A sincere admiration for some one else is not a bad thing for him.'

'Oh yes,' said May. 'I—I know I'm rather conceited. I've read that young people often are when there's anything in them.'

Mrs. Leighton laughed, for this speech was like an echo of one of Geoffrey's. But she had not judged the children quite truly, for across Geoffrey's self-assertion there flashed innumerable self-doubts and self-contempts which were quite unknown to May's cheerful self-satisfaction.

CHAPTER XII.

PROSPECTS IN LIFE.

'It was the little rift within the lute.'

More than three years had passed by and brought Geoffrey Leighton nearly to the end of his college career, which had been

Digitized by Google

entirely creditable and successful. By the end of his last long vacation he could not but feel that he was winning for himself a place in the world that would not be much affected by his peculiar circumstances, and neither his relations nor Dulcie's were any longer unwilling to acknowledge in name what had long existed in fact. The long-standing attachment was to be proclaimed as an engagement, and one September day of peaceful warmth and mellow sunshine Geoffrey found himself alone with her on the broad path by the fruit-laden wall in the Fairfield garden, free to speak out his heart to her, and win her to tell him the secrets of hers in return.

People said she had hardly the beauty her early girlhood had promised, but she was a sweet creature still, noticeable and graceful, with half-absent mystical eyes, in curious contrast to the simple girlish face. Dulcie was always successful in society, and very popular among her friends—and she had a great many friends considering her opportunities; her eager nature caught at points of sympathy and interest. She had a great many occupations, and tried her prentice hand with varying success at all sorts of accomplishments and acquirements. She had views and notions on all sorts of subjects, and had grown much fonder of discussions since the days when the Leightons had made her cry by their free-spoken criticisms.

She had met Geoffrey occasionally when permitted by the authorities, and she knew well enough that his intentions towards her were unchanged. She could hardly have been said to have been at first very actively in love with him, but none the less had the lines of her fate been drawn on that morning under the roses. She meant to marry him, and thus the vague and misty avenues of the future were closed. The dreamy and imaginative girl had a real future to look forward to. She no longer dreamed of a 'not impossible he,' nor wondered, hardly knowing that she wondered, whether a new acquaintance might prove to be the prince; while the wilder and more impalpable fancies of fame, fortune, or self-devotion which come to the maidens of this stirring age, either never took shape, or were transferred from herself to the heroines of the tales which she still scribbled, and for whose benefit she still invented Prince Charmings. For whatever she did, learned, or became, she knew quite well that it would all 'end in Geoff.' So, though her mind was not altogether taken up with his image, and though her relations sometimes doubted whether he really possessed her heart, her knowledge of his feelings had made an immense difference in the development of her character.

Now Geoffrey stood before her, having had three years in which to test his feelings, and to develop his prospects, and both knew that the order for silence was tacitly withdrawn.

Geoffrey, all flushed and eager, his keen eyes for once soft and tender, and the power and capability of his expression giving dignity to his slight figure and fair, delicate outlines, looked no bad substitute

Digitized by Google

for Dulcie's dreams. They looked at each other. Geoffrey drew nearer, she smiled, and they kissed each other. She had given herself at last without a word, or a doubt, and no thought of past or future complications came into his mind.

'My sweet Dulcie, you know *now*,' he whispered.

'Yes—I know now—I think I have known always.'

There was a silence, then suddenly she started from him and said, half laughing and half tearful—

'But I don't know if it will answer, Geoffrey. For if you are dismal I shall be miserable too, and cry. If you are angry, I shall fly out. I shall forget things, and you won't remember them, and if you leave your pocket-handkerchiefs about the country I—I'm sure I shall never pick them up. And if you get what Fred calls maggots in your head, I shall have much bigger ones! We—we shall go off in a balloon, and no ballast between us!'

'Then we'll mount to the very stars!' cried Geoffrey.

'And come down with a run! Oh, Geoffrey, I mean that I know I'm a goose—and—and your——'

'I'm another!'

'No—no—but your——'

'Well—what—my what?'

'Your—wife—ought to look after things for you, and—and keep everything right, so that you may be free to succeed in life and be as great as possible.'

'No—no! My firefly—my Ariel, she shall point my way!'

'She is only a will-o'-the-wisp!' said Dulcie, 'or a horrid little company wax-candle.'

'She is my sweet-heart! But, Dulcie, you have been calling yourself names, and giving me a bad character. Come and walk down the path with me, and I will show you how I have been planning out my life, and I think you will see that I have had due regard to the ballast.'

They turned and walked away together, and Geoffrey continued in a different tone—

'You know, Dulcie, my whole history. Even to you I will not talk of the facts, nor of my own view of them. But the result has been to substitute for any other ambition a firm determination to make myself independent as early in life as possible, and to avoid all needless expenses. *I* could not have been extravagant. I should despise myself if I caused pain or annoyance to those to whom I owe so much. Of course you know there was an idea that I should be called to the bar—my father wished it. I couldn't explain to him my real motives—that is, one of my motives; but he knew that I wanted to be married, and that the bar was no road to that.'

'He wanted you to be like himself,' said Dulcie.

'Yes—but he had a private fortune, and so had mother, and he did

Digitized by Google

not marry young. There are six of us—they *mean* us to share alike, and the girls will have their mother's money. At present, of course, we have nothing. And besides, times are changed, success is much slower and more doubtful at the bar than it used to be, and numbers are greater. So, Dulcie, that wouldn't do for us!'

Dulcie blushed, and murmured something about 'willingly waiting and growing wiser,' but Geoffrey continued—

'No, no! I cannot speak yet with certainty. All must depend on the degree I take. If it is a good one I have interest that I think would make me sure of a Government inspectorship. They are not always, or I believe ever, given to clergymen now. That is a good and increasing income—one might be in the way of other appointments.'

Dulcie did not think the proposal very attractive; the woolsack, or at any rate the bench, had shone before her eyes as the natural ending to Geoffrey's career, and she did not realise the years that lay between.

'I shouldn't like you to sacrifice the future—for—for being in a hurry about me,' she said, shyly.

'It's not that,' said Geoffrey. 'I would win honours for you, Dulcie; but I *must* be independent. There must be no risk of being an expense or burden. You know,' he added, vehemently, 'that I ask you to share a lot with a crook in it. If you did not know it already, I don't think I could have brought myself to tell you of it. I would rather have lost you!'

It was an odd speech from an ardent lover, and Geoffrey frowned and set his teeth as he made it.

'Why should you mind so much, Geoff?' said Dulcie softly. 'They all love you and Alick alike, and you cannot know——'

Geoffrey suddenly flashed his eyes on her with a look that startled her with its force.

'No, I don't *know*!' he said, sharply, and then was silent, and his keen bright eyes positively filled with tears. 'Oh, Dulcie,' he said, 'I can't tell even you how I love them. When I think of mother—I suppose other fellows never do think about it at all!'

Dulcie, infinitely touched, could only squeeze his hand hard, and Geoffrey turned his face to her again.

'So, my darling, to have you for my very own, to say my *own* wife, will be a double joy for me. *That* tie is sure and can never be slackened. Though I dare say I shall be as faulty as a husband as I have been as a son,' added Geoff, always self-conscious.

'If you are, I'll be sure and mention it!' said Dulcie, mischievously. 'I never did believe in silent endurance like Enid and patient Grizzel. How one would hate a person if one had silently endured them for years! Now a good quarrel, and then—kiss and be friends—'

'Haven't we been quarrelling?' said Geoffrey.

Digitized by Google

'Surely, not yet,' said another voice, as at a turn of the path they almost ran up against Alick, strolling slowly between the gooseberry bushes. 'Well, is it all settled?'

'Only that we're to quarrel whenever we like,' said Dulcie, yielding a willing hand to Alick's brotherly greeting.

'That's good,' he said, heartily, though a little wistfully too. 'Wish you joy, Geoff, with all my heart.'

'Thanks,' said Geoffrey. 'It's—it's a very joyful occasion.'

Dulcie and Alick both laughed, and the former, saying something about 'mamma,' ran off and left the brothers together.

Alick was more than ever a fine powerful fellow, taller than Fred or than his father, and big enough to look down some inches on Geoffrey. He had blunt features and a sallow complexion, but beautiful eyes, soft and kindly, which narrowed up into the pleasantest smile, though their usual expression was rather wistful and sad. Alick was conscious of a certain want of success. He had taken his degree, but it was nothing to boast of; he had left behind him at Oxford the memory of nothing very wrong, and nothing disgraceful, but of many things which he had better have left undone, and he had brought away debts enough, not to ruin him, but to hold him back and to clog his future career. And all this had come to pass, though he knew so well that he might have done better. He had 'left undone those things which he ought to have done, and done those things which he ought not to have done,' and he said so over and over again to himself, and to his parents too. For the thought that would have stung Geoffrey to frenzy found no place in Alick's mind. He grieved at having grieved his parents, but never could realise that he had less than the usual claim on their parental love and forgiveness. The thought would not stay with him. And still he hoped to make a good clergyman in the end, and was reading for orders and learning parish work with Mr. Blandford, the vicar of Fordham, and this having always been his bent, he liked the work better, and was more successful in it than he had ever been before. He was popular, and was praised by his vicar. Only, Alick himself, grown self-distrustful by long experience, never could deliver himself from the fear that he should some day do something very foolish, and bring discredit on all he held most sacred.

If he could only have the one thing he wished for in life! Annie Macdonald's golden hair had been a loadstar to him ever since the day that he had seen her on the bridge. Ever since, he had sought for holiday meetings and planned excuses for days at Bridgehurst; but Annie had never been quite propitious, and of late poor Alick had been forced to own to himself that he had no right to come forward, and but little chance if he did. Annie, in her shabby dresses and her cheap straw hats, held her head so very high that a possible curacy in the future did not seem worth even laying at her feet.

Digitized by Google

She was now staying with the Fordhams, a tall slim girl with a certain air of distinction, and brilliantly fair hair, a fair freckled skin, and sharp small features. She was clever, and as she had once expressed it 'knew quite enough for society,' and now, more consciously than most girls, was trying her luck. Her various good connections not being as spiteful as well-to-do relations are usually represented in books, had taken much notice of her, and she had visited in various grand houses, where she had met with quite her share of attention. She had little piquant ways, sometimes gracious and sometimes disdainful; but she was cautious too, and took care with a prudence that was a little sad and premature at twenty-one, not to give offence to her chaperons, or to get quoted as a 'detrimental' young lady.

She was not very good at home; life at Bridgehurst with Lady Anne was very dull, and she was only half-liked as a rule by girls of her own age—the Osgoods having a tendency to speak of her as 'poor Annie Macdonald, whom we must invite'—May Leighton regarding her as dreadfully frivolous, while Dulcie stared with puzzled eyes at her little bits of worldly wisdom, and gave her credit for never meaning them.

The skirts of her blue muslin caught Alick's eyes as he stood by Geoffrey, and caused him to heave a sigh as he held out his hand and said—

'I suppose it's time for formal congratulations. Is it all settled up now?'

'I believe so,' said Geoffrey, 'thank you. It was settled long ago as far as I was concerned.'

'Ah, the half isn't the whole,' sighed Alick; but though Fred had had to listen to many a prose—not to say poem—on Annie's unattainable charms, Alick had never confided his hopes and fears to Geoffrey, nor had the latter on his side ever spoken of Dulcie, though Fred again had frequently been assured of how happy Geoffrey would be able to make her.

Alick was not conscious of feeling less warmly towards Geoffrey than towards the others; but Geoffrey was quite aware that he was never at ease with Alick—never enough at ease to express the disapproval he often felt. What was the use, Geoffrey thought, of sighing after a girl and never taking any steps to win her? Alick should keep his money in his pocket, and lay himself out for pupils or something remunerative. How could a curacy by itself enable him to marry? Or if the case was hopeless, what *was* the good of coming over to Fairfield just because Annie was staying there? Sympathy with himself and Dulcie had not occurred to Geoffrey as a likely motive, and yet Alick had really been desirous to see his brother happy, though the contrast became more painful to himself.

Dulcie, as she ran into the house, was caught by Annie and laughingly kissed.

Digitized by Google

'So you have settled it all?'

'I think it has been settled some time,' she said bashfully.

'Ah, what a lucky girl you are to have your life all settled for you. No puzzles for you!' said Annie, with more feeling than she often showed.

Dulcie smiled radiantly, though a thoughtful look came into her eyes.

'I am very happy,' she said softly.

'I dare say you are. But I—I shall have to take pattern by Aunt Anne. I shall be an old maid, and as I shall be very poor I shall have a very dismal life.'

'You have just as good a chance of being married one day, if you choose, as I have, Annie, and that you very well know,' said Dulcie shyly.

'Ah, if I choose——'

'One chance, at any rate; I can't say about others.'

'That's not a chance, Dulcie, at least, it is an impossible one. How could—Alick—and I ever afford to marry each other, even if I liked him well enough? He will be a curate: I have nothing. Look here, Dulcie, I'm at a turn of the road. If I chose, I could earn my living now, and take to life from that side of the question. I should have more money, and an occupation, and the holidays to amuse myself in, and perhaps as many interests as Miss Florence. What do you think?'

'Lady Anne wouldn't let you,' said Dulcie, startled.

'Oh yes she would, Dulcie. I can't go on doing nothing and dawdling about at Bridgehurst, living with Aunt Anne. *That's* quite out of the question. Grow old like that! Aunt Anne doesn't wish it at all. She thinks that I must have every chance, as she says. That means that I must pay as many visits, and go about as much as I can, and perhaps I shall marry well. Well, is it worth running the risk? I should like it, too; but if I didn't succeed, I should get to hate everything, and turn into an Aunt Anne at last. Don't stare: every girl isn't engaged at seventeen. You are out of the scrape.'

'I think Miss Florence is very happy, and—very useful,' said Dulcie after a moment.

'Oh yes, yes. But she's nearly thirty, isn't she? And *she* isn't poor. That's just what I say. Why can't I be like Florence Venning? I *have* talked to her about it, but she is dreadfully scrupulous about Aunt Anne, and said, too, that she didn't think I counted the cost. I do, and I do believe I *ought* to set to work and earn my living. And I will—some day.'

'I am afraid you ought to obey Lady Anne,' said Dulcie softly.

'Oh, Lady Anne! But just *think*, Dulcie, of that dull Bridgehurst. Gaieties now and then, of course; but such hard work to get ready for them. And I don't care much about parish work, and what else can a girl do in the country? It's all very well to be a "woodland nymph,"

Digitized by Google

as old Dr. Osgood called me the other day, when I met him in the Hurst, but nine months in the year woods are up to your neck in mud. And I look *on*. I learnt that early. And you say I ought to be obedient and stay with Aunt Anne.'

'It would be much harder to be good in that way,' said Dulcie.

Dulcie was simple and loyal, and she believed that 'the very most right' thing for Annie to do was to live quietly at Bridgehurst with her aunt, and wait for what life might bring her, abstaining alike from an undutiful independence, and from those hopes and aims after a good match which injured her self-respect, and were not apparently likely to be successful.

But Dulcie quite agreed that to lead this very dull life with a cheerful spirit would require a very high sort of goodness indeed, and that to go and work hard in a fine spirited school, earning money, and perhaps saving it for future possibilities, would be much easier, and in many ways better, for Annie herself, who had not the soft, clinging temper that would make a plunge into the world so dreadful, and indeed, poor girl, had not much to cling to. Dulcie had not much respect for the *manes* of the Macdonalds, though she thought much of duty to Lady Anne. Besides, Annie would never confess how far she regarded Alick's manifest devotion with favour. Dulcie believed that in her heart of hearts she was not indifferent to him.

'Hard to be good,' said Annie; 'I should think so.'

'Then why don't you try very hard to get leave?'

'Oh, because—because I'm not quite sure about it, Dulcie. *Perhaps* alternate mud and balls is more to my taste than daily drudgery.'

The two young men advanced upon them as Annie spoke, and Dulcie could not help fancying that she darted a look not all ungracious at Alick, as he came slowly up behind Geoffrey. Geoffrey came briskly forward. The golden sunlight shone with peaceful warmth on Dulcie's welcoming face; but it glittered with a bewildering dazzle on Annie's golden locks as she flitted away across the lawn at Alick's nearer approach.

'Just like our fortunes,' thought Alick; and he felt that the idea was poetical, even while it made his heart heavy.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCX.

1627—1630.

WALLENSTEIN.

THE Protestant cause in Germany seemed to be in a desperate state, and with the triumph of the Roman Catholic Church was linked that of the house of Austria. France was too much occupied with the siege of Rochelle to interfere according to her usual policy of support to the German princes against the Emperor, and Ferdinand was on the way to be far more powerful than any of his predecessors.

However, there were other powers more directly interested in the Lutheran cause, not only politically but religiously, namely, Sweden and Denmark, where an Episcopal Lutheranism had been established by the strong hands of Gustavus Vasa and Christian III. In Sweden it is possible that the apostolical succession may have been kept up, though not valued; in Denmark it has certainly been dropped.

The ruling Kings of Sweden and Denmark were at this time the young Gustaf II.—Gustavus Adolphus as history usually calls him—and Christian IV., brother to James I.'s queen, and thus uncle to Charles I. and Elizabeth of Bohemia. They had only lately concluded a war between themselves, and Gustavus was still fighting with Russia, so that the Thirty Years' War did not engulf Sweden till a later period. Christian II. was greatly esteemed by his own subjects. He had established trading companies in Iceland, Greenland, America, and India, made roads, established a university and military and naval colleges, greatly adorned Copenhagen, and had done his best to improve the condition of the serfs, who were ground down by the nobles. He had greatly disapproved of his niece's expedition to Bohemia; but when she was a fugitive, he was willing to co-operate with England to restore her husband, though finding that James I. would do nothing, he held back, and the ruin followed in consequence. He was Duke of Holstein, and thus a member of the Imperial Diet, and he had obtained for one of his sons the lay bishopric of Verden and the reversion of the archbishopric of Bremen, so that he was interested in keeping up the custom of Protestant princes holding these secularised dioceses; and he well knew that the Roman Catholic dominion would soon put an end to such an anomaly. After some negotiation in 1625, Christian therefore undertook, on Charles I. engaging to pay him 30,000*l.* a

Digitized by Google

month, that he would enter Germany with his army and 6,000 English. The Circle of Lower Saxony chose him for its commander, Mansfeld joined him with the remnant of the German army, and the English actually paid him 40,000*l.* by way of a beginning.

Elizabeth and her husband felt their hopes revive. They made a progress into North Holland, which was amusingly described in letters from one of Elizabeth's maids of honour. The ladies wore hats instead of hoods, a new fashion at the time, and thus the country people took them for boys; and at Haarlem the burgomaster fancied the rules for hats must be the same for ladies as for gentlemen, and seeing the Queen bareheaded in the house, repeated '*Couvrez vous, madame*,' till she put on her hat. The good folk were shocked at the extravagance of the long dresses, and still more at the six horses which drew the coaches; but the authorities entertained their guests so well that Elizabeth seems to have had plenty of enjoyment on her trip, for amid all her troubles she preserved a buoyant spirit.

On her return to the Hague, she gave a great entertainment in honour of her brother's marriage, but the English ambassador would not come to it. He was Sir Albert Morton, a great friend of hers, and she had been shortly before driving out with him in his coach when they encountered that of the French representative, who claimed precedence over the English one. Sir Albert held that a king's daughter naturally should go before any ambassador; but the Frenchman persisted, and Elizabeth gave way; but not so the ambassador, who considered himself bound not to meet the Frenchman if he were to yield a jot to him. Such encounters were constantly taking place between ambassadors, till the matter was finally settled by giving th precedence according to length of residence at the court instead of the dignity of the monarch represented.

On the 18th of July, 1625, the imperial general, Count Tilly, crossed the Weser into Lower Saxony, and at the same time Bethlem Gabor threatened Transylvania. The Emperor was in the greatest perplexity. He had hardly any power over Maximilian of Bavaria, and not much over Tilly, and he had not resources to raise a single regiment on his own account; but in the midst of his difficulties a Bohemian noble came forward to offer to provide an army at his own expense. This was Albrecht Wenzel Eusebius Waldstein, or, as he came to be better known, Wallenstein. He was of a noble old family in Bohemia, and was born in 1583. He had been designed to be a scholar, but his fierce turbulent nature made his father decide on placing him as a page with one of the Austrian archdukes. His father soon after died, and his guardians put him under the strict teaching of the Bohemian brethren, since called Moravians, against whose teaching he revolted, and was wild and violent in conduct until a remarkable escape from injury in falling from a window gave him a strong

Digitized by Google

religious impulse, under which he fled to a Jesuit college at Olmutz, and became a Roman Catholic. He then travelled through Holland, England, France, Spain, and Italy, and took up his abode for some time at the University of Padua, where he studied mathematics, astronomy, and especially astrology, with which he became so thoroughly imbued that the stars were the real guides of his life, and he had little actual faith in anything else. On his return he married a rich old widow in Moravia, and served as an officer under Ferdinand, while still Archduke of Styria. His old wife dying, he married the daughter of Count Harrach, and became known for his splendour of life and decision of character. When the Bohemians revolted, he was in command of one of the regiments in the service of the Estates of Moravia. Finding all resolved against the Emperor, he seized the treasure-box of the Estates, flung himself on his horse, and rode off with it to Vienna; but there Ferdinand was too honourable to accept of money thus captured, and returned it to the Moravians to be used against himself. He raised a regiment of a thousand horse at his own expense, and took part in the battle of the White Hills and the subjugation of Bohemia.

There, having money at his disposal, he was able to traffic in estates with the nobles whose lands were sequestrated or burthened as a penalty for their rebellion, and he thus gained such wealth that he was by far the richest subject in Bohemia. He kept up the utmost state, and his gravity and sternness were such as to impress the imagination of all who approached him. It was said that he never smiled, and the only person with whom he unbent was his Italian astrologer, Serlo.

In Ferdinand's distress, Wallenstein came forward with offers to raise an army of 30,000 men, and equip them at his own expense, also to feed and pay them without calls on the treasury, and without more than casual plunder, provided the Emperor would authorise him to levy contributions on the cities and states through which he passed. Ferdinand accepted the offer, though he never thoroughly trusted one whom he felt to be an instrument beyond his management.

The grand, unapproachable and mysterious general was the hero of the soldiery, and though his discipline was severe, the equipments he gave were perfect and the pay secure, so that hosts flocked to his banner. Count Pappenheim, his cavalry general, was a man of mark, of great personal strength and undaunted spirit, a devout Catholic, blameless in private life, tender and affectionate. He was the darling of the soldiers, whom he led to victory, and alas! in spite of all his virtues, he accepted their ferocity as a matter of course. Wallenstein was under orders to go and support Tilly against the Danes, but he did not choose to be second in command, and besides, he would not risk his new and raw army against the well-organised Danes until he

Digitized by Google

had them fully in hand. He therefore led them into the secularised Bishopries of Magdeburg and Halberstadt, where he made the inhabitants pay heavily for their support, while he brought them into full power of acting together.

So passed the winter, in vain negotiation between the higher powers, and with the spring the war began again. Wallenstein and Tilly had 70,000 men between them, Christian of Denmark, Christian of Brunswick, and Mansfeld, 60,000; but while Wallenstein and Tilly forced contributions from the enemy, Christian II. was disappointed of the subsidies promised by England, which the Parliament refused to grant to King Charles until their own grievances were redressed.

The campaign began by an endeavour of Mansfeld to cut off Wallenstein from Tilly, and a battle was fought at the bridge of Dessau, which had been strongly fortified by Wallenstein. Mansfeld was totally defeated, and marched off towards Hungary to join Bethlem Gabor. The romantic Christian of Brunswick was left behind, dying, not of wounds, but of a painful disease, at the age of twenty-nine.

Elizabeth was greatly grieved at his death, and after the birth of her daughter, Henrietta, she was so ill that her brother sent the Queen's own physician, Theodore Mayerne, to attend her.

King Christian could stay no longer where he was, for he had no more money, and supplies had failed him. All he could attempt was a dash through Thuringia, in the hope of joining Bethlem Gabor and Mansfeld, in whose favour the Austrian Protestants were fast rising. But Tilly, reinforced by soldiers lent him by Wallenstein, pursued the Danes, and overtook them at Lutter on the 27th of August, 1626. The Danish troops cried out for pay, fought ill, and were routed.

Mansfeld and Bethlem Gabor were meanwhile confronted by Wallenstein, who did not fight, but watched them and harassed them, while disease was doing its work on their armies and on themselves. Bethlem at length made peace, and one condition that was imposed on him was the expulsion of Mansfeld from Hungary. The Count then sold his artillery to the Turkish Pasha of Buda, and set out with only twelve men, meaning to make his way through Bosnia to the Venetian dominions, and thence return to Germany. He reached Zara, and there fell sick of a fever. Like the son of the old Northern heroes, he refused to die in his bed. 'Raise me,' he cried, 'I am dying now.' So, supported upright, he gazed on the dawn, and murmured, 'Be united! be united! Hold out like men.'

Bethlem Gabor died the same autumn, and thus, in the eighth year of the war, 1627, a large proportion of the first actors therein were removed.

Meantime Elizabeth kept her little court at the Hague, where the Prince of Orange complimented her by asking her to stand godmother to his young heir. Here, too, she had the pleasure of making a

Digitized by Google

match between the noble and enthusiastic James Stanley, Lord Strange, eldest son of the Earl of Derby, and Charlotte, daughter of the Huguenot Duke de la Tremouille, who was nearly related to the Elector Palatine. A portrait of her is extant, painted by Rubens at this period, a brilliant, buxom maiden, in a large hat and crimson dress, just as she must have been when she won the true heart of Lord Strange.

Wallenstein was rewarded for his services by being created Duke of Friedland, but there were numerous disputes among such conflicting interests. The Catholic League expected Wallenstein to support his army wholly by contributions from Protestants; and he, on the contrary, declared the Emperor's right to call for supplies from both alike. He never troubled himself about the religious opinions of his army, but hired Protestant and Catholic alike; and he tried to persuade the Emperor to regulate the Empire in the same manner, only looking at the rights of the princes; but this Ferdinand was never likely to do, as it would have been against all his principles. There were also minor disputes about the confiscated lands, and how they should be disposed of. The Bishopric of Halberstadt, which had been held in so strange a manner by the wild hero, poor Christian of Brunswick, was given to the Emperor's son, Leopold Wilhelm, who was really an ecclesiastic. He had been so devout from his infancy that his family called him 'the angel;' and his prayers were thought specially efficacious. He was extremely fond of pictures, antiquities, and botany, but as an act of self-denial he would not smell a flower! Yet devout as was Ferdinand as well as the youth, there was no scruple about heaping benefices on him. At eleven years old he was Abbot of Maurbach and Neiders, and Bishop of Strasburg and Bremen, and he was only sixteen at this time, when he was nominated to Halberstadt. At Magdeburg Wallenstein turned out the Protestant Bishop, one of the house of Brandenburg, and obliged the Canons to chose a son of the Elector of Saxony; but Catholic and Churchman though this prince was, the Emperor caused the election to be annulled, and put in Leopold once more, to whom he also gave a considerable abbey, taken from Hesse, and crowned all with the Archbishopric of Bremen.

He seems to have thought himself predestined to reconquer Europe to the Roman Catholic Church with such an instrument as Wallenstein, and even thought of dethroning the two Scandinavian kings! He tried to get a hold of the Hanse towns, so as to have a footing on the Baltic Sea, but the stout citizens knew their own interests too well to agree to this; and his next step was to put the two dukes of Mecklenburg under the ban of the Empire, and make Wallenstein his generalissimo by land and sea, though all the exertions of that great general could only get fifteen ships together. He then invaded the Duchy of Pomerania without the least excuse, save that the reigning Duke Bogislav was the last of his race, and the fief must be secured

Digitized by Google

for the Emperor! Then, having occupied the isles of Rugen and Dunholm, he summoned Stralsund, which, though nominally Pomeranian, was a Hanse town and independent.

But the citizens were brave, and they had heard stories of the ferocity of the soldiery which determined them to hold out to the utmost. Wallenstein declared it his principle never to let anything be held back from him, and the siege began, while the burghers swore to one another to defend their religion and liberty to the last drop of their blood. The Kings of Denmark and Sweden sent them supplies of provisions and powder, and though Wallenstein declared that he would have Stralsund, though it were fastened by chains to heaven, and told a deputation of burghers that he would lay all their towns as flat as the top of the table, still he made no progress. A sally drove him out of Dunholm, his first defeat; and after the siege had lasted from March till August he drew off his forces.

In the meantime, Charles I., by means of a forced loan, had contrived to send Sir Charles Morgan and about 6,000 men to the aid of his Danish uncle; but his subjects would let him do no more, and the war was equally unpopular in Denmark. King Christian was driven step by step out of Lower Saxony, and then into Holstein, his own duchy. Town after town fell into Tilly's hands, and at Stadt, Morgan and his men were made prisoners. Glückstadt, however, held out gallantly, and the successful resistance of Stralsund not only encouraged opposition, but showed Wallenstein that schemes of power on the Baltic must be given up. The Catholic Electors, too, were manifesting alarm and displeasure at the predominance of Austria, the Catholic League could not be depended on, and in order to be free to deal with the enemies at home, both Ferdinand and Wallenstein felt that they must be free from the Danes. On his side, Christian was worn out with the struggle, and the war was highly unpopular in the country.

So the mediation of the Elector of Brandenburg was accepted. Christian engaged not to interfere again in the affairs of the Empire, unless his rights as Duke of Holstein were invaded, and he received back the whole of his hereditary dominions. Envoys were sent from Sweden but were not admitted to the conference at Lubeck, where peace was signed in the May of 1629 between Denmark and Austria.

The Emperor now had two objects, to reward his general, and to restore the Church. The Catholic League, under Maximilian of Bavaria, were willing enough that the latter should be done, but they had the feelings of hereditary German princes when the haughty upstart Bohemian was invested with the old dukedom of Mecklenburg, and its hereditary prince expelled.

Maximilian held the greater part of the Palatinate. Here he used

Digitized by Google

every means of expelling Protestant pastors, and putting in Catholic priests. Jesuits were sent to Heidelberg as missioners, and made many converts. In June, 1628, all the nobles had been informed that they must either change their religion, or give up their estates and go into exile. In September, the command was extended to the rest of the country. There were no burnings—no open persecutions; the war-wasted people seem to have made no resistance, but to have accepted whatever gave them a hope of quiet.

Ferdinand meantime sent commissioners to discover what churches and property had been taken by Protestants since the pacification of Passau. All these were resumed, even at Nordlingen, where not a single inhabitant was Catholic. The subject of a German prince was, it was understood, necessarily of the same religion as his sovereign, and the restoration of two prince bishoprics and twelve smaller sees does not seem to have provoked much opposition in the dejected people from whom the ardour of converts had burnt out.

The Catholic League approved of all this, but they had been promised that Wallenstein's army should be reduced, whereas it had been increased to 100,000 men, whom he maintained out of forced contributions from the neighbourhood of his camps. The Friedlanders, as his troops were called, were as cruel and oppressive as any of the other enemies, and though Pomerania had been friendly to the Imperialists throughout the siege of Stralsund, the exactions were so fearful that the villagers were trying to exist on grass and leaves, and horrid stories were told of people eating their own children. Wallenstein was absolutely pitiless and remorseless to the people, and equally haughty and despotic to the princes. He was known to declare that the Emperor ought to be master of his own dominions, as the Kings of Spain or France were, and to be urging him to reduce the princes to the level of mere nobles. Cardinal de Richelieu fomented these discontents. There was a sharp war between France and Austria going on in Italy and Savoy about the Duchy of Mantua, which need not here be described, but one effect of it was to make the Pope, Urban VIII., as an Italian prince, dread the Emperor, and be willing to weaken him, staunch Catholic though he were. And Richelieu suggested to Urban that the way to do this was to make him dismiss his best general, and likewise alienate his subjects by insisting on the surrender of Church property. The Cardinal likewise sent his own great confidant and adviser, the Capuchin, Père Joseph, with the French ambassadors to Vienna, to represent privately to Ferdinand that he had better oblige the Catholic League, since he could at any time recall Wallenstein.

A Diet was convoked at Ratisbon, where the Emperor hoped to have his eldest son elected King of the Romans, but the Electors had represented, to Ferdinand, Wallenstein's exactions and the cruelties of

Digitized by Google

his troops, and refused to choose the young Ferdinand, save on condition that Wallenstein was dismissed.

Père Joseph's counsel prevailed, as the Emperor had once said that if an angel and a monk gave him contrary advice he should follow the monk's. But the Capuchin also intrigued with the Electors when Wallenstein was dismissed, and they not only refused to choose the Archduke, but even talked of electing Maximilian of Bavaria.

Wallenstein quietly said, 'I pity and forgive; I grieve for his weakness, and obey.' He broke up his army of 100,000 men, and returned home with sixty carriages containing his suite, and 100 waggons with their luggage. He took up his abode in the castle of Prague, where he kept princely state. Dark, silent, prompt, and resolute, gloomy and naughty, yet liberal of gifts, he was greatly dreaded and hated by most, and yet enthusiastically beloved by those who were in his service.

There were six gates to his palace, each guarded by a sentinel, fifty halberdiers in splendid uniforms waited in his ante-chamber, twelve watchmen patrolled the precincts to prevent the slightest noise—for of noise he had an absolute horror, when engaged in his high tower in the astrological calculations in which he implicitly believed. He would even have chains hung up to prevent the rumbling of vehicles in the surrounding streets. Six barons and as many knights waited on him, four gentlemen ushers presented his guests, sixty pages of high birth attended on him, and were trained in arts and arms. His steward was a baron of the Empire, his chamberlain equally noble, a hundred guests were daily provided for with royal splendour and profusion at his own table. His gardens were extremely costly and beautiful, and his horses ate and drank out of marble mangers, and from troughs supplied with streams constantly flowing from artificial fountains. Even in his retirement he kept all men's eyes on him by this splendour.

The year 1629 brought a great blow to the unfortunate ex-King and Queen of Bohemia. Frederick and his eldest son had gone out in a yacht to see the return of the West Indian fleet, when a collision took place with a much larger vessel, and their own sank. The Elector was saved by a sailor, but the young Frederick Henry, a youth of great promise, was drowned. The family was too poor for a costly funeral or a public mourning, and indeed whatever was spent came from King Charles. There was however much lamentation in England, where the boy had been regarded as a promising Protestant heir.

Germany, however, had little compassion for the family which had begun the terrible war, not yet alas! half finished. Indeed the lull of 1629 was as full of misery to the conquered Protestant states as the war itself, since they were required to accept the Romanist faith forced on them at the sword's point.

Digitized by Google

Some cities held out, notably that of Löwenberg, where the burgher women finding their husbands decided on the worldly prudent measure of submission to the Edict of Restitution, all locked themselves up in the market house and left their husbands to take care of themselves and their babies, till the menfolk yielded to the nearer tyrants. But the ladies of Löwenberg had to suffer cruelly for their resistance, and the Edict of Restitution, to which Ferdinand had been urged by the cunning of Richelieu and the Pope, was working great wretchedness among those violently dispossessed of what indeed ought never to have been seized by their forefathers, but which seemed securely their own. Nor could a single Lutheran prince, city, or village feel secure.

Digitized by Google

LETTERS ON DAILY LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

LETTER XXIX.

(*Addressed to my young American friends.*)

My dear H——,—It has been easy for me to write to English girls, not only because I have had so much to do with them, but because I could, as a rule, thoroughly understand their position and surroundings. But I cannot say the same of you, and when I think of offering advice or suggestions it almost seems as if I were taking a liberty.

A friend of mine in former years used often to sing an old song—the refrain of which was, 'Tis a pity when charming women talk of things that they don't understand'—and the lesson satirically implied has rested in my mind ever since as applicable to all persons, charming or non-charming. And so, when I begin to write to you, I say to myself, 'What do I know of American girls or women? I have never been in their country. I am continually finding out that I am ignorant of little points of social custom or etiquette. I cannot tell from what such differences have originated, or how far they are general or particular. Why should I take upon myself to speak to Americans in any sense personally?'

My reply to myself is, 'True, I have never been in America, and if I were to go there I should doubtless feel that up to that time I had had only a most superficial acquaintance with the habits and tone of social and domestic life; but then, on the other hand, I have had many American pupils living in my house for months together, and among the dearest friends whom God has given me may be reckoned my American friends. I am not utterly ignorant. I have noticed the points in which the American girls whom I have known differ from English girls, and from conversation, inquiry, and observation I can see some of the peculiar circumstances which are likely to have assisted in moulding their character. Perhaps, after all, it is not so—shall I call it?—impertinent to offer a few remarks to my young American friends. They will see from what I have said that I speak with great self-distrust, and with a full perception of my ignorance upon many points which might probably modify my opinions.'

With this acknowledgment, then, I will venture to state in few words what seems to me the distinctive difference between American and English girls belonging to the richer classes of society; and

Digitized by Google

without entering into the question as to which has the advantage in life, try to explain the causes to which the difference may be traced.

The character of the American girl is, I think, not weighted as the character of an English girl ordinarily is. By this I mean that she is more buoyant in disposition; that she floats upon the surface of life; that she accepts everything which comes hopefully; that the past does not distress her, nor the future trouble her.

The typical American girl appears to me to enjoy the present moment, and not to think it worth while to disturb herself with the solution of the awful problems of existence. She is warm-hearted, genial, generous, sympathetic, and, if life in this world were never to end, I can imagine no one who would be more helpful and agreeable as a companion, or who would be more likely to ensure 'a good time' to all with whom she might enjoy social intercourse.

The typical English girl, on the other hand, is apt to be morbid, self-conscious, anxious, uncertain; she is fastidious, sensitive, critical; she demands of life what it can never give; she dwells in the past or the future to the neglect of the present. This earthly existence is mysterious, and she would fain fathom its mystery; and when she finds that it cannot be fathomed, she throws herself either into pleasure for forgetfulness, or into duty for the satisfaction of conscience; but in either case the burden, the weight of existence, is upon her, even though it may be unacknowledged.

Now, if I am at all correct in what I have said, an inquiry into the causes of this difference of character must be not only interesting but important; for it is evident that if we wish to cultivate the qualities which are deficient, we must understand the circumstances which have occasioned the deficiency. The American girl appears to me to need just that which the English girl has to excess. The one does not feel the solemnity of life; the other feels and is unduly burdened by it

How and why is this? At first sight we may be inclined to attribute the difference to the influence of climate. Race, we know, can have nothing to do with it; Americans and English are alike Anglo-Saxons. But the former are born into a bright exciting atmosphere, the latter into one which is clouded and oppressive. American sunshine is, I fancy, a source of exhilaration of which we foggy islanders can have little or no conception, and in the course of years this action of climate may, no doubt, essentially modify race. The American of a thousand years hence —if the world should last so long—will probably be a very different type of the Anglo-Saxon family from what he is now. But, as yet, there has scarcely been sufficient time for the modifications of the race characteristics to be very marked, and though we acknowledge the action of climate, we must, I think, look to other causes, and those chiefly geographical, historical, and political, for the difference perceivable between English and American girls.

Digitized by Google

The first mentioned influence will easily be acknowledged. Every one can see that the social differences between any two countries are, in a very great degree, dependent upon their respective geographical position. America is a large country. England is a small one. America—I speak only of the United States, to which in common parlance we affix the name America—is a country centred in itself, having scarcely any foreign surroundings to disturb or alarm it. England is the small centre of a mighty empire. The hostages of its peace are to be found in every quarter of the globe. America is a country which has within its reach but few habits and customs foreign to itself. England has for its near neighbours the most important countries of the civilised world. Americans must, as a rule, cross the Atlantic to find anything essentially different from themselves. English people require only a voyage of two hours to be brought in contact with the most striking diversities of language, taste, and religious feeling.

Now these differences, if I have enumerated them rightly, cannot but have an important and abiding influence upon the social life of the two nations; and the distinctive character of the young generation can, it appears to me, be plainly traced to them.

I will take them in detail.

America, I have said, is a large country. England—or, more strictly speaking, the island of Great Britain—is a small one. How does that difference of size affect social life, and, as a consequence, individual character?

Does it not tend to make America a land in which every one who has common industry and intelligence is certain, humanly speaking, of finding a sphere for his energies; whilst the Englishman most frequently enters life hampered by his surroundings, and obliged, at the very outset, to struggle and compete even for the very means of existence?

And the position of English men must tell upon English women. The boy who begins his career in difficulty and uncertainty is followed and accompanied by the anxieties of the girl who has shared with him the same loving home. Hundreds, thousands of English girls, bred up in comfort, carefully educated, lovingly sheltered, know their first sorrow in the partings which are becoming every day more and more an integral part of English domestic life. India, Africa, Australia, Canada—all demand their tribute; the sacrifice of tender home affections, the separation from cherished interests, the farewells which too often have to seek the hope of reunion only in the world beyond the grave. Look at any English home—even the most sheltered from sorrow, the most rich in the world's possessions—and see if I do not speak truly.

And this *must* affect the character of English home life; I do not think that we ourselves know how greatly, much less can you in America realise it.

Digitized by Google

For what is your position? Your families for the most part congregate in the great towns, and their different branches settle within reach of each other. The young unmarried brother carries on his profession in the same home with his sisters, or if from circumstances he is obliged to remove from it, he is yet within its reach. Even should he settle in the far west he is still living in the same country; he hears the same language, he is subject to the same laws. There is no sense of exile such as that which ofttimes gnaws at the heart of every passing pleasure, and intensifies the weight of every passing care in the case of men who are called upon to spend twenty-five or even thirty years in India, with only an occasional glimpse of the loved ones for whom they are yearning; or who go forth to the Antipodes with the knowledge that the land of their birth is never again to be, in the true sense of the word, Home.

The characteristics of the same race must be modified by such essential differences of circumstances, and the young American girl cannot but develop the hopefulness and joyousness natural to her age, in a degree which the English girl is, generally speaking, unable to reach.

But still further. The English girl, as she passes from girlhood to womanhood, and begins to carry her thoughts beyond her home circle, is met by some of the most insoluble problems which have ever been presented to the human mind. The crush of numbers, the condition of the poor, must be brought before her. I am supposing her to be thoughtful and kind-hearted, anxious to help those around her to the best of her ability. What can she do? Where is she to begin? From amongst the multitude of efforts now making for the amelioration of the condition of the labouring population, and the impoverished members of the more cultivated classes, which is she to choose? And when she has chosen, what is the effect of her little effort? What good can her small strength accomplish? Faith will be preached to her. She will be reminded of the widow's mite, but the faith which sustains her own heart will not at the same moment give food to the starving, or comfort the hopeless and the sinful. Faith indeed she must have, or when she begins to think, the sense of human powerlessness would be simply paralysing; but such faith as this is not consistent with a light, buoyant spirit. When an English girl begins to think, she must be, she cannot but be, grave.

No doubt an American girl will often be grave from similar causes, for human sorrow, and vice and poverty, are to be found everywhere, and in the great cities of the new world they must congregate as they do in the old world.

But there is an outlet for them; there is room for expansion—there is above all, hope. No man in your vast, new, unexhausted land need hunger and die for want of the means by which to eat and live. Vice and improvidence will suffer, but we do not grieve for them in the

Digitized by Google

sense of having our hearts heavy, and even our faith tried simply by the sight of their suffering. We recognise trial as their due discipline, and pray that it may work for repentance and amendment. It is the innocent, lonely, hopeless, and helpless ones—our fellow countrymen and fellow citizens—brought up in desperate poverty, and surrounded by temptations to sin, the thought of whom casts a dark shadow over many an otherwise bright English home.

Yet, further, the geographical position of the two countries must tend to alter the character of home life.

The home of the richer classes of America is often more or less cosmopolitan, if such a term can in any right sense be applied to a home. In such cases it has no deep roots. The attractions of Europe naturally induce Americans to cross the Atlantic, and as the voyage is troublesome, and the expense of moving is great, they cannot be expected to come for a short time. The French and German languages are to be best acquired in the respective countries, and the education of the young people is therefore carried on in some great foreign city, whilst Paris, being the most convenient and most agreeable resting-place, is chosen as the family centre. And so Americans migrate *en masse*; and if they cannot remain together, the father goes backwards and forwards, the mother and children remain in Europe, and this for several years, and those perhaps the most important of all as regards the formation of home ties. Is it strange that this early training should develop a spirit of restlessless, a craving for change; a certain sense of transitoriness and instability in the relations of life, which must be likely to interfere with a devotion to definite pursuits, and make the interests of the present moment the one chief consideration? Why begin a work to-day when to-morrow it will, in all probability, be broken up? Why undertake duties knowing they cannot be carried out? Why plan for the future when no probable calculation can be made as to where or how that future is to be spent? Any English person who has had much to do with Americans in Europe, will, I think, be prepared to own that a sense of restlessness and uncertainty in their arrangements becomes at last so fixed an idea in dealing with them that it is a matter of course to take it into account.

The cause of this characteristic restlessness may, I think, without question be traced to the geographical position of their country; the almost necessity which is thought to exist for leaving it at an early age for months, or even years, and thus rooting up the natural ties of country and home. The English girl, on the contrary, having the continent close at hand, makes her summer tour with her parents, but returns to her fixed home, after an absence of a few weeks, to resume the employments which she had been able to lay aside without difficulty; and as that which is near at hand is less thought of than that which is far off, she may probably pass several years without again having the pleasure of a

Digitized by Google

visit even to France. There are many English women indeed who reach middle life without having seen anything of foreign countries. They have settled themselves in their homes, and duties have crowded upon them; and in the difficulty of finding some one to go abroad with them even for a short time, and the knowledge that they may go any day, a reason has been found for a delay which at last becomes *no* day. I do not for a moment say that this is an advantage—it may be a great disadvantage. The narrowness, insularity, exclusiveness of English society is a universal complaint, and its origin is no doubt to be found in the want of contact with other nations, and the absence of any standard of comparison but that which is to be found in the circle of our small island. These faults are, I hope and think, decreasing, and will continue to decrease, but they form the wrong side of a virtue, and therefore it is difficult to extirpate them without, at the same time, creating a certain amount of craving for change and excitement which is by no means to be desired. The *via media* is at all times and in all cases difficult of attainment.

But the historical traditions of the two countries must also be taken into consideration when we are inquiring into the causes of national distinctions. America is the land of hope, England is the land of memory. England looks back, America looks forward. The future of your country, dear H——, is a blank page on which may be traced by sanguine optimists all that is cheering and stimulating for the improvement of the human race. England's future is blank also, in so far as it is unknown, but over it there float the shadows of centuries, and could we to-morrow entirely alter the form of government, put an end to hereditary aristocracy, and introduce a code of laws which should have no distinct connection with the past, we could never forget that that past had once existed. We are, in fact, pressed down on every side by the traditions of the ages gone by. We cannot read the names of London streets without being carried back to the events from which those names were derived, or the ancestors who were once the proud possessors of the land. We cannot take up a current English coin and note the inscription upon it without being reminded of those long past days, almost coeval with Christianity, when the Romans ruled in Britain, and departed, leaving, as a legacy, portions of their laws and of their language. The old Norman French still lingers in parliamentary usage, recalling the days of the Norman kings when French was the recognised language of the governing powers. Democracy may spread, it may even rule politically, yet the traditions of English history still leaven it, for they are part and parcel of the soil we tread. We make changes, but we are not satisfied until we have based them upon a reference to primitive custom; and although the divine right of kings is no longer acknowledged even by the most conservative, yet the reason for putting it aside is found in the fact that the Saxon chief was an elected ruler.

Digitized by Google

That which has been, is that which must be and shall be. Such is the idea at the root of our national prejudices; and necessarily it influences our daily intercourse. We have a standard of manners, based on a code of unwritten social laws, and these may slowly alter, as time goes on, but they are issued now, as they always have been, by the authority of the upper grades of society, and are acknowledged as binding by an almost universal submission. And this it is which controls the daily life of an educated English girl, and which, no doubt, tends to make her fastidious, shy, and apparently cold. She does not mean to be so: she does not really set up her own opinion of what is 'the thing,' or not 'the thing' to be done. But she has heard questions of propriety discussed, and has listened to remarks upon manners and tone from her childhood, and insensibly she has become critical in regard to herself, and so there is a degree of caution and quietness about her. She checks herself with the thought of 'what people may say.'

An American girl, on the other hand, though no doubt sensitive as to opinion when she first comes amongst English people and foreigners, must, I imagine, in her own country and amongst her own people be comparatively free from such causes of restraint. The theory of equality must, I should suppose, so influence society that there can be no very defined code of manners associated with any special grade of society. Although educated people will naturally show their education in their general tone, yet where there is no court, and hereditary rank is not acknowledged, there can be few, if any, distinct landmarks by which to settle the degrees of social precedence and influence. And so the cultivated American girl has a happy sense of being the equal of every one she meets, and free to do as she likes, and when she comes to Europe she is confirmed in the idea by the ease with which she obtains admittance into the very highest ranks of society; for, being among the highest in her own land she is received as equal to the highest in other lands.

It is this freedom which makes her more agreeable than an English girl; it enables her to enter into conversation and give her opinion when an English girl will sit silent. She will be deferential in little acts of courtesy—this is indeed a very marked feature in the manners of American girls—but she will speak decidedly upon any subject which may be brought forward. Her parents are treated as her equals, and as regards her own education, she feels herself competent to offer suggestions which are often very sensible, whilst in some cases she actually decides for herself what is best to be done. We may add to this that, having generally travelled on the continent, and having certainly crossed the Atlantic and had the experience of a sea voyage, the American girl possesses information which is amusing and interesting to her stay-at-home English friends, and this gives her an unconscious importance in her own eyes, and in those of the person

Digitized by Google

she is conversing with. At fifteen she is, I think, in these respects quite on a level with the young English woman of one-and-twenty. Which is preferable, the shy unobtrusiveness of the English girl, or the self-possession and decision of tone of the American girl, I do not pretend to decide. I am only tracing these characteristics to their source, and I think you will agree with me that historical and geographical circumstances, affecting, as they must, the domestic life of the two nations, cannot but have much to do with them.

Then again, when we contrast the political conditions of England and America, we shall, I think, see that they must materially, though indirectly, affect social and family life.

Very much alike though they are—based upon the same love of individual freedom, the same desire for just and equal laws—yet that English parliamentary life is the object of the highest ambition to the highly-educated Englishman, but that Congress life is not equally appreciated by the cultivated American, is a fact generally unquestioned.

The House of Commons is by no means ideal in its constitution or its working. It is perhaps only on special occasions, when the noblest feelings of human nature are touched, that it rises to the full dignity of an assembly of *gentlemen*; but it is supported by the respect inherited from more courteous days, and if its members are not all perfectly well bred, there are traditions and ceremonials which keep their shortcomings within reasonable limits; and thus, to have the mystic letters M.P. attached to the name of a husband or brother is a secret ambition with most families who enjoy affluence, or boast of long descent. I think I am right in saying that the desire to see their near relatives in Congress is not equally keen amongst Americans.

But that which we desire for ourselves or for others becomes necessarily very interesting to us. Parliamentary debates are discussed and entered into at an early age in England. The English girl, when she begins to think at all, knows the shades of political feeling, and often declares herself Liberal or Conservative, not merely because her friends take one side or the other, but because she has listened to conversations, and studied leading articles in the *Times*, or the *Spectator*, or some other influential journal. As the policy of the country deeply affects her near relatives, she takes a personal interest in it in all its bearings. It is not only English domestic legislation which is of consequence to her, but the fate of the empire, in which the fortunes of a father, brother, cousin or uncle, are almost certain to be involved. These subjects tend to awaken in her an almost oppressive sense of interest, and even when an English girl cares for nothing else which demands thought, she cares, or thinks she cares, for politics. It would seem that this must insensibly deepen and steady her mind; something beyond home pleasure and family success or comfort must

Digitized by Google

be brought into her life by the calls which are thus made upon her sympathies.

I do not think this is so in America. I imagine, from what I have heard, that the sphere of politics lies outside that of society and the family, and that only under pressing circumstances does it really attract the attention of young people. The State legislature takes care of the nearer interests, which are more connected with finance and police than with abstract principles of government; and the working of Congress is too far removed and too indirect in its influence to be deeply considered at the moment, though on its acts may depend the welfare of future generations.

A prosperous country like America, where every one has room to move, and can find a place if he chooses to exert himself, is tolerably sure to come right whatever may be the passing action of the government or the political disturbances of the country. The way in which the United States have recovered from the terrible strain of the war is a sufficient evidence of this. Years hence the effect of present mistakes may be felt, but at present even if they are recognised they need not be taken to heart, and family life may flow on in its even course whether a Republican or a Democrat majority rule in Congress.

And so the American girl has a subject of the greatest importance, the study of which must materially affect the character, not exactly shut out from her—she is free to enter into it if she will—but practically placed beyond her interest, and if she cares for politics at all it will probably be the politics of Europe. Her sympathies in reference to government and legislation are like her social sympathies, cosmopolitan. They are wide, but not deep; and thus still she floats on the surface of life, having no need to look into its depths, but finding interest, amusement, excitement, in the struggles and difficulties of foreign nations, without the thought or fear that wars or revolutions may one day disturb her own prosperity.

May I not again declare truly that if this world were everything the position of an American girl is one greatly to be envied? I do not say woman, because, as we advance in life, care must, more or less, mar the lightness of heart of every human being. Disappointment, sickness and death, are a heritage not confined to any people or country. The burden of such care is, however, materially increased by the claims of a very large family, which must be in a measure shared by every one of its members, and it is another of the peculiarities of American nationality that families are as a rule small, and the strength of parental affection is therefore very concentrated.

Americans live for their children, and especially for their daughters. The only girl so frequently to be met with is the one object of her parents' thoughts. They make her their companion from infancy; they consult her wishes, and, as I have before said, they listen to her opinion, and at last they are almost governed by her. This kind of

Digitized by Google

young government is no doubt by degrees creeping into England, but the necessities of a large family put difficulties in its way, whereas, so far as I have been able to judge, it is in American families the normal condition.

I do not say that it is always a bad government. There is a fund of good sense and right feeling in the American character which is very early developed, but it is none the less true that the young people rule to an extent which is startling to an English mind, especially to one which has been brought up upon the old traditions of deference to the opinion of elders.

One might be inclined to think at first sight that such an amount of early authority and independence must help to create an absolute selfishness in the character. I question, however, whether it does, for the girl, when she marries and becomes a mother, treats her children as she was treated herself, and so learns to be unselfish; and as part of the national training, it seems to me to work less objectionably than it does in individual cases with us. But that it is a characteristic I think few persons who have had anything to do with American girls will deny. What the children like or what they don't like is, as a rule, the first point to be considered in family arrangements. Happy is it for them that upon the whole they like what is for their good, so far at least that they prefer to learn, and enjoy lessons, and make very good use of their opportunities.

But this same independence of thought and opinion which is not natural to English girls, though it is sometimes adopted by them, is shown in another and still more marked form as the result of the religious condition of America.

In England there is a national Church. Whether this is a good or a bad thing for the country, or whether episcopacy is the highest form of ecclesiastical government, or merely an heirloom from the dark ages, we need not stop to inquire. We will merely notice the fact. This national Church influences the national character. It must do so. Because it is the inheritance of centuries, it is accepted by the mass of the cultivated classes in England as the title-deeds of their estates are accepted. Many may turn away from it, but still it holds its place, and I believe myself will continue to hold it even if disestablished; and as a singular proof of its attraction it is to be remarked that when a man rises in the world there is a natural tendency, if not in himself at least in his family, though they may be nominally Dissenters, to attach themselves to the Church.

But with this attachment to the Church there must come a recognition of authority, a submission to outward laws, the observance of certain times, seasons, ceremonials. These mould, or at any rate have hitherto moulded, the young generation. Even if they think forms unimportant, or liturgies unnecessary, they cling to them. 'The

Digitized by Google

sound of the church-going bell' is to them associated with all that is most cherished in the associations of their early homes, and whatever may be their love of change in other matters they still desire to leave the Church unaltered, except so far as it may be more nearly constructed upon the plan of a primitive model.

The unattached Christian—Unitarian in one place, Presbyterian in a second, Anglican in a third—is in England almost unknown. Not to be nominally a member of some Church is scarcely respectable, and as the national Church comes with the greatest weight of authority from antiquity, many who really care little or nothing for any religion still outwardly profess themselves Church people.

Such a profession is but a form, it has no value in itself, but still if, as I have said, it influences national character, it must also help to mould social life.

The English girl is indeed beginning to think it the mark of superior intellect to rise above dogma, and think lightly of doctrine; but as a matter of taste, Ritualism has a greater attraction for her than Rationalism; indeed we sometimes find a singular union of the two—Rationalistic doctrine and Ritualistic practice. For forms of some sort cannot be given up. An English girl must cling to something, but the American girl as a rule feels no necessity to cling to anything but her own opinions. Her friends do very well without being limited by traditions and set creeds. They may be Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Romanists, Unitarians, but the question of religion does not affect social and affectionate intercourse. And this seems very pleasant, and as it apparently fosters charity and personal kindliness it is adopted as the true outcome of freedom.

I think I am correct in saying that an American Churchwoman (such as yourself), though she may, like the Roman Catholic, hold very definite opinions upon certain points, does not find it difficult to be the intimate friend of a Unitarian;* and the Unitarian being accepted without hesitation joins in the Church service when it suits her convenience, reads Church literature, admires Church eloquence, and in fact, like the bee, flits from flower to flower of the ecclesiastical garden, gathering, as she supposes, from each and every form of religious teaching, sweets for her own hive, all the time thinking herself free to believe as much as she chooses and to reject any claim of obedience to ecclesiastical authority.

And the ecclesiastical influences which cause such a difference between English and American girls in their religious education is at work also in directing the current of daily life. The mere fact that the limits of a parish are in England territorial, and in America congregational, has an importance which, though not at once recognised,

* This term includes in America (so far as I have been able to gather) every shade of opinion, from some speculative difficulty as to the wording of the Athanasian Creed, to the rejection of the Divinity of Christ.

Digitized by Google

cannot be unfelt. The English girl, whether in town or country, whether she prefers or does not prefer it, belongs to a particular district, and is under the nominal guidance of a particular clergyman, and as a result has claims upon her time and purse quite irrespective of her own sympathies. The parochial system of England gives to every individual a place and a duty. The place may be chosen voluntarily, but the duty is involuntary. It may be neglected, but it cannot be negatived. 'Such a hamlet is in our parish, it has no church, therefore a church must be built, and subscriptions must be collected.' 'Such a person is a parishioner, and though he is a Dissenter he must be aided in his poverty.' 'Such another person is not a parishioner, therefore, though he is a Churchman, I had better not help him without consulting the clergyman of the parish to which he belongs.'

Limits and restrictions like these are often troublesome, and looking at the arrangement of parishes in England, one cannot say that they are on a footing always fitted for the present day. Many are the outgrowth of centuries, dating back from the territorial limits of some feudal baron. Some day they may be entirely destroyed; every day they are being more or less modified and altered. But they exist, and their existence is felt and acted upon by almost every private family in England; for the first thing an English girl who wishes to spend her time usefully has to consider, is the needs of her own parish.

An American parish, on the other hand, is congregational and voluntary. Those who do not like the parish they belong to may make choice of another, and outside the voluntary association no claims can be made except upon the ordinary principles of benevolence. The fact also that so large a proportion of the poor population in America are Irish Roman Catholics, and under the direct guidance of their priests, must, I imagine, in some degree, lessen the sense of responsibility in connection with them. They may be helped, and no doubt they are helped very largely, but they cannot appeal for such help as a right in the same way as the English poor man claims the sympathy and support of his rich fellow-parishioners.

All these things tend—they cannot but tend—to foster that lighter tone of mind, that surface view of the needs and claims of this mortal life, which, I have ventured to suggest, is a distinctive characteristic of the young American girl when compared with the English girl.

Do not for a moment think that I speak of it as a fault. It is but the natural result of circumstances. If I have drawn attention to it, it is only as I should speak of the morbid shyness and reserve of the English, or the quick susceptibility of the Italians. We are not answerable for such characteristics; we are only bound to recognise them, if they exist, with the view of avoiding the faults to which they may, if not carefully watched, ultimately lead. And therefore, just

Digitized by Google

as I should say to an English girl, 'You must widen your sympathies, if you are to be that which God wishes and intends you to be,' so I would say to an American girl, 'You must deepen your principles by a grave view of life's responsibilities.'

And how is this to be done? That is the question you will ask, and which you have a right to ask. And my first impulse would be to answer candidly, I do not know. I see the need, I feel it, but the sense of my ignorance and blindness inclines me to silence.

Yet you will be dissatisfied if I do not say something. It seems, and is, so hard to have a seeming deficiency pointed out, and yet to have no idea suggested as to how it may be supplied. And for that reason I will, upon second thoughts, and even at the risk of uttering truisms, mention one or two ways by which, it sometimes appears to me, the instability (if I may so call it) of young and rich American life may be to some extent remedied. And first, I would say to my typical American girl, recognise fully to yourself that you are allowed a great deal of independence, and that your parents make you the one object of their thoughts, and for that very reason make the sacrifice of self in dependence upon God's help, and let your own wishes be always kept secondary to theirs. Give them voluntarily the deference and consideration for which they will not ask. Don't insist upon going to Germany, or Italy, or Sweden, merely because you take the fancy to go, but study carefully what they would like; and if you express your own wishes, always do so with a reservation in their favour.

Then, although you may perhaps find interest and pleasure in Europe, never forget that you have a country, which, as it is dear to you from the pride you take in its greatness and prosperity, ought also to be made dear to you by the work you desire to do for it, and in it.

It is not for me to say what that work should be; but that there must be something which every American girl and woman can do to benefit her own people is undoubted. It may not be as easy to find this work in a large country as in a small one; the claims of America may be less pressing, and the stimulus to exertion less keen than in Europe; but this state of national prosperity and freedom from care cannot always exist, and upon the efforts of the Americans of the present will depend the happiness of the Americans of the future. If you think of this you will scarcely rest satisfied with leading an easy and so-called happy life, however apparently innocent; you will want to do something for somebody; to live so that when absent your work and your presence may be missed beyond the circle of your own family. This consciousness of being missed is a very essential element in happiness, though it involves restrictions and self-denial. That it is possible to lead a most devoted life of exertion for others in the midst of the prosperous, self-sufficing American world I know full well, for I could

Digitized by Google

point to those who do it. The only difference between such a life in England and in your country is that in England the claims are obvious and urgent, whilst in America they have, I imagine, to be sought out, and may be set aside without any great reproach of conscience.

But you live, it may be, a cosmopolitan life; you have a nominal home in your own country, but you are really a wanderer; or if not a wanderer, a permanent settler—one of the American Colony, as the expression now is, in Paris or Dresden, in Rome or Florence.

That is a more difficult and trying position when we look for outside duties. And yet it is by no means hopeless. The claims of English residents of the lower classes in Paris are, I know, multitudinous, and of late years great efforts have been made to meet them. I should suppose there must be many such claims in other large cities on the continent, and amongst them there will doubtless be some connected with Americans; but even if there are not, England and America are so united by the ties of common descent and common language that there can seldom be any difficulty felt by the two nations in working together for common objects of benevolence. I speak upon such subjects ignorantly, and therefore vaguely, but I would still urge strongly that wherever you live, you should make a point of finding some duty, undertaking some work, outside your own home circle—that you should not be content with merely giving money, providing yourself first with every luxury that heart can desire, and then giving of your superfluity to any chance claimant of charity who may cross your path.

'God forbid that I should offer unto the Lord of that which doth cost me nothing,' were the words of David when, in the depths of his penitential devotion, he refused the princely gift of Araunah; and so should every Christian say in the sincerity of his heart when he ventures to bring his offering—in whatever form it may be made—to Him who gave Himself for us. If the gift of money costs us nothing, surely so much the more are we bound to add to it the gift of time, thought, labour. In many cases it may, and indeed must be, a very small gift, only, perhaps, a little needlework, or the task of collecting subscriptions, or writing letters, or a few visits of kindness; but it is not the quantity, or the importance, in an earthly sense, of the work undertaken which gives it its highest value, it is the spirit which is put into it, and which has an influence more effective than we can have the least idea of until we have watched the development of various characters in small societies. If you are once known as a person of whom it may be said, 'She will do what she can,' duties will by degrees gather round you wherever you may be. But first you must be contented to make yourself known by doing small things in a small way. It is this sense of duty, this absolute *must*, which deepens the character insensibly, and you will remember that I am

Digitized by Google

venturing to suggest that it is depth which the American girl more especially needs.

And from depth we may rise to height. That is what we all ought to aim at—to live above this world, with a high and satisfying object before us. For the attainment of this object many efforts are made in the present day which I confess perplex me. I read books and speeches of transcendental mysticism which throw a halo and veil round human nature, and make it appear glorified by a radiance belonging only to itself. I hear of the Enthusiasm of Humanity and the Attraction of Altruism, and there may be to others a strength and charm in these words and terms, but for myself I do not recognise their power. When I want to be raised above earth, I am obliged to lift my thoughts above it. From duty to man I can rise to the love of God, and in that love I can find rest, but in nothing else. What I want is to live with God on earth; to live with Him as my glorious King, my most watchful Guide, my nearest, dearest, most tender Friend. Any life short of this must, it seems to me, be dull and vapid and heartless, and for the furtherance of such a life I find it necessary to have definite ideas of religious truth, of the nature of the Being to whom I would devote myself, and of the mode in which I can approach Him and serve Him with the greatest hope of being acceptable to Him. And it is here that I find the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, as taught by the Church of which I was made a member in my infancy, so peculiarly helpful. I am thankful, inexpressibly thankful, that I was brought up to be an English Churchwoman, and I believe that numbers of Americans who are one with me in religious faith feel the same. But the typical American Christian must not be considered to have adopted any special form of creed or Church government, and this renders it most difficult to give any particular suggestions for the attainment of what is sometimes called the true Higher Life. All I would say is that it must be a life with God, including absolute devotion, gratitude, dependence, and personal love, and that no form of benevolence to man can possibly take its place.

'Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.' So spake the poet, and so does every Christian heart still speak and shall for ever speak. Once let this feeling, this affection, become the motive principle of existence, and national differences sink into nothing. It is because American life, from its peculiar circumstances, seems to me less calculated to enforce the necessity of such a view of happiness than an English life, that I have ventured to speak of it as in a certain sense less stable. Earth offers so many attractions that the need of heaven is less likely to be felt.

And you will say to me then, Do I prefer an English life? I answer—'I prefer nothing.' God has a separate work for every nation to do, as He has a separate work for every individual. There are times when, looking at what appears to be the brightness of

Digitized by Google

American society, its hopefulness and capabilities, I am tempted to envy the light-hearted, cherished, petted young girls who are introduced into life with such surroundings.

But again, when I look at the discipline of English life, and see the working of its manifold difficulties—its early pressure, its overwhelming claims of duty—and mark how these mould the character, and give scope for the highest forms of self-sacrifice and self-devotion, then I am satisfied that all is best with us as it is. Each nation has its special place in the world, each has its special temptations. If the fire of the furnace is hotter, the gold may thus be rendered purer. If it is kept under, it must be in order that the gold may more safely be moulded to the form required. I have an intense sympathy with English girls, a most deep and tender affection and interest in American girls. Not for worlds would I cast a shadow over their lives. Their freshness and warmth are delightful to me. The ordering of God's Providence has made the two peoples different. Let them remain different. Each has a charm for the other. I have most dearly loved American friends. An English friend once said to me, 'Would you not like them to be English?' My answer was 'No, for half the attraction of the friendship would be gone.'

With this I will end. I need not add an apology for anything I have said. We are too much one in feeling for you to require it.

Yours ever,

E. M. S.

Digitized by Google

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

V.

THE CANTICLES, TE DEUM, AND BENEDICITE.

Susan. Here we have what is most distinctly praise in the Canticles. Do I define the word rightly as a song of praise?

Aunt Anne. A scriptural song of praise for some special benefit conferred. The *Te Deum* is not, however, properly a canticle, though we have come to consider it as such from having made it alternative with a true Canticle, the *Benedicite.* The old rule of Sarum gave the *Te Deum* daily at Matins after the Lesson, and at Lauds a scripture Canticle for each day of the week, so as to come in morning twilight. So the song of the Three Children was sung on Sunday; the song of Isaiah (chap. xii.), 'O Lord, I will praise Thee,' on Monday; the song of Hezekiah, after his sickness, on Tuesday; the song of Hannah on Wednesday; the first song of Moses after passing the Red Sea, on Thursday; the song of Habakkuk on Friday; the last song of Moses on Saturday.

S. But where are the New Testament songs?

A. The *Benedictus* came every day at Lauds after the Lesson, *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* at Vespers and Compline.

S. I see, we keep the daily ones.

A. Which may be called the Gospel ones. And I dare say you have often observed that the *Te Deum* is the only one that needs no Doxology, being composed in full Christian light, and therefore being all direct praise to the Most Holy Trinity.

S. Do you think it is the hymn of S. Ambrose, and that he and S. Augustine sang it together at S. Augustine's baptism?

A. It is quite possible that they may have sung it together, but not that they extemporised it, for there is reason to suppose that it already existed. See here in Blunt's Annotated Prayer-book, we are told that St. Cyprian, in a treatise written in 252 on a time of pestilence at Carthage, is apparently quoting it when he says, 'There is the glorious company of the Apostles, there is the fellowship of the prophets exulting, there is the innumerable multitude of martyrs crowned after their victory and strife.'

S. It seems as if he had it in his mind.

A. The last and fullest account of it that I have seen is in the recent number of the *Church Quarterly*, March, 1884. There it is marked that the quotations from the Psalms in the latter part are in the words of S. Jerome's translation, which seems to prove that this version cannot be older than his time. The earlier part has similarities to an ancient Gallican Liturgy, and thus leads to the conclusion that

Digitized by Google

it emanated from the Gallic Church, but it cannot be by S. Hilary of Poitiers, to whom it is sometimes ascribed, as he died before S. Jerome's Bible was put forth. The writer thinks that it probably emanated from the great convent of Lerins, which was a perfect school of the prophets, and that it was really a compilation of notes of praise, the most magnificent in existence.

S. And it has always been the special note of thanksgiving sung after victory and special deliverances, and set to the most magnificent music.

A. It is quite enough for a study in itself. There is a beautiful little book about it by Bishop Alexander Forbes which I advise you to read if you wish to give your teaching any depth.

S. I suppose the first thing is to mark the three divisions—Praise, Creed, and Prayer.

A. Observing, too, that it is at first a hymn which begins with praise to the Father, then acknowledges the glory of the Eternal Trinity in Unity, and then especially addresses itself to our Blessed Lord.

S. I see. The early part seems to be founded on what S. John saw and heard in Heaven and describes in the fourth chapter of Revelation.

A. It is not only founded on that vision, but realises it. We, as we join in it, are some of the creatures on the earth that sing with the Beings above. You know that scene of continuous praise, forms, as it were, the background of all the terrors and judgments, the seals, the trumpets, the thunders and the vials, even to the end. Every now and then, when there is a pause, and the victory is won, the voices are heard of the Church above and below, still praising God, and acknowledging Him to be the Lord.

S. So we sing at first of the entire universe, earth and the heavenly hosts, the Angels, the Heavens and all the Powers therein.

A. Then looking more closely, we speak of those in Heaven and earth who praise Him.

S. The Cherubim and Seraphim. We know that the threefold chant, 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' is sung by both, because Isaiah heard it from the Seraphim in his vision (chap. vi.), and S. John from the Cherubim (Rev. iv.).

A. You should show the identity of the four Beasts or Living Creatures with the Cherubim by a reference to Ezekiel's first vision, and afterwards to his tenth chapter, fifteenth verse. There are much deeper studies and mysteries connected with these, the highest of all creation—those who know, and those who burn with love. But it will be enough for the present purpose for you to show your pupils those passages, the 6th of Isaiah, showing the six-winged Seraphim, making an arch of glory over the Throne of God, and the two descriptions of the Cherubim by Ezekiel and S. John. That will at least give a glimpse of the wonderful import of those two names.

Digitized by Google

S. Why are they Cherubin and Seraphin? I thought *im* was the Hebrew plural.

A. So it is, the masculine plural; but old vernacular versions, as I am told—Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and French—as well as English, all had the *in*. *Cherubin* is, you know, the French singular, *Cherubino* the Italian. The *n* was used in an old English metrical version before 1300, and the tradition continued, and Cherubin is the word in the singular in the Prayer-book, 18th Psalm. Perhaps Sternhold thought it a diminutive as he renders it—

'On Cherubs and on Cherubins
Right Royally He rode.'

However, the American Prayer-book, less bound by tradition, has returned to Cherubim and Seraphim, and the Latin preserves it; the translators made it *in*, and the termination has been allowed so to continue.

S. Sabaoth is of course the Hebrew for hosts.

A. And it is well to think what that word hosts expresses—the legions of angels, the endless multitude of stars, the throngs of men that people this single world, the animal creation swarming in every drop of water, and throughout the air, all dependent on the will of the Lord God of Sabaoth, thus praised in the Trisagion, or thrice Holy.

S. The Lesson for Trinity Sunday tells of Isaiah hearing that song.

A. It was one of the Old Testament testimonies to the existence of the Most Holy Trinity. And then in accordance with the vision of S. John where the Four Living Creatures begin that same song, and the company of Heaven take it up, we go on to enumerate those who praise the glory in Heaven and earth.

S. The glorious company of the Apostles, and the goodly fellowship of Prophets. Are they not held to be represented by the four-and-twenty Elders round about the Throne?

A. And as they cast their crowns before the Throne and worship Him that liveth for ever and ever, so do we bow our heads at the thrice Holy.

S. The noble army of Martyrs, with the white robes and palms in their hands (Rev. vii. 9).

A. The Latin original is *candidatus exercitus*, and the old English was white host. Noble once meant something shining, and probably the two-syllabled words were substituted as more rhythmical.

S. And now we think of Bishop Heber's lines—

'A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed.'

A. It seems to open to us the vista of the glorified Saints and Angels, led by the Cherubim, the Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, all in

Digitized by Google

their ranks of light, and then as in Rev. v. 11—13, coming to 'every creature which is in Heaven or in earth.'

S. The Holy Church throughout all the world—there it changes from the Praise to the confession of faith—'doth acknowledge Thee.'

A. As if the one ray of light were here parted into the three.

S. It is the beginning of the Creed portion.

A. Creed and Praise are closely united, for there can be no greater praise of God than owning what He is.

S. After that begins the address to Christ.

A. As the ascended Lord, in a phrase taken from the Ascension Psalm.

S. 'Who is the King of Glory? It is the Lord of Hosts. He is the King of Glory' (Ps. xxiv. 10).

A. Then turning, as in the opening of the Epistle to the Hebrews, our Christmas-Day Epistle, from showing Him in the brightness of His Glory, the express image of His Father's Person, the hymn praises Him for the exceeding humility of His Incarnation.

S. Or as it is in the Epistle to the Philippians, ii. 6—'Who being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but took on Him the form of a servant.'

A. The hymn touches on the extreme lowliness of His birth. The full sense of the Latin is, however, as Professor Blunt points out, not entirely rendered. It is '*Tu ad liberandum, suscepturus hominem, non horruisti Virginis uterum,*' which would be literally, 'Thou, being about to take manhood to deliver it, didst not shrink from the Virgin's womb,' but the exact rendering was sacrificed for the sake of the rhythm.

S. I see; it speaks in the original of His taking our nature upon Him.

A. 'God sent forth His Son, made of a woman.'

S. It goes straight on to the fulness of His victory.

A. I think the allusion in the first part of the verse is to S. Peter's words in Acts ii. 24, 'Having loosed the pains of death: because it was not possible that He should be holden of it.'

S. That, however, scarcely gives the same sense of victory.

A. Here it is again, in Micah's prophecy (Micah, ii. 13), 'The Breaker is come up before them; they have broken up and passed through the gate, and are gone out by it, and their King shall pass before them, and the Lord at the head of them.'

S. Yes, that answers indeed to the Easter Sunday Collect, 'Who hast overcome death, and opened to us the gate of everlasting life.'

A. There follow the glorifying Him as He sits in Heaven, and the completion of His triumph, when He shall 'come to be our Judge.'

S. Which turns our thoughts back to ourselves, and how we shall stand before Him. Thus we pray that *therefore* He will help us, His redeemed servants.

Digitized by Google

A. The next verse has a curious history here in Blunt's Annotated Prayer-book. Before 1492 all the Latin copies were written, '*Æterna fac cum sanctis tuis munerari*,' and the vernacular versions all said, 'make them to be rewarded;' but after that time the Latin was always printed *numerari*, and the translation thus is, '*to be numbered* with Thy saints.'

S. I suppose it was the error of a scribe or printer, *num* and *mun* are so much alike in writing; but it is strange that it should have been so universally accepted in all the Churches.

A. Perhaps because it chimes in with the thought of 'And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels' (Mal. iii. 17). Meantime we call on Him to bless us here below as His own inheritance.

S. We are of those Gentiles whom He has given as His inheritance (Ps. ii. 8). So we carry on His praise on earth day by day, and entreat Him that He will vouchsafe to keep us this day without sin. Can that be?

A. As Mr. Keble once said to me, that prayer would not be put into our mouths were it not for what is possible. Surely we believe that there are saints who, by the guidance of the Holy Spirit, can spend a day without actual sin; and are not we called on to be saints ourselves? It is as it were bringing home the general entreaty above to the single day before us, Keep us *this* day without sin.

S. Yes. It is like 'doe the nexte thing.' And now we come to our alternative. You said that in the Sarum Use it was always sung on Sunday at Lauds.

A. Yes, and Professor Blunt says it was sung between the Lessons in an old Gallican Use. He quotes, too, from S. Augustine and Rufinus sentences that show that it was in constant use in the Primitive Church. In King Edward's first Prayer-book, a rubric directed that it should be used instead of the *Te Deum* in Lent. This was omitted in the second Prayer-book, but the custom is generally observed.

S. Because it is not so high a note of praise as the *Te Deum*, which does directly glorify the Holy Trinity, and needs no Doxology.

A. Yes. Some, too, begin it on Septuagesima Sunday, to chime in with the history of the creation, and in some churches it is sung when the second chapter of Daniel has been the First Lesson.

S. I must take an Apocrypha with me, and read the girls the prayer with which the three princes began; and then the description of the moist whistling wind that came between them and the flames—

> 'And made the rushing fire-flood seem
> Like summer breeze by woodland stream.'

Also the first five verses of the song of blessing which are not in the Prayer-book.

A. Rufinus says this hymn was often sung by martyrs in the fire.

Digitized by Google

S. How it fulfils 'Wherefore glorify ye the Lord in the fires, even the Name of the Lord God of Israel in the isles of the sea' (Is. xxiv. 15).

A. I am afraid commentators say that 'fires' should be lights, meaning the east. But the prophecy is perfectly fulfilled without that detail.

S. Since both in the east and west, God is glorified. But I am sorry.

A. So am I; but it is not safe to teach from our own private interpretation without having verified it; so much may depend on the mere wording of our own version, and there have been cases where the confutation of an ignorant, pious explanation has seriously disturbed the whole faith of the person who had accepted it.

S. I see. One might do harm.

A. The hymn used to have a Doxology of its own, said to be by Pope Damasus, which was left out in our Prayer-book—'O let us bless the Father, and the Son, with the Holy Ghost; let us praise Him and magnify Him for ever. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, in the firmament of Heaven, worthy to be praised, and glorious, and magnified for ever. Amen.'

S. I wonder why it was left out.

A. Probably from the impatience of variety, and desire to make responses easier to a congregation mostly without Prayer-books. Let me give you a hint, that if you want to teach young and rather idle children to attend to lessons on the Prayer-book, the Canticles serve excellently to begin with to catch their attention, this one especially.

S. Is it not difficult to tell them how all the inanimate things praise God?

A. I think not. Even the youngest child can understand that they have fulfilled His commandment ever since they were created. The 19th and 148th Psalms give the key-note.

S. The 'wind and storm fulfilling His Word.' Do you think that Hananiah, Azariah, and Mishael really did sing the song in the furnace?

A. The Greek and Syriac versions of Daniel give the hymn—not the Hebrew, and therefore S. Jerome durst not treat it as certainly part of Holy Scripture. I think myself that the probability is in favour of the youths—sons of David, remember—having been inspired to sing some such note of praise when they found themselves unscathed, whether they did or did not themselves see Him who walked with them in the fire. As it has been said, they could not sing to please them who carried them captive, but they sang in the furnace. It is quite possible that their song may have been the germ at once of the 148th Psalm and of this hymn.

S. Then I may teach my girls that they sang it?

A. That there is reason to believe that they did, not quite giving it like an article of faith, but allowing all the interest, and, as we may say, pleasure of the belief.

Digitized by Google

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

XVIII.—AS YOU LIKE IT.

(*Published* 1623; *supposed date*, 1600.)

'Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.'

How many different regions are there in 'the realms of gold,' the enchanted lands created by poet and dreamer and seer? Besides 'the wide expanse' over which 'the deep-browed Homer ruled,' there are innumerable provinces—the romance world, the lands of the heroes, the shadowy realm of allegory, the homes of fairy-tale and fable. But there is one special region, differing from all the others, yet having some points in common with all, with which we have a present concern; a region much belauded and much laughed at, sometimes representing the essence of poetry, sometimes the essence of affectation and unreality—in a word, Arcadia. It would be interesting to study the varieties of ideas which Arcadia has been taken to stand for. Perhaps the vision which the word most quickly suggests now is that of a dainty pair of figures—she with flowered skirt and lace apron filled with roses, and a jaunty hat on her powdered hair; he in amazingly fine shirt-ruffles and embroidery, poised on high-heeled shoes, airily smelling a flower, the shepherd and shepherdess of the Dresden china Arcadia. But we cannot fancy Shakspere in any connection with this region of pretty clothes, pretty faces, and sentiment to match. He walked into the Arcadia of his contemporaries, and transformed it by a breath of his vigorous life. He brought into it those traditions of the joys of a free forest life preserved since Robin Hood's day in many an old ballad dear to English hearts; he made it alive with the ring of the hunter's horn and his gay song, instead of only the conventional shepherd's pipe, thus touching the national love of field sports; his shepherds own real sheep, which are sheared and fed and doctored with tar, instead of only skipping round the shepherd, which appears to be the usual amusement of Arcadian sheep. But with all these changes he kept the true enchanted atmosphere of Arcadia, that fairy-land without fairies, cut off from ordinary commonplace existence, all open air, sunshine, peace, hope, and brightness, the sharp angles and ugliness of life all toned down by its magic spell, and the result is *As You Like It*. There is nothing to show why Shakspere gave it this name, or even what exactly he meant by it, but we may, if we please, see in the title an indication of the drift of the play,

Digitized by Google

that life is to each actor in its drama what he makes it for himself, saying to each 'As you make it, as you take it,' in one sense therefore 'as you like it.' It appears to have followed closely on *Much Ado About Nothing*, which was so full of brilliancy, life, and excitement. Here we have a change indeed, for there are not many exciting incidents in *As You Like It*, and the most sensational, the rescue of Oliver from the lioness, is only described, not presented to us; but the brightness and force of the characters and the grace of the scenes fully compensate for the absence of stirring events.

The origin of the story is well known. It is taken from the romance of *Rosalynde*, written by Thomas Lodge, and published in 1590, which again was largely borrowed from *The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*, long reckoned as Chaucer's, among the *Canterbury Tales*. Shakspere seems to have liked *Rosalynde*, for he clings to it closely throughout, only omitting or modifying such incidents as did not suit his purpose, and adding Jacques, Touchstone, and Audrey. Rosador, the hero of *Rosalynde*, has almost exactly Orlando's experiences. He is the victim of an elder brother's tyranny, revolts suddenly from it, gains distinction and the heroine's affections in a wrestling match, is forced to fly, followed by his faithful old Adam Spenser, is nearly starved, and takes refuge with the banished king. Here he writes verses on trees to his lady, meets her in disguises, and plays at courting and marrying her. He then rescues his tyrant brother, who marries the second heroine when he marries Rosalynde. Other minor points correspond equally, as the whole story of Phebe and Silvanus, for instance, and a few of the names are the same, Rosalynde, Ganymede, Aliena, Phebe, and Adam; the rest are re-named. Whether by accident or design, the action of this play is carried on almost entirely in the open air: not only all the Arden scenes, but those in the duke's palace and near Oliver's house, take place under the open sky, except three, two of which are unimportant, so that we never lose the sense of breezy freshness all the time.

The first opening of the play brings before us such an orchard as Shakspere knew right well in his country home, with apple and pear trees in all the glory of their pink and white blossoms, for *As You Like It* is a play for spring time; it is all blooming and growing, not ripe and full like summer time, not gently fading like autumn, nor chilly like winter. Under the trees stands the handsome chestnut-haired boy, whose life ought also to be in springtide bloom, but to whom fate has so far been unkind. Orlando is Shakspere's most complete realisation of that much-beloved being who lives in numberless fairy tales, the oppressed younger brother, who always begins with such misfortunes and such battles with a cruel world, and after a bold struggle with fate, and making friends in all sorts of strange places, he always ends gloriously and marries the princess. He is 'Daümling' cowering in the ashes, he is the blacksmith's son in the 'Enchanted

Digitized by Google

Head,' he is the youngest brother of the 'Fox's Brush' and the 'Water of Life'—in fact he is ubiquitous all through fairyland, and in Orlando he reappears in Arcadia. There are touches of this character about several of Shakspere's other young heroes, but in none is he in such perfection as in this young son of Sir Rowland de Bois. It is one of the ideals which never loses its charm. It appeals to our sympathies by the undeserved suffering which it undergoes, and to our affection and admiration by its loveableness and the bold front it presents to fortune when once aroused from passive endurance. Shakspere shows us his hero just at the moment of awakening. It is not from want of spirit that Orlando bears so long with the indignities of his position, but from the force of habit and the difficulties of asserting himself against Oliver's power. Also he is very young, just passing into manhood, and it is only as he begins to look about him a little that he fully realises the extreme injustice of his brother's conduct, and the force of indignation gathers within him. His counterpart in the novel, having been left the largest share of his father's property, is deliberately kept down in every way, lest he should pluck up spirit enough to demand his rights; but Orlando seems to be simply neglected and set aside, his mind left untrained and his affectionate nature undeveloped. In spite of this, he manages to pick up education for himself, and the fine disposition that no ill-treatment sours draws friends to him not only from the humble rank in which he is forced to live. He is not quick at taking up a new idea or a fresh line of action; like many of these young heroes, he is absorbed in one idea till he does not perceive what actually passes before his eyes, and is easily deceived. There is fire enough in his disposition, in spite of his endurance, and even a distant allusion which might disparage his beloved father's memory makes it burst forth in startling fashion.

By the side of our young hero stands one of the most beautiful of Shakspere's lesser characters. As far as he goes, there is not a finer figure in the whole Shakspere gallery than this old Adam, the ideal old retainer, whose life has become identified with that of the family he has served so long. His venerable form might have stood in the scenery of the dear old ballad of 'The Old and Young Courtier,' he seems to be in such perfect keeping with that delightful ancient hall where dwelt 'the old courtier of the queen;' we could fancy his passing his last days there in placid repose. But fate has been cruel to him in leaving him under such a master as Oliver. For Adam's is no blind devotion; he feels most keenly the brutality of the heir whom he would like to respect, and therefore turns all the more warmly to the worthier representative of old Sir Rowland, on whom he concentrates all his grateful affection. There is a grand simplicity about the old man; no calculating, no hesitating in his actions; he would gladly sacrifice home, living, even life itself for his darling. We should be very sorry if the tradition that Shakspere himself acted Adam's part

Digitized by Google

could be disproved; we would rather imagine him in it than many more important characters.

Adam's affectionate watchfulness must have seen that matters were coming to a crisis with Orlando, and nothing surprises him in Orlando's passionate outburst, which prepares us to dislike Oliver heartily before we see him, and when we do see him we are fully justified, as he is in every respect the brutal tyrant Orlando's words have suggested, only affected by fear of personal injury. Orlando's vigorous young grasp on his throat is the sort of thing which alone makes him hear reason, and then he turns from violence to scheming in order to get rid of the brother who has thus suddenly sprung up into manhood to beard him. There is never a hint of relenting or struggle with any better feelings as Oliver carries out his deadly purpose, and in this respect the character has suffered in being transferred from *Rosalynde*. There the elder brother, Saladyn, has a struggle between honour and avarice before resolving to suppress Rosador, as mentioned before; moreover, his temptation is a stronger one, as he gains so much by keeping Rosador out of the way, whereas to make a wealthy man like Oliver plunge into crime for the sake of a thousand crowns so blackens his character that it is hard to believe in his subsequent reformation. Saladyn does not go quite the length of planning his brother's assassination, though he hopes he will be killed in the wrestling match, and shuts him up as a madman afterwards. Finally, when all his plots fail, he has a long period of imprisonment, during which he repents of his sins, and is thus prepared for the reconciliation with Rosador. Shakspere's alterations in the character certainly make it a less likely one on the whole. About the most hateful point in Oliver is the double treachery with which he works on the sturdy wrestler, Charles, to compass Orlando's death. With some professional swagger, Charles is an honest fellow enough. Having a justifiable confidence in his own powers, he has no doubt that the result of the proposed encounter between him and Orlando would be unpleasant for the young man, and he has sufficient regard for Oliver to take the trouble of warning him to withdraw his brother from such an unequal fight. Such a man is an easy tool for Oliver's cunning, even the sudden ferocity of the exclamation, 'I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his little finger!' does not startle him, and he is quickly persuaded of the reality of his risk from Orlando's revenge. The strong man has clearly more muscle than brains, he is so easily deceived. Possibly the little talk about the court, which precedes the real business, just gives Oliver time to arrange his idea, for we cannot fancy that he does not know about the Dukes and Rosalind every bit as well as Charles; but, indeed, dramatic characters must sometimes ask disinterested questions for the sake of the audience. While he was at it, we should have liked Oliver to elicit how long the real Duke's banishment had lasted, and whether he had quietly allowed

Digitized by Google

himself to be dispossessed and separated from his daughter, and a few more points on which there is some confusion. However, we know enough to understand the situation when (Act iv. sc. 2) we see the two girlish figures on the lawn near Duke Frederick's palace, and recognise another pair of Shakspere's sweet girl friends. Celia and Rosalind, though holding no less firmly together than Beatrice and Hero, have by no means the same relative positions. Rosalind has a good deal of Beatrice in her, but her love for Celia is not of the protecting, shielding kind like Beatrice's for Hero; for neither by position nor character does Celia require to be taken care of. On the contrary, she, as the reigning Duke's daughter, is able to protect her cousin through her affection, and when that fails to keep a home for her it is still little Celia who thinks and devises means of escape, and guides her tall, stately-looking Rosalind. This Celia is a very charming little lady, with her loving heart and generous ways, always thinking how she may at all compensate for her father's misdeeds, though continually being stabbed, as she owns, by his harsh and jealous temper. She has a pretty dignity about her, suiting her position, and a decided fashion of repressing any approach to a liberty; but this is no check to her frank gaiety when chatting alone with Rosalind, or whiling away leisure moments with Touchstone. Her mixture of fun and common sense is very pleasant; she evidently prides herself on not being romantic, and consequently entitled to make fun of her more excitable cousin; but behold, when the time comes, the quiet, sensible Celia falls head over ears in love with the utmost celerity, though she has laughed at Rosalind for doing the same so quickly. But Rosalind must do things quickly or not at all. Everything about this girl is quick, bright, glancing, and changing, like the colours on a pheasant's breast, her humour varying from grave to gay and back again. By nature she is all life and wild spirits, but trouble has come upon her and developed the graver side of her character as well. Not all the gaiety of her court life, nor even Celia's affection, can make her quite forget her father's wrong. Still, hardly any combination of circumstances would long quell Rosalind's spring of fun—it flashes out, whether she is playing with Touchstone or struggling against bodily weariness in the Forest of Arden. She does not think herself the least susceptible, falling in love might do for sport; certainly none of Duke Frederick's courtiers attract her. Something has to arouse her pity, admiration, and sympathy, at once; her generous indignation has to be fired before an impression is made on her heart, but then she yields completely to the new feeling which sweeps over her.

As the two girls talk on together another figure appears on the lawn, the very impersonation of wit, and joke, and laughter, and, as the first of Shakspere's Fools, he deserves more than passing attention. That queer freak of human nature which created the professional Fool with his licence of free speech and quaint ways altogether, was a

Digitized by Google

convenient one for the dramatist, providing him with somebody to say and do everything too absurd or too impudent for the other characters. Then the Fool's appearance was an advantage; the bright variegated costume, which seems to have been a regulation dress among them, made a variety amidst the other characters, and disposed the audience to laugh even before he spoke. Other dramatists used the Fool freely enough—Ralph, the Court Fool, in Greene's *Friar Bacon*, is a good specimen—but Shakspere, as usual, stamps his own mark on even this odd type of humanity. His Fools, in their wildest aberrations, have a touch of something higher—some flash of wit, or keen insight, or strange pathos comes across their extravagances. They all possess what seems to have been the highest qualification for a jester's office, plenty of wit to manage their folly, if, indeed, the folly is not assumed to shelter the wit. Perhaps their minds are actually in the state of Quince's prologue, 'nought impaired, but all disordered,' so that sense and nonsense are all jumbled up together. Touchstone represents the Court Jester, who has lived long with great people, and knows what good manners mean, and what may sometimes lurk under a fair outside. He knows, for instance, all about the knight who had lost his honour 'before ever he saw those pancakes,' and yet was a favourite of the Duke's—in fact, he knows so much that he must have some power at the court, with his licence to say anything. His very name seems significant of his skill in discovering the real natures of the people about him. With all this Touchstone has feelings not blunted by his strange office; he is enough attached to Celia to follow her all over the world, and, in his fashion, he can fall in love. There is another and very different class of court hangers-on at which Shakspere thoroughly liked to jeer, sometimes by making them appear ridiculous, sometimes by the sharp speeches made upon them by other characters. Here, in the case of Le Beau, he unites the two methods, for though Le Beau is not as absurd as Osric, for instance, yet his shallow nature reveals itself, and Touchstone covertly girds at him. The callousness of the man comes out in his account of the deaths of the three young men in the wrestling, which is such an inauspicious omen to Orlando's attempt. In the comparative scarcity of exciting incidents put on the stage in *As You Like It* this wrestling-match becomes a more important matter than it would be in a more sensational play. But, apart from the fact that it marks a turning-point in the fortunes of most of the important characters, it makes an interesting and picturesque scene in itself. The courtiers pour out on the quiet lawn, the pages come and mark the ring; presently Duke Frederick arrives, followed by the unequal-looking combatants, Orlando's youthful grace contrasting with Charles's full developed strength. Evidently this contrast has inspired the Duke with an unusual measure of interest, from his efforts to dissuade Orlando from the struggle, even to the degree of desiring the princesses to try

Digitized by Google

and influence him. Celia's pretty stateliness is very charming as she gently represents to Orlando that he is very foolhardy, and Rosalind chimes in with more direct entreaty and her device for saving his credit. But he cannot yield even to them. If not very sanguine himself, he has as many excellent reasons for trying to break his neck as any boy of the present day, who, however, might not be able to echo truthfully his pathetic account of his lonely friendlessness, which seems drawn out of him by the sympathetic eyes looking into his. The girls become his eager partisans from that moment, longing for his victory and to see Charles's assurance disappointed, and their excitement infects us as the two half-clad figures grapple and strain together in the ring. Of course the race is not to the swift this time, and the brawny wrestler comes down with a crash and lies senseless, to the victor's astonishment and his friends' delight.

Then we have an opportunity of recognising the odiousness of Duke Frederick's character. Sir Rowland de Bois clearly belonged to the exiled Duke's party, and this is quite enough to destroy Frederick's rising interest in Orlando, in spite of his daring, so he plainly gives the young man to understand that he will have nothing to do with him, much to Celia's indignation. We do not see much of Frederick, but he is consistent whenever we do—harsh, capricious and violent, knowing no law but his own will. We can fancy the indignant glow in Orlando's eyes as he watches the retreating Duke, and proudly rejoices in being Sir Rowland's son, whatever Frederick may say. Meantime the whole scene has produced a strange effect on fair Rosalind. While Celia is distressed at her father's discourtesy, her cousin feels that somehow the young wrestler has 'overthrown more than his enemies,' and, impulsive creature that she is, cannot help showing something of her feelings. The gentle kindness of the two girls is very bewildering to Orlando, who is little used to kindness of any sort, and who, moreover, is also conscious of being mastered by a new sensation, so that he can only stand stupefied, seeing Rosalind's advances (which are promptly nipped by Celia), but unable to respond to them till she has gone. Upon this comes Le Beau's warning that he had better get out of the way of the Duke's ill-humour, so the unlucky youth feels between two fires, with only the remembrance of Rosalind to cheer him up. He would be happier if he knew how strong a liking the impetuous maiden took to him in those few moments. How prettily Celia tries, with the usual success of sisters and confidantes on these occasions, to argue her out of it (Act i. sc. 3), resorting to reason and nonsense alternately. But their talk is cut short by the Duke's sudden arrival and explosion of wrath on poor Rosalind, for which no cause is assigned; but it appears to be the outcome of the working of his suspicious temper, feeling the insecurity of his position, and dreading every trifle which might shake him. Rosalind, bold in conscious innocence, meets him bravely, and

Digitized by Google

not only shows his gross injustice to her, but recalls her father's wrong. '*My* father was no traitor,' she says with high-spirited imprudence. But when Celia's affectionate pleading is roughly crushed, Rosalind gives way and hardly knows what to say or do. Then sweet Celia rises to the occasion, and proves the worth of her love; she will not be parted from Rosalind whatever happens, and instantly turning her mind to the means of escape, has it all planned out in a twinkling. Some definite prospect revives Rosalind, and her fancy seizes on the notion of a man's dress, something like Portia planning a similar disguise. Both take kindly to the idea of swaggering a little by favour of the disguise, both enjoy masquerading, but Rosalind has a better comrade than Portia had, to say nothing of Touchstone, who is to be coaxed off with them. They do not seem to think it necessary to disguise him, though one might have thought a jester in full motley rather a singular attendant for a shepherd and his sister. So the loyal maidens start fearlessly forth, 'to liberty and not to banishment.'

And now we are in Arden. The first act does all the necessary introduction, and the true characteristic part of the play begins in the second with the appearance of the banished Duke, and his 'co-mates and brothers in exile.' We are told nothing of the circumstances through which he lost his dukedom; but we should judge him to be better fitted to endure his losses cheerfully than to make a great fight against misfortune. There is no affectation in his enjoyment of what is left to him, and truly the free forest life, fresh, bright and hearty, might easily be pleasanter to him than the 'painted pomp' of which he had been deprived. We may notice a new tone in the sober cheerfulness of the Duke's reflections, differing from the careless lightheartedness or keen-edged jesting which we have heard before. The troubles of the world cannot be quite ignored even in the fairy shades of Arden; but they bring out the sweet uses of adversity to one who bears it bravely, and makes the best of his position. It is curious to set this first speech of the Duke's, showing the real good which he has drawn from his rough surroundings, even from the bitter winds, beside one from *Timon of Athens* (Act iv. sc. 3), where Apemantus uses the same state of things to express the utmost bitterness and scorn. But the bitter wind only blows now in Arden in Amiens' song; the whole air is soft and fresh, with only an occasional sharp breeze to freshen up the jolly hunters. We may be certain that Jacques never lay down to watch the wounded stag in an east wind! That picture is as distinct as reality before us; the little stream dancing along, the wounded creature standing piteously beside it, and the indolent moralist couched on the oak root above, and spinning fine similes at his pleasure out of the whole scene. We have had nothing like Jacques before, nor is his character an easy one to read. He is too shrewd and observant to be merely a dreamy sentimentalist as he has been called, and he is not quite the cynical

Digitized by Google

philosopher he would like to be thought, for his lungs can still 'crow like chanticleer,' and a man is not hopelessly soured who can enjoy a good laugh. The only light we get on him comes from a remark of the Duke's as to the licence of his past life. By coming to Arden, Jacques is cut off from much indulgence, and with a bitterness in his mind, the result of past excess, he luxuriates now in sentiment and in making sharp speeches at his neighbours' expense. Probably he has a bad digestion; if his interior economy could be rearranged, his temper and his philosophy would both mend themselves. We may observe that none of his comrades, except Orlando, who is young and peppery, ever take notice of his crabbed speeches, as if they were not very serious, and so perhaps it is a mistake to be too matter-of-fact with him. The melancholy he boasts of is half affectation, half a luxurious, self-indulgent sentiment, as like real sorrow as piecrust is to marble, but Jacques drapes himself in it and poses with a conceit of his own superiority which is the most provoking part about him. He can be sensible and like other people when he likes, but he scarcely ever does like, for his very roughnesses seem assumed to mark a difference between him and his fellow exiles. Nevertheless we may forgive him some of his half-humorous snappishness for the sake of the two songs which he demands—Amiens' 'Under the greenwood tree,' with its refrain like a blackbird call, and the merry hunters' chorus, 'What shall he have who has killed the deer?' But all through these Arden scenes songs break out like bird-notes, expressing the love and life and sweet content of that enchanted forest.

Far different is the mental atmosphere when we are transported back to Oliver's abode (Act ii. sc. 3), where poor old Adam is watching in a fever of anxiety to keep Orlando from entering the house wherein his brother's malice is awaiting him. The old man is so carried away by anger and fear that he can hardly make himself intelligible, and Orlando again shows his inaptness to strike out a new line of action. To be sure, it is not easy to see what he is to do in his penniless condition, with apparently nobody to help him, and having managed to offend the Duke into the bargain. Could anything be more beautiful than Adam's haste to his rescue with his little all, except indeed his trust that

> 'He who doth the raven feed,
> Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,'

would 'be comfort for his age.' No wonder Orlando is moved by the grand fidelity which will thus follow 'to the last gasp, with truth and loyalty!' And then the old man turns to give one glance to the scene of his life's work, his home 'from seventeen to now almost fourscore,' to be exchanged for wanderings at last. It is a terrible wrench, but no matter, so long as he can be faithful to the end in his simple, magnificent fashion.

Digitized by Google

Meantime our adventurous maidens have thrown the court into consternation by disappearing, and Duke Frederick jumps to the wise conclusion that Orlando must be mixed up in the business. No doubt he would like nothing better, but without troubling him or anybody else they arrive safe but exhausted in Arden (Act. ii. sc. 4). Naturally little Celia's physical powers are not equal to her spirit, and the journey has worn her out, and indeed it is all the stronger Rosalind can do to be anything like as courageous as is becoming to doublet and hose; but then her spirits are oppressed as well as her limbs, so she has a double burden as she tries to cheer her comrades. Now a pair of the genuine inhabitants of Arden come into view, of which Corin is a real flesh-and-blood shepherd, working for wages and shearing his sheep, and Silvanus rather inclines to the Dresden china order with apparently nothing to do but maunder about his love affair, his speeches being commented on by Touchstone and Rosalind from their different points of view. The hasty exit of this sentimental youth gives the wanderers an opportunity to settle themselves in Arden, with Corin to look after them, for they would be rather helpless without him; but we should like to know why they take no further steps to find the banished Duke after coming all this way to the forest to look for him? Rosalind has such a strong hold on our affections that we are loath to see a defect in her; but this apparent indifference to her father is not quite what we should have expected from her, however many fathoms deep in love she may be. So various little episodes take place while the transformed princesses settle themselves in their modest home; Jacques enjoys Amiens' singing after his fashion, and parodies it to make game of his circle of companions; Touchstone has his first interview with the philosopher, and Orlando and Adam arrive in the forest without any intention of going there, or anywhere in particular. The brief scene of their arrival has a singular pathos in it. Brave old Adam finds the load of fourscore years weigh down even his stout heart, and sinks exhausted; but the pressure of necessity brings out his young master's energy and resource. How tenderly he tries to encourage the old man, and to inspire some hope to revive him till Adam verifies a gallant sea captain's saying that 'the soul can lift the body out of its boots,' and makes one last effort to reach the shelter where Orlando can leave him.

How delightful it would be to step into the midst of that feast of the Duke's under the tree (Act ii. sc. 7). No pic-nic ever invented could come up to it, for where should we find such a charming, courteous host, or hear Jacques' description of the inimitable Touchstone, whose musings parody the moralist's own and make him laugh and envy the Fool in spite of himself? Then all of a sudden our young hero dashes out of the bushes, sword in hand, prepared for battle with any number to obtain relief for Adam until checked by the Duke's imperturbable

Digitized by Google

courtesy and hospitality. Evidently this makes a deep impression on Orlando, who has had little acquaintance with such perfect good breeding, but is instantly affected by it. While he is fetching Adam, his misfortunes become the text of Jacques' famous speech on the seven ages of man, almost every line of which has passed into a proverb. Jacques does not pretend to be giving a full account of life, he is only talking about the outside appearances, the parts assumed and laid down by each actor, whose identity remains unchanged throughout. We know the passage so well that it is almost startling to realise with what force it must have come fresh from Shakspere's own consciousness. It is also one of the few passages where he refers to his profession without drawing some saddening image from it, for the disagreeable parts of it seem to have been usually before his mind. As Jacques speaks each of the seven ages takes bodily shape and crosses our mental view distinct and plain. But this moralising must not last too long, it is pleasant to hear it melt away into Amiens' song with its blended pathos and brightness and sweet refrain, for in spite of man's ingratitude 'this life is most jolly.'

While Orlando thus finds friends in the forest, Oliver is getting repaid for some of his misdeeds and experiencing tyranny in his turn (Act iii. sc. 1). The coolness with which Frederick turns on him for Orlando's imaginary offences is matched by his reception of Oliver's protests of never having loved his brother in his life. 'More villain thou,' answers the usurper, quite in a tone of superior virtue, and lays hands promptly on Oliver's property. We are glad to get out of the court and back to Arden to find Orlando falling into the tricks of lovers in all time, cutting Rosalind's name wherever a smooth trunk invites him, and writing verses of which the sentiments are better than the execution. Now our excellent friend Touchstone reappears, quite recovered from his fatigue, and discoursing philosophy to worthy Corin, who has a sort of half-puzzled admiration for him as a being from another sphere, whose arguments are something too subtle for a plain man to follow. Orlando must strew his verses about pretty freely, for both Rosalind and Celia get hold of them. Unluckily the good youth chooses a metre which lends itself terribly easy to burlesque, and Touchstone cannot resist a merciless parody, rather offending Rosalind thereby, who does not choose anybody to laugh at the verses but herself. We can fancy her drawing back into the bushes as Celia comes in, and then listening to her reading, her bright eyes shining through the leaves, her sweet lips quivering with laughter, while Touchstone audaciously reads over Celia's shoulder. But Celia soon has the laugh on her side. A true girl, she delights in exciting her cousin's curiosity and baffling her eagerness. Nobody could accuse Rosalind of having 'doublet and hose in her disposition;' nothing could be more essentially girlish than her coaxing and demanding and entreating an explanation from the provoking Celia, and when she has

Digitized by Google

extorted from her the fact of Orlando's presence in the forest her torrent of questions would puzzle any man to utter or answer. She can hardly leave Celia time to say a word in her joyous excitement, for, as she truly says, being a woman, she must speak when she thinks. Celia is saved the trouble of answering most of her inquiries by Orlando's appearing in Jacques' uncongenial company. Those two would never agree, and as Orlando is not inclined to yield to the cranky moralist they become really very uncivil before they part. This gives Rosalind space in which to recover herself, and she quickly decides on making further acquaintance with Orlando under the shield of her assumed character. She is so happy at seeing him again that she is ready for any fun and mischief which comes in her way, and attacks Orlando at once. He, on his part, is so absorbed in his dreams of the fair and gracious court lady who had won his heart that he does not recognise her in the handsome, saucy shepherd-boy now before his eyes, and though he is startled by a likeness to his idol, he easily accepts all her plausible statements and never doubts the sex of the supposed Ganymede. Then Rosalind allows herself free play; she draws out Orlando's love confessions while apparently only making fun of him. How she laughs at him and his verses, and even his dress, all the time waiting for what she most wants to hear—that he loves her as much as his verses make out. Then she has to devise some plan for seeing more of him, and certainly her expedient is a quaint one, but it answers its purpose, for Orlando, after confiding his love to all the trees in the forest, is only too glad to get a human listener if not exactly a sympathising one. He is very good-tempered under all her mockery of him, but he is at great disadvantage in all his word fights with the merry girl, for he is anxious and preoccupied; she is on sure ground, and able to fix all her attention on the present moment; he has only the memory of that brief interview on the lawn to feed his love; she grows brighter and more confident every hour she spends in his company. Added to which her wits work twice as fast as his, so that she can bewilder him in no time, and enjoys the game so much that she is in no hurry to drop her mask.

But now another love affair comes into view (Act iii. sc. 3). We should not have expected Touchstone to fall a victim to Audrey's very unsophisticated charms, and are half inclined to suspect him of wanting to secure somebody permanently to make game of and puzzle. Audrey certainly does not understand above one word in ten of her fantastic suitor's wooing; the gods have decidedly not made her poetical. Sir Oliver Martext must have been familiar enough to an Elizabethan audience to judge from frequent allusions to 'hedge-priests' and other irregular members of the clergy, whose services could be made use of for clandestine marriage of doubtful legality. Here Jacques shows that he can be as sensible as any one when he gives Touchstone such excellent advice and stops the marriage, notwithstanding the

Digitized by Google

bridegroom's whimsical conviction that there might be disadvantages in being *too* well married. All the same we are not much alarmed for Audrey's future.

It now appears that Rosalind is not to manage Orlando quite as easily as she expected, for though he is very willing to play at love-making with the sham Ganymede, he is not so eager to keep his appointments as if he had known the truth, whereat our heroine is extremely indignant, much to Celia's amusement. She takes her quiet fun out of the difference between her cousin's real and assumed characters, and laughs at her with the coolness of one still heart-whole herself. 'Have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man,' she urges with exasperating common sense, and proceeds to horrify Rosalind with various pretended doubts of Orlando's fidelity, very trying to her cousin, who welcomes an interruption to the conversation. In the Italian stories, which supplied so many of Shakspere's plots, when the heroine goes forth disguised as a man it usually follows that some other woman falls in love with her; and though one might think that natural instinct would prevent such a thing, Shakspere takes up the idea more than once. The victim in this case of Rosalind's innocent deception comes as near to being a purely conventional character as any Shakspere ever put on his stage. Phebe is the stock cruel shepherdess of Arcadia, with her dark eyes and creamy skin—very pretty no doubt, and probably most daintily dressed, but not much like anything in real life. Still, if we can conceive her to exist at all, her airs and graces and coquettings are all in keeping with the idea of a spoilt beauty with an intolerably good opinion of herself. Such a shock as she must get from the opening of Rosalind's harangue! Surely any real woman would have guessed at once that it was no boy who looked her all over in that cool and critical fashion, bluntly telling her to 'thank Heaven fasting for a good man's love.' But to Rosalind's surprise her vigorous scolding has an unexpected effect which half amuses and half provokes her. Naturally she has no great sympathy with Phebe's sudden passion, which seems very absurd to her, as it is indeed, only the shepherdess is not awake to it. People have found fault with Shakspere for making Phebe quote the line from Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander'—'He never loved who loved not at first sight.' But such a shepherdess might do more than that without incongruity. All this is a little diversion to Rosalind's thoughts while impatiently waiting for Orlando, but when he does appear (Act iv. sc. 1) his reception is not a tender one. She certainly heartily enjoys teasing him, and to run through the whole range of girlish tricks and vagaries for his benefit quite delights her. She plays one part after another, quarelling, caressing, mocking, lamenting, now refusing him, now coaxing him, till he is half alarmed at her. Then she is never more bewitching than when she is cool and matter-of-fact, calmly asserting that no man ever died for love, and proving her wisdom in taking

Digitized by Google

twenty Orlandos if she likes. Swiftly changing, she suggests the mimic marriage, and then treats Orlando to a fine burst of indignation when he has to go away, getting a little scolding afterwards from Celia for her whole performance.

Shortly afterwards we see Rosalind in another aspect. Probably it would have taxed the resources of our Elizabethan theatre too far actually to represent Oliver's rescue from the lioness, so we have to be content with the description of it from the lips of that repentant sinner himself (Act iv. sc. 3). In spite of Oliver's conversion we cannot get up much interest in him personally, and only rejoice over Orlando's self-conquest in the business. As Oliver tells the story it is interesting to watch Rosalind's struggle between her assumed character and her real nature, till at last the realisation of her lover's danger overpowers her woman's nerves altogether. There is something rather piteous in her efforts to hide her weakness afterwards from Oliver and Orlando, not being quite ready to part with her secret yet. That 'motley-minded gentleman,' Touchstone, appears to lead a very independent life all this time. We now meet him in a glade of the forest amusing himself with Audrey and annihilating poor William. That unfortunate youth is in the position of a ninepin set up for Touchstone to knock down, and knocked down he is most effectually by eloquence, rising to a climax unheard before under the trees of Arden. The very leaves must vibrate to the sound of that tremendous '*Tremble*, and depart.'

In entering Act v. it gives a certain shock to find that Oliver's repentance has so quickly won him any one so good and true as our dear Celia. We should have been sorry to see her left out in the cold, but she does deserve somebody better than Oliver whitewashed, unless, indeed, we can accept the saying of one of Shakspere's later heroines —'best men are moulded out of faults.' Naturally enough, in spite of Orlando's generous sympathy with his brother's happiness, he is rather depressed at seeing him so quickly successful, while he himself is to all appearance as far from realising his dreams as ever. So that Rosalind sees the time has nearly come to drop her disguise. Now that she finds Orlando sad, she leaves off all her tormenting tricks and 'idle talking,' and gently prepares him for seeing her in her own person, only slyly adding, 'if it appear not inconvenient to you.' Somehow she contrives, in the interval before executing her promise, to ascertain that her father is willing to give her to Orlando, and also prepares for bringing Phebe's love affair to a rational conclusion. So the fortunes of all the lovers come to a climax together, the number and variety of the couples suggesting to Jacques the idea of another flood impending. Certainly there is difference enough among the brides and bridegrooms when poor, awkward Audrey is set beside Rosalind, and Touchstone mingles with the De Bois brothers. But Touchstone is not the least abashed by the position: he makes good

Digitized by Google

his title to be considered a courtier probably better than either of them could have done, and clearly intimates that it is a considerable condescension on his part to marry Audrey at all. His lively talk whiles away the time till the reappearance of Celia and Rosalind in their own persons, but conducted by a representative of Hymen, thus giving an air of masquerade to their arrival quite after Rosalind's own heart. All at once the transparent mysteries are solved amid a chorus of rejoicing.

Shakspere varies the conclusion from that of *Rosalynde;* there the usurping king attacks his brother and is killed, the young bridegrooms doing prodigies of valour in the fray. But Shakspere prefers the gentler method of making Frederick repent and restore the dukedom, which is pleasanter to everybody's feelings; and we can only hope that he and Jacques mutually improved each other when the philosopher fled from the wedding festivities to the recluse's cell. But even Jacques is not so long in Arden without gaining something. His farewell shows that he has learnt to appreciate the merits of his fellow exiles. Yet, though we are glad the Duke is to be restored, should we not have grieved if our last view of our friends had showed them anywhere but in Arden? As Rosalind's saucy epilogue dies away we catch one last look of that fair company framed by the green and rustling trees of the forest, the Duke's stately figure in the centre, the noble youths and sweet maidens round him, Phebe's dainty prettiness on the one extreme, Touchstone, fantastic and grotesque, on the other—a light of love, hope, and happiness resting on them all; and as the curtain rolls down we have to step out of Shakspere's brightest and sweetest of plays into a matter-of-fact world once more.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

Digitized by Google

BARRY BARRYFORD.

One warm spring day Mrs. Western sat in the drawing-room of the old-fashioned house at Lynchester in which she and her husband had lived over a quarter of a century. In this house their two daughters, Marion and Gwendolen were born, and here in the early days of their married life her orphan nephew, Barry Barryford, had found a home, and had grown up like a son to her and her husband. Marion had married a young officer of the first battalion Royal Musqueteers, in which Barry Barryford held the rank of captain, and that battalion and its belongings had just arrived at Lynchester from Lancecliffe, where it had been lately quartered.

The door opens gently—'Little aunty!'

'My Barry, my own boy,' was the eager answer, as Mrs. Western stretched up both arms to reach the broad shoulders of Barry Barryford as he stooped to kiss her. 'Edward Spencer was here an hour or so, so long ago, we couldn't think what had become of our Barry.'

'I knew he would be here, and there was much to do, and I thought I would have you all to myself when I did come. Sit down in your own chair, and I'll sit by you. Is the little aunty well?' he added, as he stroked the small hand he held.

'Yes, dear; let me look into your eyes,' and the sweet blue eyes looked inquiringly into his. 'Barry, there are signs of grief on your face; what is it?'

He bent his head, and in a low voice answered—

'They've parted us, little aunty.'

'My poor boy.'

She pressed his hand, and for some minutes neither spoke. She felt the struggle at her side; no word of hers should make him give way. Suddenly he got up and paced the room behind her chair. When he came back a tear was on his cheek.

'You'll not think me very weak, aunty. Somehow I always feel myself a child again when I'm with you.'

'My own dear Barry,' she said fondly; but words seemed to fail, and they sat on together, and nothing passed between them but their great love, till at length he looked up with a soothed placid smile that reassured her.

'It is nice to be back. And the dear old room looks just the same.'

At that moment the door burst open, and a tall handsome girl came in.

Digitized by Google

'I knew he was here. Oh, Barry, isn't it delicious?'

'Gwen—my Gwen, and what's delicious?'

'What's delicious! You stupid! Why, having you back, to be sure.'

'My dear Gwen, such expressions don't become such a very tall young lady.'

'Oh, Barry, don't begin to tease. Now, papa, I told you he would be here,' she added to her father, as Mr. Western came in.

'How are you, old fellow? Come back to the old hole? You'll dine with us, Barry?'

'I'm afraid not to-night, Uncle William; there is so much to be done.'

'Oh, Barry, that's too bad,' cried Gwen. 'Then you'll be hurrying off directly to that horrid mess.'

'Another night, Gwen, dear, and many more nights I hope we shall have now. Have you got a house for the Spencers, aunty? Marion is in the seventh heaven of delight.'

'I think there is a house will do, though not quite what I should wish. Oh, Barry, it is delicious, as Gwen says, having you all back again.'

'Mamma keeps saying she can't believe it's true; but I suppose now she has seen your own grand self she'll begin to realise it.'

'I think the little mother has not kept my Gwen in order in my absence. Strict days will begin now.'

'You nasty, tiresome, teasing thing! And there you are going away—I knew it would be so.'

'My dear Gwen, the calls of duty—ahem. Good-night.'

The Spencers were soon settled in the house Mrs. Western had secured for them, close to the old home, and Marion spent much of her time with her mother.

As the mother and daughter sat together one day, Mrs. Western said—

'How bravely Barry bears his sorrow!'

'He does; but I think, mamma, he must be getting over it.'

'Barry's is not a nature to get over his love easily. His love is part of himself.'

'But, mamma, if you had known Harriet Harford! She is beautiful, no doubt—but, oh dear, I can sometimes hardly forgive Barry for having loved her, and yet he did love her, I do believe, with all his heart.'

'Poor dear Barry, I am sure he did. But men often see women so differently from what we do. What did Edward think of her?'

'Oh, Edward thought her magnificent! He quite provoked me; he was ready to rave about her with Barry at any moment; but I think he did it sometimes to tease me.'

'The sort of woman, I should fancy, that men are apt to fall in and

Digitized by Google

out of love with—not the kind of woman they generally marry. But Barry is not the kind of man to fall out of love. I wish he were, in this case.'

Time went on peacefully. Barry joined in the quiet gaieties of Lynchester life, but he seemed to take most pleasure in the old home with his aunt, and the merry companionship of his young cousin.

'Now, Gwen, sit still, I want you there.'

'What a bore you are, Barry; I don't wish to sit here all the afternoon.'

'My dear Gwen, youth must learn to have some consideration for old age. I've been galloping after your frisky steps, till I'm quite exhausted.'

'Exhausted, indeed—fancy you exhausted!'

'You impertinent child! There, that's right, settle yourself down comfortable. This aged cousin likes to look at that large young face. It's a nice face—a calm pleasant face, rather a saucy face—it's a——'

'Oh, Barry, do leave my face alone! And as to this old age of yours—why, Barry, you are getting on, you know. But let me look at your eyes,' and those four lustrous eyes met; very like each others' their eyes were. 'No, Barry, I couldn't fancy you an old man—those eyes will never grow old.' She started at the grave expression that came over him. 'Why, Barry, you look quite sad about it. Do you wish to grow old?'

'I don't know, Gwen; sometimes I feel very old,' he answered gravely; but, after a moment's pause he added gaily, as he jumped up, 'I must be off, or I shall not catch my train to town.'

He was gone before she roused herself from the thoughts his words had suggested, and only the sound of his voice was there, singing 'Farewell, farewell!' as he went round the corner of the house.

'What train was Barry to leave London by this morning?'

'The 12.5, I think—why? He's to be back anyhow to-night, I believe.'

Mr. Western left the room again hastily.

'I wonder why papa asked about Barry's train.'

'Very odd,' Gwen said, looking up from her drawing.

Mr. Western called from the staircase.

'Yes, dear,' Mrs. Western answered, as she joined her husband.

Mr. Western put his arm round her.

'Dear one, there has been an accident, and I have been sent for; Barry's hurt.'

'Oh! William, much hurt?'

'I fear so. But dear one,' he added, as he kissed her, 'it may not be so bad as is thought.'

'Tell me all.'

'Concussion of the brain, and they fear some injury to the spine.'

Digitized by Google

'Oh, William!'

'Courage, darling; I must be off.'

She broke the news to poor Gwen, and sent her over to her sister. She gave orders, and helped to make the necessary preparations; and when all was ready, she passed over and over, through and through the two rooms set apart for him. She turned almost every chair and table, thought of every possible arrangement for his comfort, but the time would not pass. At last, wearied, she sat down in the dining-room to watch and listen—to listen and pray. Oh, the agony of that waiting and watching! At length the slow sounds neared; fascinated, she stood and watched. Her anxious eye saw, as they lifted him out, that the knees were slightly drawn up.

'Thank God, not paralysed!'

A minute more, and she stood in the room where he had been laid. 'Oh, God! does he live?' Speechless they stood round the bed, when suddenly a loud harsh voice broke upon the mournful silence of their sorrow—

'The line will retire!'

Could it be Barry's voice? He raised his arms in quick, rapid movement, and then they fell, and again he lay in deathlike stillness.

A short time later she stood alone by the dear one's side, when there rang out a wilder cry—so loud, so long, so sad:

'My bride, my beautiful!'

In awe she fell on her knees, and as the sad wail died on her ear, a cry for help went up from the depth of her heart.

The days wore slowly on. The London doctor gave but little hope. Hospital nurses came and went at regular hours through day and night. A steady routine of hopeless gloom settled down on the stricken home.

One hot thundery day Mrs. Western sat by the bedside, worn and sad. She listens eagerly—yes, softly the breathings rise and fall; he sleeps a quiet sleep. She dares not move, the tears run fast. Oh, is there hope?

The nurse looks in—her practised eye sees the change at once, and she smiles a glad encouraging smile, and the time glides gently on.

How can she bear it? The dear eyes once more are resting on her with a quiet, earnest gaze.

'Little aunty.'

Oh, the dear weak voice! Her heart seemed bursting, but she answered calmly—

'My darling, you've slept a little. I'll get your food;' and she went into the next room.

'I had better take it to him, ma'am; you must lie down,' the nurse said, anxiously.

'I'm all right now, nurse. Seeing you might startle him.'

Digitized by Google

When she stood by him again she was perfectly calm, as she gently gave him what she had brought.

'Kiss me, little aunty, I'm so tired.' And the dear eyes closed again. He was too weak even to wonder what had happened.

Many weeks of slow recovery passed before Barry approached convalescence, and it was far on in the autumn when he began feebly to return to every-day life.

'It is Barryford,' said Dr. Lytewait to himself, as, leaning on his young cousin's arm, Barry came slowly through the cathedral after the early service.

'Take my arm, Captain Barryford; you're hardly strong enough for this,' the doctor said, tenderly drawing his arm within his.

'Oh, Dr. Lytewait, he's getting so strong and well, there's no holding him. He would come.'

But the 'strong, well' man sighed weakly, and stood still a minute.

Dr. Lytewait himself helped him on to his sofa when they got in.

'Now, Miss Gwendolen, get him some breakfast, and he mustn't stir again to-day.'

The sick man smiled faintly, and then, closing his eyes, lay exhausted. A sad expression, seldom seen, struck the doctor as he sat down beside him. Dr. Lytewait said it always brought a lump into his throat to see Barry on his sofa; there was a look of patient strength through his weakness that affected him.

After evening service, as Mrs. Western was coming home, Dr. Lytewait caught her up to inquire how he was.

'He's weak and low, thank you, but I'm glad he went. He wished it, and I think it's hard to thwart sick people, as is so often done; and Dr. Lytewait,' she added sadly, 'do you think anything can make much difference? He doesn't get on.'

The doctor's eyes were moist.

'I think he'll get stronger, Mrs. Western. I'm afraid you're tired.'

'I don't think my being tired affects what I am saying. Dr. Lytewait, tell me truly—you feel as I do—he never will be well?'

Involuntarily he offered her his arm, as if to give her the support he felt was needed, and then answered—

'Mrs. Western, I fear not.'

It was the first time the certainty had been forced upon her. She stood still a moment, and then went on some minutes in silence.

'But you think he may be better?' she asked, presently.

'I think he will—I think he can attain to such a degree of health that, with care, he may be able to return to more ordinary ways of life; but he must be henceforth more or less of an invalid.'

That evening Mrs. Western sat by Barry's side, as he lay looking sadder and more worn than she had yet seen him.

Digitized by Google

'Dear little aunty, I'm not good company—I'm too tired to talk; but you don't mind sitting by the silent old boy. I feel less lonely when you're there. You seem to understand the loneliness I mean, yet you can never have known what it is to be lonely.'

'I think there is a loneliness that may be felt in the midst of those one loves, and is loved by,' she answered, 'and I sometimes feel as if life is hardly real till through that loneliness one has reached the true companionship of calm eternity, when the Spiritual Presence has flooded deep the little inequalities of earth. It is not my companionship that makes you feel less lonely, but the companionship I live in, which God grant may be yours.'

As she spoke, a satisfied expression came over him, and the far-away look of calm and peace in his eyes almost frightened her. He lay long quiet, till at length he said—

'Little aunty, did you happen to look at the marriages in yesterday's paper?'

'No, dear, I really didn't. Was there anything interesting?'

'I don't think they've taken the paper away. No—there it lies. Will you look?'

She went to the table and took up the paper. Oh, could it be? His Harriet married, and so soon! For a moment she stood irresolute, as she laid down the paper. What could she say? When she went back, he said, wearily—

'Little aunty, the poor old boy is very tired.'

Lovingly she passed her arm under his head, and kissed his brow. He smiled quietly, closed his eyes, and, quite worn out, fell asleep.

Time wore on, and he returned, not only to more ordinary ways of life, but, beyond the expectation of all, he returned to his military duties. But the life was now a life of work and rest, no longer work and play.

The months rolled on. War had broken out with Russia. Troop after troop of England's bravest had gone out. Telegrams of marches, sieges, battles, disasters, victories, in huge capitals filled every paper. A feverish excitement was felt through all the land. Promotion that had long lain stagnant flowed quickly. The first battalion Royal Musqueteers, now commanded by Colonel Barryford, with Major Spencer next in command, was among the first to start for the scene of action.

Marion sat by her mother's side, pale and sad. Her children played around her, but her thoughts were far away with the dear ones in the foreign land.

For a time Mrs. Western had been surprised and comforted by Barry's life and energy. She had trembled when his turn came, and feared that he might be passed over as unfit for service, but no objection was raised on the ground of his health, and for some time he seemed

Digitized by Google

really to improve in strength. His letters, and the accounts of him, were bright and encouraging, and she felt thankful that no fears of hers had kept him from his post.

But by degrees there came a change, and his letters grew shorter and graver, and in Marion's letters from her husband, his health was alluded to, more than once, with anxiety, and at last there came a melancholy letter from Barry, written while an action was going on, and he was lying helpless. 'God grant the struggle may soon be over,' he wrote. 'My incompetence may be to Spencer's advantage—that's some consolation; tell Marion so, with my love.'

The two women read and wept.

'Marion, there may be letters for you at your own house.'

'Wouldn't they bring them?' said Marion, sadly.

At that moment a letter was handed to her, but, alas! it confirmed too surely Barry's own account.

'All is going well,' Major Spencer wrote, 'public and private, except our Barry. He, however, is better and stronger to-day, when we reach Somalov, something may be done. You can have no idea how plucky he is through all.'

'Dear Barry! Does Edward give any hope of an end of this long trial?'

'Read it, mamma—there's not much in it; but his letter gives me a sort of feeling that this dreary war may soon be over.'

But much had still to be lived through before happier days could be looked for.

The troops had been marching since early dawn, and were gladly approaching their night's quarters at Somalov.

'What are you doing with the dog?' said Colonel Barryford, to a young man named Ned Harper, who, with Major Spencer's dog in his arms, stepped out of the ranks towards a small running stream.

'He's been hurt, sir, and I'm just going to give him a drink. Eh, little Dandy? the comicalest little daug! His tail do waggle so—it's waggling even now.' And a light cheery cackle of a laugh burst from the boy's lips.

'If you're going to the water, fill this flask for me. I'm faint and ill, boy. Be quick; straggling is a risk.'

The dog drank, and his wounds were bathed, and the young soldier came back to Colonel Barryford.

'You look very bad, sir. Can I do anything for you?'

'Nothing, thank you. But fall in; you mustn't stand here.'

'Mayn't I stay with you, sir? You shouldn't be alone.'

'You mustn't risk your life here. Get on, quick!'

'Risk my life, sir! Why, is there a man among us wouldn't risk their lives, and lose their lives, for you, sir?'

'Thank you, my boy. If you wish to please me, go on and do your

Digitized by Google

duty.' And, seeing he still hesitated, he added, with a kind smile, 'Remember, I allow no stragglers.'

The boy saluted, and turned to go.

'God bless you,' said the officer.

'God bless you, sir.'

Colonel Barryford rode on. A smart crack broke through the misty gloom; they neared the enemy's position, and random shots were firing here and there; a smart crack and a cry—was it a cry?

'Close in the ranks,' rang out in the full, rich tones of their colonel's voice, now seldom heard, and the ranks straitened and strengthened, and in firm compact masses they marched into Somalov.

The canteens were all busy, the streets were full of troops, playing, or talking, or resting—the place was occupied. A movement takes place among the crowd—make way there! An officer is being carried into the little hostelry set apart for the colonel and the mess. Tenderly the soldiers lay him down on the bed prepared for him.

A low murmur runs through the crowd. Was it the colonel? Alas! yes. The brave spirit has yielded at length. The last orders given, he turned to say good-night to Major Spencer.

'I must rest, Spencer, the——'

The voice failed, he wavered, and he fell, and so they carried him in, and a gloom fell on all. What hope for the morrow?

Slowly he recovered consciousness and asked feebly—

'Are the troops in quarters?'

'All in, sir.'

'I must see Major Spencer, the——'

'Colonel Barryford,' interposed the docter, 'I must insist on perfect quiet. Your place is filled, and you must rest.'

The words were kindly meant, and but a sigh told the depth of the wound inflicted.

'My place is filled—must my place always be filled?' And the poor stricken mind wandered feebly to that other place that had been filled, and in anguish he cried, as in the days gone by, 'My bride, my beautiful!'

His servant sat long watching his master's fevered frame, the poor head rocking to and fro, the low, quick mutterings of the dear, loved voice, how strange and altered, muffled and low.

But later on a heavy boom broke upon the air, and shook the very foundations of the old house as it stood. The soldier's instinct roused that slumbering mind.

'George, a gun?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Bathe my head, George. I must be up.'

George bathed his head, but he could not speak, and a sob burst from him.

Digitized by Google

'Thank you George; give me your hand. You'll tell them all at home I stood as long as I could.'

The truth had forced itself upon him; another filled his place. It was no longer his duty to act; it became his harder duty to submit and to lie still.

'Don't grieve so, my poor George. Put your arm under my head, that eases me. Is that you, dear aunty? that comforts me.—Thank you.—Get on Harper.' The look of consciousness returned. 'George, do you know anything of Harper?'

George hesitated a moment; all his men were dear to Colonel Barryford, and he knew Ned Harper was a special favourite. At last in a husky voice he answered—

'Missing, sir.'

'Poor fellow! It was his cry then that I heard.'

But soon the broken spirit had wandered far from the troubles of the moment.

And where was Ned? The chill morning was breaking slowly over last evening's line of march.

'Mother, these sheets can't be aired, they are so cold and wet. Kiss me again, mother, and don't cry.'

A low whine answered his last words, and roused the poor wounded boy as he lay.

'Dandy, by Jove, the poor little daug, and wagging that comical little tail! Oh what a comical little daug it is!' And the cheery little laugh rang out on the stillness of that dreary scene.

'Hollo, Harper! that you? I'm sore hit myself or I'd come to you.'

But Ned heard not.

'Kiss me again, mother. I'd like just to look at you—couldn't you light——'

The weak voice died away; the little dog kissed the cold, pale face, licking it over and over, and then with a shrill howl he stretched himself across the broad chest, in which lay still that young, brave heart that never would beat again.

The morning dawned cold and grey. Colonel Barryford's door stood open. Two officers were talking in low, eager tones outside.

'But the orders are immediate, Spencer.'

'The life seems gone out of the men.'

'If the men won't go they must be driven.'

Major Spencer turned, and leaning his head on his arm against the side of the door said bitterly—

'Oh for one hour of Barry!'

'Spencer!'

Major Spencer started at the sound of that feeble voice.

'Yes, sir.'

Digitized by Google

'The orders come?'

'Yes, sir, the first battalion Royal Musqueteers are to take possession of the knoll on the right bank of the river, and hold the ground.'

'And the men are ready?' Barry asked, with a sharp interrogatory glance.

'The men are dispirited. But, Barry, your voice has done me good. I'll to my duty.'

'Spencer, I must be carried out; tell the men to fall in.'

None dared disobey — none dared interfere. A stretcher was brought and they carried him out.

The shrill notes of the 'assemble' rang through the square.

The men moved slowly here and there, but when the bearers were seen advancing with their burden the whole place seemed electrified. A murmur ran around; something checked the shout of welcome that would have risen at the sight. Awe-stricken they stood.

Then, with a strength that seemed supernatural in that exhausted frame, he spoke. The voice was calm and slightly stern.

'Soldiers! the orders are that the first battalion Royal Musqueteers should take possession of the knoll to the right of the river, and hold the ground. Those orders must be obeyed, and at once!' For a moment that calm, scrutinising eye wandered over the ranks; each man felt as though the glance fell on him alone, and a mighty power seemed to vibrate from heart to heart. 'Let each man feel that on him may depend the honour of this day. God bless you all. There lies the road to victory! Battalion will advance! Quick march!'

Never in his strongest days had his voice sounded grander, and there rose a shout that shook the air and echoed in the hills around. And on they marched—and to victory; for who disputes the fact that the first battalion Royal Musqueteers turned the tide that day, and won the battle of Somalov?

Colonel Barryford lay watching them as they marched out in steady order. Each company shouldered arms as they passed, and here and there a 'God bless your honour,' 'May the Lord restore you to us,' was spoken by some of the men who passed nearest, answered in every case by a quiet, serious smile, and a bright look from those kind, grave eyes.

'Stand here with me till all are gone,' he said to his bearers, and quietly he lay back. 'It is done.'

Again and again the shout rang out; but the gallant cheer and the steady beat of the heavy tramp, tramp, sound no longer in his ear.

As the last line filed round the corner of the street they carried him in, and reverently they laid him again on his bed. A feeling of awe stole over them—none spoke. Each bearer as he passed saluted that unconscious form, and George and the doctor were left alone with that true, still hero as he lay.

Digitized by Google

Throughout the day the booming and the rattle were unceasing, but little were they heeded by those anxious watchers.

The shades of night were gathering fast when Major Spencer stood again in the room where Barry lay.

'Victory, George.'

'Thank God, sir.'

'How is he?'

'Much the same, sir—varies. I think he's conscious now.'

'Spencer!'

'Dear Barry—victory! And our battalion behaved splendidly.'

'Bless you, old fellow—I congratulate you.'

The tone was sweet and true; no echo of regret marred the perfect sympathy of his words.

'Oh, Barry, not me; we all know who did it.'

And kneeling on one knee, he stooped to kiss the helpless hand that lay on the bed. With tender reverence he raised it to his lips, and then—the overwrought nerves gave way, he laid his head down on the bed, and the strong man wept.

'Spencer, my poor fellow, you want food.'

With a strong effort he repressed his sobs and rose. One more kiss he pressed upon that hand, and he went out.

Barry turned his head sadly on his pillow, and an expression almost of bitterness passed over his face, and a low groan well-nigh burst from his lips; but instead, the refrain of the well-known hymn, 'Thy will be done,' rang out in the soft, bell-like undertones of that matchless voice—'Thy will be done.'

Startled, George stood by his side.

'George, give me pencil and paper; I must write.'

Eagerly he took them, and with trembling hands he wrote—

'DEAREST LITTLE AUNTY,—The victory is ours. They say our battalion won the day. Spencer led them on, and is well. Your poor old boy was not at the battle. God bless you all.

'BARRY.'

'You'll direct it for me, George.'

The voice was low and weak; he laid down the paper, the pencil fell from his hand, and fever held sway again.

George took up the letter, folded it carefully, put it into an envelope, directed it, laid it ready for the mail, and then returned to his dreary watch.

An hour later Major Spencer stood in the room again. George shook his head; the quick, low mutterings told their tale. Oh! those quick, low, ceaseless mutterings, is there any sound more sad?

The ambulance waggons were returning slowly towards the town with their melancholy freights.

Digitized by Google

'Why, here lies one. How came he here?'

Poor Will Wilson lay with his arm hanging shattered by his side, asleep in a short lull of pain. It was he who, in the morning, had recognised Ned Harper's cheery laugh. Tenderly they lifted him in, and laid him among that suffering company.

'There's another lad lying close by; the same shot struck us both.'

They came to poor Ned, who, cold and stiff, lay calm in death. A sharp yap made the first man start.

'Ugh, you cur!'

He was going to kick him, but his fellow restrained him.

'Poor little dog! he loved him.' And with a kindly pat he tried to comfort the poor little beast. 'Did one ever see such a tail?' he added, as the comical little tail went up and wagged its wonted rapid wag under the influence of the moment.

Dandy gave one long howl as they turned to leave the spot, and then, being of a philosophic turn, seemed to make up his mind to submit to his fate, and to look out for what good was left in life. He quietly attached himself to his new friend; the comical little tail went up with a will, nor did it hang down again, though he limped painfully as he followed the waggon into the town. An hour or so later George was startled by a deep sigh, and, looking round, there lay Dandy in sweet sleep close under his master's bed. 'If that ain't a curious little dog now,' thought George.

The sounds of victorious revelry rang loud and long throughout that night in most parts of the town, but round that little hostelry a strange quiet reigned. In low voices, men asked each other 'How is he?' and they all seemed to feel that, to them, the glory of that day was dimmed.

Long ere the war was ended Barry was back in the old home at Lynchester. His reaching home alive had been despaired of, but the voyage rested and refreshed him, and he returned so far improved in health from what he had been when removed from Somalov that many months passed in mutual happiness, though it was tacitly acknowledged that all hope of ultimate recovery was at an end.

Peace was at length declared, and regiment after regiment sent home.

One morning, with beaming face and tears of joy on her cheek, Marion ran in to her mother.

'Motherling! the battalion is expected to land to-morrow morning, and they are to proceed straight to Lynchester. Isn't it too charming?'

In the afternoon of the next day, Gwen came joyously into the drawing-room.

'Oh, mamma, the reception was grand; and here he is!'

And Colonel Spencer, with his happy wife, came into the room.

Digitized by Google

Fondly Mrs. Western embraced this dear son-in-law, restored to them in health and strength.

'Satisfied with the welcome, my Marion?' said Mr. Western as he came in. 'Lynchester did shout! Poor Gwen.'

'Now, papa, you didn't stand it any better than I did,' said Gwen, nodding at her father; 'I saw, you needn't laugh at me.'

'Foolish child!'

'Dear mother,' Colonel Spencer said, when the first greetings were over, 'may I see Barry?'

The eager joy seemed solemnised at the name.

'I'll go and prepare him,' Mrs. Western said as she turned to go, but she came back. 'Edward, any excitement is bad for him; you'll be as undemonstrative as you can—and—be prepared for the change.'

Marion had herself told Barry of her happiness in the expectation of having her husband home, and his warm sympathy, and the pleasure he showed at his battalion's being quartered at Lynchester, were a great additional joy to her

'My Barry,' said Mrs. Western as she stood by him, 'would you feel strong enough to see a visitor?'

'Spencer?' he answered, eagerly. 'Dear little aunty, bring him to me.'

When Colonel Spencer came in it was with difficulty he maintained his composure. It was not so much the great bodily change—for though great, had he not seen him last in the extremity of illness?—but what he was not prepared for was the bright radiance of his countenance, which almost overcame him. Tenderly, as on that triumphant but sad day at Somalov, he raised the dear, wasted hand to his lips, stooping over it to hide the tears that would gather in his eyes.

'Dear old Barry,' was all he could say for some minutes.

Barry felt for him, and in quiet tones spoke quiet words of pleasure at their good fortune in being ordered to Lynchester, till he had recovered sufficiently to raise his eyes, and the two soldiers looked at each other.

There was a slight tremor in the sick man's voice, as he said—

'Spencer, I should like to see the men once more.'

'I fear they would be too much for you, Barry, you can't think how they worship you.'

'I don't believe it would do me any harm; I should like it. But we'll see.'

He then began to ask many questions of the war, showing that in spite of his illness he had watched and learnt it well; that he was a true soldier still.

With the bright, warm summer weather, and the gladness of their return, there came a rally; and he had his wish. One 'march-out' day, a beautiful morning in May, he was taken up, and sat in his wheel-chair to see the men file past, Colonel Spencer standing by his

Digitized by Google

side. From each company, shouldering arms as they passed, a friendly murmur was heard here and there among the men. Colonel Barryford's eager expression of pleasure and interest never flagged till all the men had passed. Then he leant back, exhausted, but with a bright smile he said, as he turned to Colonel Spencer—

'Spencer, this has been a pleasure.'

They took him home, and they laid him again on his sofa, and he lay the rest of the day, tired and weak, but with a quiet look of happiness that Gwen said made her feel inclined to cry.

'Was Dandy at the march-out, Barry?'

'To be sure he was, Gwen. He lay at my feet half asleep till they were nearly all gone; then he stretched himself in that funny way he has, dragging his body along on the ground, shook himself, and then, up went the little tail, and off he set with his business-like air, as though the welfare of the world depended on his doing his duty.'

'Dear little Dandy,' said Gwen 'I do love that dog.'

The rally held good during many weeks of that glorious summer. Barry was often in barracks, and a pleasurable feeling ran around when the well-known chair was seen on the parade. And Marion's children learnt to know and love the gentle 'Uncle Barry,' who spoke so kindly to them as he lay in the large arm-chair at the window. And many friends seemed never tired of sitting with him, as much as he could bear. All feeling of immediate anxiety was lulled; and those summer months were a bright, happy time to look back upon for ever after in their hearts.

One day late in July, as Barry lay resting after his daily reception, his aunt sitting by his side, he said, solemnly—

'Life has become very beautiful to me since my illness. I sometimes think my hovering life gives others a feeling of heaven when they are with me.' His expression changed and he smiled. 'That sounds uppish, doesn't it? but the hill that catches the first bright gleam of sunlight is the same old mound of earth we knew in darker hours; we only look at it to see the light of heaven. And so I think it is with me,' and the serious expression of his face returned. 'Do you see what I mean? It is nothing of myself; but the light of the future, breaking upon me, gives a feeling of hope and comfort.'

She pressed his hand and said—

'I see, dear Barry, and I feel it.'

She could say no more, for his words had awakened a sorrow that had lain slumbering, and the old weary aching was back at her heart.

Early in August there came some days of intense heat, and Barry's strength gave way. Suddenly he wasted and grew so weak that he seldom left his bed; now and then only being lifted on to the sofa and wheeled to the window for fresher air.

Digitized by Google

'Sit by me, my Gwen. I can't talk, but I like to feel you're there.'

Mrs. Western now seldom left him, for she knew and felt that her darling was passing away.

But the weather cooled, and again there was a slight rally, and one beautiful morning he seemed so much better that he lay again in his large arm-chair at the window, with the sweet calm loving look that those that loved him loved, gazing at the landscape before him, with the wide comprehensive gaze so peculiar to him.

'"The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet." Doesn't the world look full of love on a day like this? The eternal loveliness brooding over it.' And like a soft echo of that once rich, rolling voice, he sang a verse of a song he had sung in other days.

'It does you good, my Barry; you look yourself to-day—doesn't he, Dr. Lytewait?'

The doctor sat on the other side, gently feeling his pulse. He turned and looked at him, and his look disturbed her—it was sad and anxious, though he answered in a cheerful tone—

'He looks very happy.'

And they sat silent.

Why does her heart seem tightening to suffocation? Barry moves slightly, and a strange look of half-frightened wonder crosses his face. The doctor presses the pulse. Barry shivers.

'Do you feel cold?'

She rises and shuts the window. As she takes her place again a nameless terror seizes her; she passes her arm under his head—she takes his hand in hers—his hand is cold. She looks into his eyes—the look meets no return. A startled glance at the doctor's face tells her all the truth. But the dear lips murmur yet.

'It's dark. Kiss me little aunty.'

She bent over him, she kissed his brow; and then she knelt down beside him, and buried her head on his arm. The doctor laid his hand on her shoulder and said gently—

'Do you know?'

Yes, she knew; she knew that her loved one was at rest. She raised her head, she gazed where he had gazed, and felt that 'eternal loveliness' was his. The great *IS* seemed to open to her. She felt the boundless love surging around her, and revelled in the presence of her God. Around the dear form seemed to hover the Spirit 'in whom we live, and move, and have our being.' She realised her Lord's words: 'I am in the Father, and ye in me, and I in you.' The sting of death was gone. With Barry in her heart, the life to come began for her, a living life from heaven.

Not many days after Gwen sat in the large arm-chair at the window and her mother saw with thankfulness an expression of peace and gladness on her face such as she had not seen it wear since Barry's death. She kissed her and said—

Digitized by Google

'You look happy, my Gwen, what are you thinking about?'

'Oh, mamma,' Gwen answered, 'I like to sit in this dear chair, and wrap myself up in Barry.'

And when many months after, Gwen had become a happy wife, and was on a visit to her mother from her own bright home, she sat again in that large arm-chair.

'Dear arm-chair,' she said. 'Do you remember, mamma, how I used to sit in here and wrap myself up in Barry. Sometimes I feel as if my whole life was wrapt up in Barry, now. Everything that is bright and beautiful seems to me of him. He often feels nearer to me, and more entirely my own than when he was alive. Do you ever feel that, mamma?'

'Something like it, dear child. He seems part of myself. I often wonder whether I really miss him. I am ready to cry at times when little things recall the past, and bring the sad yearning for his presence. But I have watched myself and found that Barry has power to soothe those feelings—my Barry has still the power to make me perfectly happy—even to comfort me for his own loss!' and she smiled, though the tears stood in her eyes.

Gwen fondly kissed her mother. 'I am so glad you feel as I do, mamma. I cannot bear a shade of gloom or sadness to rest on Barry. Nothing but love, and brightness, and beauty seem worthy to associate with any thought of him.'

Digitized by Google

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NEW BOOKS.

Spider. A few books for our box, if you please.

Arachne. To begin with, Miss Aldridge's *The Tower Gardens.* She strikes a deeper, higher note than ever she did before. There are perfectly delightful descriptions of old London. I mean the old part about the Tower, as it is, or was, a year or two ago, for change is cruel there. John Harbuckle is very noble in his simple, upright, religious way, and his niece Alison is worthy of him. I don't care so much for the lovers, though Jessie is always merry and funny; but of all the odd accidents that ever have befallen unlucky lovers in fiction, I think Mac Carruthers meets with the most unaccountable, when, as he is quietly walking down the Strand, a cart-horse casts a shoe and strikes him on the forehead.

S. Casting a shoe indeed! But you say it is a book to read.

A. Certainly, if you want a pretty novel on a summer's day. *The Perfect Path*, by Miss Glaister, is excellent likewise. It is rather surprising to find a story with such a name beginning with a young lady flinging a roll at a gentleman out of an hotel window, at Mentone, while he responds with 'Halloa, Corks;' but poor Corks, whose proper name is Cordelia, has higher aspirations after real goodness all the time. And when she is taken away from her gambling old father and reckless sister, and set down among good relations in England, she does scandalise them by her slang and her dash; but she finds the perfect path at last, and struggles into it, though, with some aberrations when she is carried back to Monte Carlo. There are some capital bits in the book, especially the sober-going English cousin, whom she astonishes, and especially the very touching part about the poor young fellow at whom she had thrown the bread. He is hopelessly gone to the bad, but he makes one feeble effort to get her to rescue him, and the interview is very sad.

S. I hope she ends well.

A. Oh, yes, she comes all right, but I won't tell you how. Only that, in spite of slang and Monte Carlo, it is a thoroughly excellent book, and very amusing.

S. Any more?

A. Yes, *Guenn; a Breton Story*, by Blanche Willis Howard (Warne). You need not expect that it will be like the *Child of the Menhir.* It is

Digitized by Google

much more modern and realistic. There is a great colony of artists of all nations, it seems, always drawing and painting at Plouvenec.

S. Does not that spoil the Bretons?

A. That is exactly what it does to those who are spoilable. But most likely the extreme rudeness of speech and the like must always have prevailed, and been softened off by the people who saw nothing but the simplest, most pious, and primitive of peasants.

S. But aren't they?

A. In great measure, but these Plouvenec people are fisher folk, and seafaring does not lead to choice language. Poor little Guenn, she is very pretty, very high-spirited, and wild. Her father is a fearful old savage, and forces her to overcome her reluctance to serve as a model to an American painter, a kindly, pleasant man, friendly with everybody, though really caring for nothing but his art.

S. I suppose poor Guenn falls in love.

A. Though he really behaves very well to her, and never tries to win her affection, only to keep her in good humour. There are most fresh and delightful descriptions, especially of the envious parish of nine islands, in one of which her cousin, the curé, has his church, and lives beside it. That priest is a very fine sketch. It is a sad book though, and I am not sure how far all would like it, though I was much struck by it.

S. Three novels.

A. Then there's a historical tale for you, called *Tempest Tossed*, by the author of *Mademoiselle Mori*. It is about the latter end of the Thirty Years' War, dealing with the miseries of the harried peasantry. I don't like it as well as her beautiful *In the Olden Time*, but it is very interesting, and a most careful study of the period, quite worth reading.

S. I have just read a pretty little sad historical story about the children's crusade, called *Brothers in Arms*, and published by the Church Sunday School Institute. It can't help ending sadly, though the chief hero is rescued; but the scenery is charming, chiefly in the Apennines, where the poor little crusaders are child monks.

A. You will be glad to hear that there is another book, by the writer of *Ruthieston, From Over the Water* (Walter Smith). The hero is a Scotch bailiff in the Isle of Wight, where the people have got into easy, shambling, semi-pilfering ways, and resent his interfering with them. Also there is a love affair, a very good lesson to flighty girls, who are good at the bottom, but capable of silliness. It is a book excellent for the G. F. S. library, and very interesting. And further, there is *Tip Cat*, by the author of *Laddie* (Walter Smith).

S. Isn't Tip Cat a kind of game?

A. Here it is the name by which an eccentric gentleman is commonly known, instead of his real name of Tipton Cathcart. He comes to the rescue of two dear little funny girls, who have been

Digitized by Google

left on the hands of a young brother just grown up, who strives manfully to maintain them, and only breaks down when they have all nearly died of scarlet fever. It is a story full of sweetness, and I like every bit of it exceedingly, except Dick's yielding his independence at the end. Grown-up people and children must delight in it alike.

S. I saw an illustrated *Sintram* the other day (Seeley).

A. Yes, the old translation by Julius Hare, the first by which it was known in England. The songs are more literal, but far less beautiful than those in the edition published by Burns, and now, I fear, out of print.

S. I must get for the children and the school children *The Bird's Nest*, the pretty collection of secular songs, with music, edited by Mrs. Carey Brock.

A. Let me tell you of a graver book, Miss Hudson's *History of the Jews in Rome* (Hodder). There is nothing very abstruse in it, but it is compiled so as to be very readable and interesting, and to give much information to those who will not look for it themselves in big histories. Moreover, there is the Bishop of Rochester's very wise and interesting book, *The Yoke of Christ*. It is not at all the sermon that such a title would lead one to expect, but shrewd and sensible observations from the experience of his life on such matters as letter writing, friendship, marriage, and the like—all of course from a religious point of view as regards essentials, but with a point and humour that make these essays very entertaining as well as useful.

Digitized by Google

THREE LITTLE DOGS.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AGGRIEVED PARISHIONER.

'He who will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay.'
Nursery Rhymes.

One evening, Mr. Robertson called, according to his agreeable wont, and sat chatting with me awaiting Paul's return. I did not know where my brother was. He had been out since three, and it was now six.

'And how are you getting on about the pews?' I asked.

'One obstacle—one old Philistine, is doing his best to ruin the whole thing.'

'And who is he?'

'Who but our friend, Mr. Denyer.'

'Mr. Denyer! That mild, good-natured, silent person?'

'Those mild, silent people, are the most obstinate of all, because there is no arguing with them.'

Mr. Robertson's face, reminding me as it always does, with its plump outline and fine dots, of the old game, 'the moon has a round face, two eyes, and a nose,' that pleasant, little face looked as nearly indignant as possible, though a smile lurking somewhere belied the expression.

Now the question of pews was a vexed one in our parish. We have a fine old church, with signs of Norman architects, and no important part of later date than the fourteenth century. But the ground-floor was blocked up by pews so high that Mr. Robertson (who is curate and our only representative of a clerical staff) could see but one man of his congregation, and he a person six feet two in height. The chancel was so blocked up with two pews and an organ that only three of us could see Mr. Robertson when he was reading the commandments. Nor was this all, for the general stuffiness was incredibly added to by a gallery which hung midway in those fine arches of which we ought to be proud, propped up by unsightly wooden posts. The pews in the gallery were freeholds; the owners kept the keys, and the clergyman could not open them. If he had any reason for wishing to enter one on a week-day he had no other means than by climbing over the backs and committing a trespass. The spiders, the mice, the book-

Digitized by Google

invalid, who spends his time in Egypt, makes over the whole of his stipend to the curate and the village charities, and gives Mr. Robertson *carte blanche* in the management of the parish.

Therefore, Mr. Robertson had not been among us many months before he began to assure us, staring with two round, innocent eyes, that we had a gem in our church, that the Archæological Society would be finding us out soon, that he had invited a friend of his, an F.S.A., to come and look at us; that the tracery in our west window was unique, and that when the pews were removed we should find our columns to be rather extraordinary. Having thus raised our spiritual pride, he proceeded to foster a noble ambition by leavening us with new ideas about free and open seats, offertory, and church arrangements in general. We liked Mr. Robertson better than we liked the ideas, but for his sake some of us began to look knowing and hint to our neighbours that it would not be long before we had improvements in our church. The majority replied with a devout hope that such improvements might not be brought about in *their* day; they would never enter the church again if they were robbed of their pew. The Reverend Napworth Barnacles, our late rector—'poor old Mr. Barnacles,' as most of us called him, would never have allowed it, and so on. But the thin end of the wedge was in. It was driven further by a letter in public print at which Mr. Robertson professed to be surprised, but which I secretly suspect to have emanated from the F.S.A. This letter represented us Compfieldians as in a state of ludicrous darkness: 'the pew system on the brain' rendered us blind to the architectural beauties of our church; a reformer was needed, &c., &c. One or two of us then ventured to say—'Really, Compfield is very much behindhand.' And when the bias of *objection* is made to lean in a new direction the day is won.

Thenceforth Mr. Robertson had it all his own way. People subscribed to the Restoration Fund. They gave up their pews, and the ladies began to work bookmarks and 'kneelers.' Mr. Denyer alone held out. He was at once above and below the reception of new ideas.

'And what shall you do!' I asked. 'Will all the pews remain as they are because he will not give up his?'

'Decidedly not; of course not,' answered Mr. Robertson, with infantine sweetness.

'What *can* you do, then?'

'All the pews whose owners consent will be removed.'

'And his?'

'Will be left.'

'But it is in the gallery.'

The curate smiled a heavenly smile.

Digitized by Google

'You will leave the gallery then?'

'Pardon me, it will be removed.'

'Mr. Robertson, you are mysterious!'

'Well, if you wish for all the facts this is what will happen. Mr. Denyer's pew will be left alone in its glory, to hang, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth.'

'Impossible!

I was aghast at the wild idea.

'It is true. And the workmen come in next Monday. We shall have service in the schoolroom till further notice.'

Before I had recovered my breath at the rapidity of these movements, Paul came in, with a great noise of stick falling into a corner, boots kicked off, directions shouted to James outside, and to Jessie within. He entered with a hearty welcome to our guest and the accustomed kiss to me. He dropped two exquisite roses into my lap.

'Miss Haywood sends you those.'

'Oh! have you been there?'

'I have been over to see Mrs. Price,' he answered carelessly.

CHAPTER IX.

A BLOW AND A KISS.

'Beaten the maids a-row and bound the doctor.'
Comedy of Errors, v. 1.

I THINK it was with some idea of pacification about the pew business that we called a week later at the Denyers'. Mr. Robertson had said, 'You know them. I wish you could find out from the old gentleman, or from the ladies, whether there is any chance of shaking him or coaxing him out of his little obstinate fit. It is impossible for me to say more to him. I don't mind his being rude to me—not a bit; it all goes in the day's work. But—

'He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still;'

and I had better hold my tongue lest I do more mischief.'

Some repairs were taking place in the drawing-room, and we were shown into a pretty morning-room, which opened by a curtained doorway into a sort of boudoir. Here it was plain that maids were sitting sewing. We heard the click of their scissors and their giggling whispers in the French language. Mrs. Denyer did not appear. We believed it to be probable that she was enjoying her afternoon nap, and that our cards had not been carried in. Such things did happen in that house.

Suddenly there was the sound of a door hastily opened in the bou-

Digitized by Google

doir, and then a voice—Coralie's sweet, deep, resonant voice—such as her mother's may perhaps have been before the asthma spoiled it—

'Well, where is my habit? Alecto is ordered at four, and I cannot dress. Annette, when will you be worth your wages? Louise, I believe you have been making a cap for yourself. What are all these snips? You have got it under your apron. Don't tell stories. You have not touched that sleeve since I saw it.'

'Well, and if you are so unreasonable, miss,' replied the pert Louise, in her own tongue, 'you can't expect us servants to do nothing but what you tell us. We like to look a little nice as well as you, and you give us no time. Besides, it is not my business to be at your orders. Madame does not give half the trouble you do.'

'Don't be insolent, girl,' replied Coralie, coolly; 'my mother gives you nothing to do, and you amuse yourself by making finery half the day. Finish that habit at once. Annette, why don't you go on? Come, I want this habit; go on, I say, this moment.'

Paul and I had smiled at each other at first; then, we had grown uncomfortable. A modest cough from me had been unheard. Paul was dreadfully afflicted at being the unexpected audience of such a domestic drama. He walked to the farther end of the room, looked into the garden, examined the pictures. But no one who was not stone deaf could do otherwise than hear.

Then came Scene 2.

'Why, what is the matter, you goose? Why don't you go on? What on earth are you doing?'

Sobs were audible; and then Louise's pert voice again—

'If you noticed a servant's feelings the least in the world, miss, you would see that Annette is out of sorts.'

'What's the matter with her, then? That is what you all say when you are lazy.'

'Well, happily we don't lose a lover every day—a handsome young man in the army, a brave soldier too!'

'Have you lost your lover, Annette?'

Sobs again, and then Coralie's voice, in a far more agreeable key.

'Poor child!' Then, 'How horrid! What do people die for? Never mind the habit; I will wear Mathurine's. Go up stairs and lie down. Send her some tea, Louise.'

A loud kiss followed; the pushing back of Annette's chair; her sobs continued.

'You shall have my second-best hat; the black one. Of course you will wear mourning for him. There, go along, and try to forget all about it.'

There was a lurking smile on Paul's face. The consolation to be derived from mourning and a second-best hat was more inexplicable to him than to me. But the kiss had more effect on him. In his mind,

Digitized by Google

I knew it had wiped out a score of Coralie's sins of temper and taste.

She came swinging through the doorway in a richly embroidered morning dress, waving about her feet in long folds and flounces. Her coolness was remarkable. She did not seem embarrassed in the least to find visitors in the room. She never smiles in addressing persons. She seems utterly careless what impression she may make. She said her mother was asleep; perhaps she had not been told we were here, and was easily dissuaded from having her disturbed. She sat and let us talk to her. I found it a sufficiently hard task; but men know better how to deal with these young ladies. There seems to be a conversation within their conversation. For instance, when a girl of this kind appears to an uninitiated person like myself to have passed an hour in a gentleman's company, saying simply nothing beyond 'yes' and 'no,' it may be afterwards discovered that she has been flirting tremendously, that appointments have been made, and mischief without end has been done.

On the present occasion the matter was more open. The first original remark which Coralie made, was in answer to an observation made by Paul in the blundering too-truthful manner of mankind, that he was glad she was going to take a ride this fine afternoon.

'I never meet you in my rides,' she said, raising her eyes from the rings on which they had hitherto been chiefly bent.

'I hope I may be more fortunate in future,' answered Paul; and any one who was awake to the sort of thing would have known at once that an invitation had been given and accepted.

There was a second remark.

'And when are we to have our moonlight picnic, Mr. Lennox?' she asked, as we rose to leave.

'Oh! I don't know,' he answered, laughing.

'What is that?' I inquired.

'Mr. Lennox knows,' said Coralie.

'All the ladies would catch cold,' said Paul.

'*I should not!*' she answered with emphasis.

'Did you mean it?'

'Of course I did. I never say anything I don't mean. Of course if you forget and change your mind—— Good-bye, Miss Lennox. Mamma will be sorry.'

I was almost surprised at the courtesy of this last observation; Coralie's courtesy was so rare. To Paul, she vouchsafed nothing but a formal bend.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

Spider Subjects.

A Bee, Delta very good astronomically; Titania, the literature; Vögelein, very good and correct, but two discursive into generalities; Cobweb had better study the stars.

The Fairy Tale, Delta, Beauty and Beast, Spinning Jenny, New Version of Rumpelstilskin, Titania, Diamonds and Toads, two much modernised.

A Bee and Alert ought to have been acknowledged last time. Marcus Aurelius shall appear in July.

A FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time there lived a poor and wretched old couple in a miserable hut, that resembled a pigstye much more than a human habitation. They were very grumbling, discontented people, the wife more especially so, and she had a by no means amiable temper, which she often vented on her husband, who had rather a bad time of it, unless he complied with his wife's imperious commands. One day when things were a little worse than usual, for there was no food in the house, and the wife was nagging and scolding unceasingly, the old man thought he would go down to the sea and try and catch some fish. He accordingly took his fishing tackle and set off to the shore.

For a long time he was unsuccessful, but at last to his joy he landed a very fine fish, which he was about to carry home with great pride, when to his great amazement the fish spoke and said, 'O mortal, spare my life; I am no fish, but the man of the sea, throw me in again, and I will grant you whatever you ask.'

The old man, too frightened to speak, took up the fish and threw it into the sea with all his might, and then ran home to tell his wife, and ask what he should do.

'Oh, you simpleton,' she exclaimed after hearing his story, 'why, I should have known what to ask for; go back at once, and say you want to live in a nice cottage, with the roses climbing up it, with a garden at the front and back, full of flowers and vegetables.'

Away went the husband, and when he reached the shore he said—

'O man of the sea
Pray hearken to me,
My wife, Ilsobill,
Will have her own will,
And has sent me to beg a boon of thee.'

A voice low and deep, but clear and distinct, inquired, 'What do you want?'

'My wife,' replied the man, 'wants to live in a pretty cottage with roses and creepers over it, standing in a garden full of flowers, fruits, and vegetables.'

'Go home,' said the voice from the sea, 'and you will find her in it.'

Digitized by Google

Back went the man, and in the place of the tumble-down pigstye there was a beautiful little cottage covered with creepers, standing in a pleasant garden, and in the porch stood his wife all smiles waiting to receive him.

'Now we are well off,' said the man, 'we want nothing more,' but his wife nodded her head and said, 'We shall see, we shall see.'

A short time passed and then the woman said, 'Well, it is all very fine to live in a cottage, but I should like to live in a castle, with plenty of servants and attendants; you must go to the man of the sea and say we want to live in a castle.'

In vain the husband remonstrated, his wife insisted, and the poor slave obeyed.

When he reached the shore, the sea was rather disturbed, and he raised his voice as he said—

'O man of the sea
Pray hearken to me,
My wife, Ilsobill,
Will have her own will,
And has sent me to beg a boon of thee.'

The answering voice had a tone of displeasure in it, as it asked, 'What do you want?'

'My wife,' said the man, 'is not content with the cottage, but she wants to live in a castle.'

'Go back and you will find her in it,' was the reply.

When the husband once more reached home, the cottage was gone, and in its place was a grand and stately castle, with a moat and drawbridge, servants and retainers, carriages and horses in abundance. For a time the woman was well content, but at length again wearied for something fresh.

'It is all very well,' she said, 'to live in a castle, but I should like to be a general; you must ask the man of the sea to make me one.'

The husband went, using the same form of words, and begging that his wife might be a general.

'Go home, and you will find her one,' was the angry answer.

And accordingly the woman was to be seen in the uniform of a general, mounted on a gallant charger, surrounded with an army all submissive to her orders. And so things went on till she once more coveted some new distinction.

'It is all very fine,' she said 'to be a general, but I should like to be queen,' and the husband was once more sent to the shore.

This time the sea was very rough, the wind blowing and the waves breaking on the shore, and the man had to call in a loud voice—

'O man of the sea
Pray hearken to me,
My wife, Ilsobill,
Will have her own will,
And has sent me to beg a boon of thee.

It was in a tone of stern displeasure that the voice came, 'What do you want?' and with craven fear the man stammered out, 'My wife is tired of being a general, and she wants to be queen.'

'Go home, and you will find her queen,' thundered the man of the sea.

When the husband returned to the accustomed place, he found his

Digitized by Google

wife seated on a high throne, surrounded by courtiers and ladies in waiting. All treated her with profound deference, and she had everything she asked for. Her husband said, 'Now at last you have everything you want,' but she only replied, 'We shall see, we shall see.'

Time passed, and the wife looked weary and discontented, and at last she said, 'It is all very well to be queen, and have subjects under me, but I want to be pope; go to the man of the sea and ask him to make me pope.'

The man entreated her to be content with her present greatness, but he was constrained to submit, and in a violent storm arrived on the shore. He once more proffered his petition, and once again in spite of the noise of the elements heard the voice from the sea in great anger say, 'Go home, and you will find her pope.'

The wife was seated on a still higher throne with the triple crown of the popedom on her head, when her husband returned. And now kings, queens, and princes submitted to her decrees, and obediently did her will. 'Now you have all you want, I should think,' said the man. His wife made no answer, but knitted her brows, and seemed to be thinking deeply. For some time this anxiety continued; she could not sleep at night, but lay awake thinking, and then at last when she was dozing off, the sun rose and awoke her. At length one morning, the wife said to her husband, 'You must go again to the shore and ask the man of the sea to let the sun rise when I please.'

The husband implored to be spared this errand, but as usual gave in to his wife, and set off.

All the way a tempest raged, the wind howled, the thunder roared, the lightning flashed, and the man had great difficulty in making his way to the shore. When he at last reached it he could scarcely stand from the strength of the wind. The waves rolled in one after another breaking like thunder on the beach. In a slight lull, the husband gathering up all his strength, shouted—

'O man of the sea
Pray hearken to me,
My wife, Ilsobill,
Will have her own will,
And has sent me to beg a boon of thee.'

Again the question was asked—'What do you want?' and the man replied, 'My wife wants the sun to rise when she pleases.'

But for some minutes there was no answer; there was a lull in the storm and profound silence reigned around. And then with a voice of thunder, the man of the sea roared back his answer 'Go back to your pigstye.' And the man went back and found that castle, throne, armies, and courtiers had all disappeared, and his old wife, crosser, dirtier, more ragged, and more grumbling than ever, was sitting beneath the roof of their old pigstye home, now a little more dilapidated than ever.

I suppose all fairy stories have a moral, and this I think lies on the surface.

'Don't let us despise our nests,' let us be content with our lot, making the very best of it we can, not seeking for great things, but

Digitized by Google

'patiently gathering the twigs and the little scraps of moss, of dried grass together,' and waiting the result. I suspect if Ilsobill and her husband had mended the holes in their pigstye, and worked in their garden and so on, they might have had the pretty cottage with the roses as the fruit of their own labours, or something like it. And I think too it is a warning not to give up our own better judgment to others, out of sheer cowardice and laziness, like the slavish husband of the story, shifting responsibility on to another.

SPECTACLES.

SIRIUS THE DOG-STAR.

SIRIUS, the dog-star, belongs to the constellation *Canis major* which culminates the end of February, and is composed of thirty-one stars, Sirius being the principal one. The constellation is really in the southern group, and is only seen by us when the dog is rampant in the southern sky (see the map of the heavens for February in Professor Proctor's *Half Hours with the Stars*). Sirius is of the first magnitude, and the largest and brightest of all the fixed stars, though it is at a great distance, estimated at probably not less than eighty billions of miles. Sir William Herschel says that when looking at it through his forty feet telescope 'the appearance of Sirius announced itself at a great distance from a radiance like the dawn of the morning, and came on by degrees, increasing in brightness till the brilliant star at last entered the field of the telescope with all the splendour of the rising sun, and forced me to take my eye from the beautiful sight.'

According to the modern classification of the fixed stars into white suns, golden suns, variable stars, red suns, Sirius belongs to the order of white suns, but the ancient writers speak of it as a *red* star, and it has been ascertained that the colours of the stars are subject to variations. Although at such an enormous distance from us, yet it is not as some stars are beyond measurement from the difficulty of finding a base line of sufficient length. By taking as the base line the orbit of the earth it has been ascertained that it is about one million times farther from us than the sun. Its light is sixty-three times greater, and takes from fifteen to twenty years to reach us. Its size cannot be calculated. No disc can be seen amid its brightness, and no observations can be taken from companion stars, which often give the data for calculating the size of other bodies. By the help of the spectroscope it has been found that the course of Sirius is in a direction standing across the orbit of our earth, and that it is *receding* from us at the rate of one thousand millions of miles a year, but such is the enormous distance at which we see it that at present no appreciable increase has been perceived. By the same means we know that in the composition of Sirius there are sodium and magnesia and other metals, and large quantities of hydrogen gas.

It has been conjectured that Sirius is the centre of a system similar to our own, of which it is the sun. Observation of its movements made it almost certain that these were influenced by a large powerful body, and in 1862 a glimpse was obtained of a satellite which corroborated these conjectures, but much has to be left to deductions from other stars, and the most powerful telescopes yet invented can do but

Digitized by Google

little to span the almost inconceivable distance between our earth and Sirius.

By the Romans it was called Canicula, from their theory that Sirius rising with the sun added to its heat, and that the dog-days (*caniculares dies*) from July 3rd to August 11th, bore the combined heat of the dog-star and the sun. This belief seems to have been widely spread, for among the Greeks it was named Seirios (hot or scorching) whence our Sirius. The Egyptians called it Sothis, and supposed it to watch the rising of the Nile, and by its appearance to give notice of that great event.

The old theory that the star influenced dogs, and caused madness has long since been exploded, though the custom of muzzling dogs during the months of July and August has not been as yet altogether abandoned.

WATER WAGTAIL.

'MONTHLY PACKET' BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

I have received twenty contributions, and four apologies from non-senders. This is a good proportion, and I hope it will be maintained. The contributions are decidedly good, and some of the specimens are excellent. I must thank the members for their attention to my suggestion to study brevity, but some are still too long. I again advise the special noting of *differences* rather than of *likenesses*; for example, the curious little adoxa comes near both the elder and the honeysuckle, and it would have been interesting to note how they are like, and how they differ.

VERTUMNUS II.

This was omitted by accident last month. We add:—

I have received only ten contributions this month, but the cold April may be a good reason for this. I gladly note a decided improvement in the descriptions given, and must thank the members for taking notice of my advice to study brevity. They will find the advantage to themselves, not in saving themselves trouble, but in making them pay more attention to distinctive points of difference.

VERTUMNUS II.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

Give an account of the right of taking sanctuary, with historical instances of how it worked.

Mention the different modes in which creeping plants attach themselves.

STAMPS RECEIVED. — Huguenot, Metelill, Kitten. Spiders are qualified by sending Arachne twelve stamps per annum.

Alert and Titania ask about their papers on Flowers. They were set aside with the intention of making extracts from them, but there proved to be no space, and thus unfortunately they were not acknowledged.

Digitized by Google

Notices to Correspondents.

In *A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War* there is a short account of Easter Island. *F. M.* would be glad to know of any book giving further details of the sculpture, also of its supposed origin and object.

Can the Editor or any reader of the *Monthly Packet* give the derivation of 'Muriel,' and say how it came into use as a Christian name?—*Y. Z.*

[Old writers on Christian names connect Muriel with myrrh. They are not likely to be right and the origin is unknown.]

Can any reader of the *Monthly Packet* give *Wylmcote* any information about a Mrs. Godolphin, born about the year 1750, maiden name unknown? Most of the biographical dictionaries only mention the celebrated Mrs. Godolphin in Charles II.'s time.

R. Playfair, 14, *Rock Street, Brighton*, begs for a copy of a poem by Moir—*The Mariner*, of which the first verse is—

'A mariner, whom fate compelled
To have his home ashore,
Lived in yon cottage on the hill
With ivy mantled o'er,
Because he could not breathe beyond
The sound of ocean's roar.'

A. B. will be greatly obliged if any reader of the *Monthly Packet* can tell her the remaining lines of a poem beginning—

'Oh, fair and fragrant hawthorn tree,
Thou hast thy nectar for the bee,
For every insect roving free
Thou hast thy dewy wine,'

and who is the author of it. It appeared about twenty-five years ago in the *Welcome Guest.*

E. P.—The saying, 'See how Christians love one another,' is cited by Tertullian (*Apolog.* xxxix.) as a common remark of Pagans in his day. Strictly speaking, the word 'Christians' does not actually occur in the sentence as he writes it, which runs thus: '"*Vide*," *inquiunt*, "*ut invicem se diligant.*"' But 'Christians' is quite justifiably inserted when the phrase is quoted apart from the context in order to explain who are the nominative case to '*diligant.*' The date of the *Apology* is uncertain, but A.D. 230 is approximate.—*R. F. L.*

Can any one suggest a home for a girl of eighteen, who is so crippled with rheumatism as to be unable to keep any situation? A member of G.F.S.—*Mrs. Secretan, Rose Hill, Dorking.*

M. wishes to know the rest of a poem by Cradock Newton, containing this verse—

'See there is greenness, fresh greenness all over the wood,
And the primrose is proud of her crown of grold;
God is surely tender and good,
Though the world be weary and old.'

If not too long, will some one kindly copy it for her? Address—*Miss Law, 5, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.*

Digitized by Google

Frank.—Alphonse Karr, *Autour de Mon Jardin;* Madame de Witt, *Scènes Historiques;* Thierry, *Conquête Normande Cinq Mars;* Guizot's *Histoire de France.*

Mrs. Fagg, Homeside, Duppas Hill Terrace, Croydon, acknowledges with grateful thanks donations and parcels of work for sale, sent in since April 5th:—Miss Gould, 5*s.*; J. E. N., parcel of work; Miss Mitchell, 1*s.*; M. E. E., 7*s.* 6*d.*; Miss Weight, 10*s.*; 'Colorado,' 1*l.*; Miss Goodman, parcel of work; By Miss Newman, 8*s.*; Mrs. Richardson, 1*s.*

Help for Poor Ladies in their own Homes.—The Secretary of the Society, *S. Andrew's Cottage, Clewer, Windsor,* begs most gratefully to acknowledge the following sums received in answer to *Bog Oak's* appeal; also takes the opportunity of thanking all those who have sent parcels of clothes, &c., &c.:—Mrs. Charles Ingilby, 5*s.*; Mrs. Mills, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Mrs. Newell, 10*s.*; Miss Gillespie, 5*s.*; A Sister, 1*l.*; Miss Toovey, 1*l.*; Edinburgh, 10*s.*; Mrs. Blunt, 10*s.*; Miss Lardring, 10*s.*; Miss Waller, 10*s.*; E. H., 10*s.*; Colorado, 1*l.*; Mrs. Morgan, 5*l.*; Miss Harrison, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Miss Woodhouse, 5*s.* Parcels of clothes from Mrs. Keenlyside, Miss Barrett, Lady and Misses Phillimore, Miss Wade-Browne, C. A., Slough. Promise of votes from Mrs. Bigge, Mrs. Carr Glyn. Parcel of books for sale from Mrs. Colmer.

Community of the Holy Cross.—The readers of the Life of the Rev. Charles Lowder will hardly need to be reminded of how large a share in the work of S. George's Mission was taken by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, of how from the very beginning they aided Mr. Lowder in his labours, or of how devotedly they nursed and cared for the poor and the sick during the terrible visitation of cholera in 1866. For twenty-seven years they have continued the work thus begun among the poorest and worst districts of East London, living all that time in hired houses, and having no fixed home, and now, for the first time, they make an appeal to the public for aid in building a mother house for the community, which will include a Convalescent Home for the poor of those parishes, and a Home for their industrial girls. These are fifty in number, of whom thirty or more are taken free. Will not some whose hearts have glowed at the story of the noble battle of S. George's Mission respond to this appeal from those without whose aid, at the time of sorest need, Mr. Lowder said he must have abandoned his work? There are many in whose hearts the voice of outcast London has been echoing with an exceeding bitter cry; will they not help the community, whose special work it has always been to break up the new ground, to save those who in Christian England are perishing from lack of knowledge? The Sisters have a basket, containing articles of fancy and other needlework, which they take from house to house and offer for sale. They would be especially grateful to any who would help in working for this.

Wimbledon Art College.—Extract of a letter received by the Lady Superintendent:—'I often think of my visit to your bright little college. I remember well my disappointment at the apparent smallness of the house from the outside, and my surprise to find how much larger it was inside. The cosy drawing-room, the "cloisters," as you called the conservatory, from the house to the studio; and then the studio itself, so much larger than I expected, and *clean* and *warm*, which all studios are not! I see now those earnest young faces, so

Digitized by Google

deep in their work that I fancy they rather resented the appearance of an intruder. But what struck me most was the modest girlish faces; one did not need to be told the doubtful life studies at too many art schools are kept out of here. All praise to our Royal Academicians, both here and at Burlington House! Surely that beautiful *Venus di Milo* in your studio, with her grand friend *The Fighting Gladiator*, and all the fine busts, with arms, legs, and noses innumerable, can satisfy us, and, with the help of the weird, wonderful skeleton and its attendant diagrams, teach enough to delineate correctly the young girl in the Brittany costume who was your model when I called at the college, or any other man, woman, or child you may choose to dress up—or, rather, your admirable master. I hope the tennis-court is flourishing. I was telling a friend of mine of the stained glass, and china, and embroidery, and all "the *prettys*" I saw in the master's room. I must come some Friday to see those studies going on. The more I think of it, the more I feel the key to the success is in that "upper room," that pretty little oratory where all the work is dedicated and made meet for "the Master's use." Do you remember how the dressing bell made me start, and how you declared you were sure I was relieved to hear the girls' merry voices as they ran up stairs to prepare for lunch, laughing and chattering, as you believed I thought them preternaturally quiet? If I did so, I could not think it any longer. I am so glad to hear you have added music and singing without disturbing the present arrangements. I hope Mrs. R—— is well now. She is certainly the dignified but kind mother to the girls you want for them. I heard praise of her from a former student of yours, the other day.'

Tuesday, 13th May.—'Go when the morning shineth,' from *Lyra Britannica.*

Mrs. Simpson, *née* Jane Cross Bell, is the daughter of James Bell, Esq., advocate, and is a native of Glasgow. At an early period she contributed verses to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, edited by her brother Henry Glassford Bell. She assumed the literary *nom de plume* of Gertrude, and under this designation she reproduced her poetical contributions in *April Hours*, a small 12mo. which appeared in 1838. She had previously published in 1836 a small volume of tales and sketches entitled *The Piety of Daily Life*. In 1848 she published *Woman's History*. Her latest work *Linda, or Beauty and Genius* appeared in 1859.

The hymn has been ascribed to different authors. The first, second, and fourth stanzas of the hymn appeared in *April Hours* in 1838. The entire composition is now printed from a *copy* kindly supplied by the accomplished authoress. Gertrude has been for many years married to her cousin Mr. J. B. Simpson, of Glasgow.

CLIFTON.

END OF VOL. VII.

LONDON: R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

Digitized by Google

To the Friends & Supporters of the Mission of All Hallows, Southwark.

IN sending out the Balance Sheet of the District Account for the past year, I desire to record my thankfulness to Almighty God for the wonderful measure of success which He has granted us. Looking back to the first beginnings of the Mission in 1876, and seeing how the work has grown and prospered up to the present time, I cannot doubt that God has been with us, and that His blessing has been upon us.

I am deeply grateful to the many friends who have helped us in various ways—some by working as District Visitors, or helping the Sisters in their work during a visit of some weeks to the Mission House; others by gifts of money or clothing; and others, again, by entertaining large parties, both of children and adults, at their country houses. I wish particularly to mention the kindness of the Society known as the "Fresh Air Mission," who sent forty-eight of our poorest children to spend three weeks in the country, free of cost. It does the heart good to see the change wrought in the sickly little creatures after living in the fresh, pure air for three weeks, and the visit is an unceasing delight to the children.

I trust it is superfluous to add that our benefactors are never forgotten at the Altar, which is the only return we can make for all their goodness.

With regard to the spiritual work of the parish, I suppose that our circumstances are, by this time, so well known to you that I need not enlarge upon them. Placed as we are, in the midst of poverty, disease, and vice, our work has more than ordinary difficulties. It is easy enough to draw people to the Sacraments; they are eager and ready to do all that is asked of them, but experience has taught us that it is not to the *number* baptised, confirmed, or communicant that we can look as a gauge of work. I have found that a long probation is necessary before I dare bring our people to Baptism, Confirmation, and Holy Communion with any hope of their continuing stedfast, and, even then, lapses are, unhappily, not infrequent. Nevertheless, I can thank God, and take courage for the evident marks of His grace working in many.

During the last ten days of October, 1882, the Rev. C. R. Chase and the Rev. James Frampton conducted a Mission which has, I believe, left its mark for good upon the parish. In consequence of the increased work it brought, I made an appeal for funds to obtain more clerical help. As I did not succeed in the latter, I have engaged the services of two lay assistants, who I have every reason to believe will do much good work. I trust the friends who responded to my appeal will not object to their donations being thus applied.

The number of Baptisms during the year have been 177. 8 males, and 20 females were Confirmed; and 3,773 Communions have been made.

Before speaking of the more secular works carried on or contemplated, I wish to make a few remarks on the Balance Sheet. I am sorry to say that the expenditure for the year has exceeded the receipts by £15 7s. 6d., and that we begin our new year with a balance in hand of only £22 18s. Our Income was £461 2s. 9d., of which only £99 18s. 6d. was assured to us by annual subscription; our resources were therefore at times at a very low ebb. You will see how inadequate our income is to meet the distress always existing in a poor population of 5,700. May I ask you very earnestly to do your best to increase both the number of subscribers and the amount of the subscriptions; had our income from this source been larger last year, we should have been spared many anxieties. At the same time I trust the

donations will not fall off, as the expenses of the future will in all probability exceed those of the past. I also wish to call your attention to the fact that the Crèche had to draw on the District account to the extent of £24 10s. I should be glad to interest more friends in this most useful institution, and I venture to ask for subscriptions and donations so that the District account may be relieved of this charge next year.

With regard to the "Girls' Homes," you will notice that the payments do not cover the cost of food and washing. Of course, it is advisable that institutions of this kind should be self-supporting, but ours can never be so owing to the uncertainty and lowness of the wages earned by the girls. Very often they are out of work for weeks together, and their wages range from 2s. to 7s. per week, averaging about 5s.

I am sure, knowing, as many of you do, the dreadful character of the homes of these poor girls, you will help me in my endeavour to humanize and christianize them by continuing your subscriptions and donations.

I need only add that as the District accounts are kept by the sisters, I have not thought it necessary to call in an auditor, but have examined them myself.

With regard to the District Work, I am glad to say that the Sunday Schools have very much increased in numbers and efficiency during the year. The staff of teachers is still too small, but of late I have promoted some of the older scholars to that office, and from this source I hope in the future to obtain as many as may be required.

In connection with the Sunday Schools, every Sunday morning during ten months of the year breakfasts were provided for between 100 and 150 destitute children. These breakfasts cost 2d. per head, and I shall be very grateful for donations towards our future expenses. The Bands of Hope are in a flourishing condition and are very popular. The appeal which was made last June for help towards providing the summer excursion for the children was so liberally responded to, that I hope I may not ask in vain for similar assistance towards the Christmas treats, which, though not so costly, yet entail considerable expense.

We have hitherto had no School buildings, but I am happy to say that we are on the eve of gaining possession of some which adjoin the Mission House and Church. The transfer will cost us between £80 and £90, and I shall be glad of any help towards raising this sum.

The Mothers' meeting, Clothing, Blanket, and Boot Clubs, and the Penny Bank are all prospering and increasing.

From November to Easter, 100 quarts of soup were given away three times a week, and in the more severe weather daily.

Dinners were also provided through the year for convalescent cases as needed.

On Christmas Day, 1,110 persons (without distinction of creed) received 693 lbs. of meat towards their dinner, and, as far as possible, some article of clothing.

Temporary and sick relief has been given every day at the Mission House, and there is generally a crowd waiting to be attended to. There are of course at all times many cases of sickness in a parish like All Hallows, consumption being, alas, the most common; and there is a constant demand for Dispensary, Hospital, and Convalescent letters. I have to thank many friends for a liberal supply, and chiefly Miss Maine, who most generously placed at our disposal, for the whole year, a bed at the Southsea Home and defrayed all expenses connected therewith. By the help of friends, we have been able to raise a fund to maintain a permanent bed at the Folkestone Home, which has been constantly occupied this year. We are now trying to do the same for a permanent child's cot at the same hospital. This will cost £21. £8 have already been subscribed, and I hope we shall have no difficulty in getting together the remainder.

The Crèche has done its useful work successfully, though, as I have said, at a loss. It is open every day except Sunday from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., at a charge of 3d. per child, 5,517 children have been taken care of during the year.

Digitized by Google

In working amongst the Factory girls of the parish, it was soon found impossible to make any real impression on them so long as they remained amid the evil influences of their own homes. Living day and night in the same small room with the other members of their family, they grew up coarse and brutal, and regardless of decency. We felt that if they were ever to be reclaimed from sin, houses where they could be taught to lead more civilized lives were an imperative necessity, and, in 1880, the first attempt was made to start one. Two rooms for six girls and a matron were taken, and the experiment was so successful, that now in 1883 we have two houses accommodating 40 girls and 2 matrons. When in work, the inmates contribute 5s. 6d. per week towards their board, but they are often out of work and then can pay nothing. This year a workroom has been opened, to employ those out of work, in which kneeling mats of all kinds for churches are made. The profits go to the maintenance of the girls. I hope that the friends of the "Girls' Homes" will do their best to procure orders, Sister Lucy Anne, 98, Union Street, Borough, S.E., will very gladly furnish any information on the subject.

I have all along felt that the "Girls' Home" only met half the difficulty we are contending against, and that if our work is to be done thoroughly, there must be a "Boys' Home" as well; but I have never been able to open one. This year, however, the time seems more favourable, and I have secured a good house at a moderate rent, which I hope to open before long for 12 lads. I have every reason to believe that when once we have got fairly to work, the undertaking will be self-supporting, boys' work being more constant and better paid than that of girls. We shall however require at least £100 to start with, for which an appeal has been widely circulated, I trust it may meet with a liberal response.

Before I close I desire to plead for the Building Fund of the permanent Church.

The chancel has been finished, the walls of the Nave have been carried up about 12 feet, but we have been obliged to stop there for want of funds. Several thousand pounds are still required to complete the Building.

I earnestly beg my many friends to help me in accomplishing this work which is very dear to me. Some may object that we have been too ambitious in our designs, and that we ought to have been content with a smaller and humbler church.

Let me plead for my poor people who have so little in their lives that is lovely, who are surrounded by none of those things which add so much to *our* happiness, and which help us to realize the goodness and love of God. May they not have *one* place which by its grandeur and beauty shall take them from their misery and squalor into another world, as it were, and teach them far better than any words, something of the Majesty and Glory of God, and bring them to their knees in adoration of Him to Whom it is dedicated. I hope I am not in undue haste to bring about the completion of the church, but it sometimes makes my heart fail where donations are sent with a request that the money may be devoted to anything but "bricks and mortar," and I should be glad to feel that I was not compelled, as I am at present, to resort to "Sales of Work" or "Concerts" to raise money for the "Building Fund."

There will be a "Sale of Work" for the Building Fund in December. Miss Lee, 95, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W., will be glad to hear from anyone willing to help.

As some mistakes have lately occurred with regard to our identity, I would remind my friends that the name of the parish is ALL HALLOWS, SOUTHWARK, S.E., that it is worked by the COMMUNITY OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST, CLEWER, and that Donations and Subscriptions ought to be made payable to

ISABELLA MARY COOPER,
(*Sister-in-Charge*),
127, Union Street, Borough, S.E.

47, Nelson Square, S.E.,
All Saints, 1883.

G. W. BERKELEY,
Vicar.

Digitized by Google

ALL HALLOWS, SOUTHWARK.

DISTRICT ACCOUNT.

From October 1st, 1882, to September 30th, 1883.

Dr.

1882.		£	s.	d.
Oct. 1	To Balance	40	5	6
	,, Subscriptions	99	13	6
	,, Donations .. General Purposes	164	1	6
	,, ,, Food, Coals, Blankets	117	15	9
	,, ,, School	73	7	0
		£507	8	3

By Gas, Cleaning, &c.			
,, Food, Coals, Blankets			
,, School Expenses			
,, Church Cleaning			
,, Stationery and Postage			
,, Crèche deficit			
,, Balance (including £8 towards Child's cot at Folkestone Home) ..			
	£		

FACTORY GIRLS' HOME ACCOUNT.

From October 1st, 1882, to September 30th, 1883.

1882.		£	s.	d.
Oct. 1.	To Balance at Bank	57	8	9
	,, Do. in hand. Petty Cash	8	8	2
	,, Subscriptions and Donations	333	15	6
	,, Girls' Payments	251	17	3
	,, Special and Small Donations	33	7	0
		£684	16	8

By Rent, Coals, Gas, and Matron's Wages			
,, Furniture			
,, Food and Washing			
,, Medicine, Clothing, and Journeys, including help to Emigrants ..			
,, Tea, Treats, and Guild Expenses			
,, Drainage and Repairs			
,, Printing, &c.			
,, Balance in hand (Petty Cash)			
,, Do. at Bank			
	£		

NUMBER BENEFITTED, 85.
NUMBER IN HOMES, 40

Digitized by Google

CRÈCHE ACCOUNT.

From 1st October, 1882, to September 30th, 1883.

Dr.

1882.		£	s.	d.
Oct. 1.	To Balance	2	19	8
	,, Subscriptions and Donations	36	12	7
	,, Children's Pence	66	6	9
	,, From District Account	24	10	0
		£130	9	0

By Rent	
,, Coals, Gas, &c.	
,, Wages	
,, Food	
,, Repairs, &c.	
,, Balance in hand	

GENERAL ACCOUNT.

From 1st October, 1882, to September 30th, 1883.

1882.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Oct. 1.	To Balance at Bankers				129	18	5
	,, District Account. Subscriptions	99	18	6			
	,, ,, Donations, General Purposes	164	1	6			
	,, ,, Food, Coals, and Blankets	117	15	9			
	,, ,, Schools	79	7	0			
					461	2	9
	,, Boys' Home. Donations				18	1	0
	,, Special Purposes, ,,				165	2	0
	,, Girls' Homes. Petty Cash	8	8	2			
	,, ,, Donations and Subscriptions	333	15	6			
	,, ,, Girls' Payments	251	17	3			
	,, ,, Special and Small Donations	33	7	0			
					627	7	11
					£1401	12	1

	£	s.	d.
By District Account. Expenditure as per Acc.			
,, Boys' Home. Printing, &c.			
,, Special Purposes. Parochial Treats, &c.			
,, Girls' Homes. Petty Cash	5	7	2
,, ,, Expenditure	654	11	9
,, Balances District Account	30	18	0
,, ,, Boys' Home	7	3	3
,, ,, Special Purposes *	89	0	0
,, ,, Girls' Homes	24	17	9
			£

Examined and found correct
G. W. BERKELEY.

* *This has been expended since the Accounts were closed at the end September. G. W. B.*

List of Subscriptions and Donations to All Hallows' Mission, for Factory Girls' Lodgings, Crèche, Food, Clothing, &c., from October 1st, 1882, to September 29th, 1883 :—

OCTOBER.—Miss Hunt, 8*l.* for part rent of Factory Girls' Home. A. G. Whitchelo, Esq., 1*l.* 1*s.* subs. Mrs. Perkins, 10*l.* subs. R. B. Griffiths, Esq., 3*l.* subs. Ll. E. Griffiths, Esq., 2*l.* subs. Per Miss Maskell, 10*s.* H. A. F., 3*l.* 5*s.* rent of one room Factory Girls' Home. Mrs. Moore, 10*s.* Miss E. M. Bullock, 1*l.*

NOVEMBER.—Miss Waterman, 1*l.* 1*s.* subs. Miss Ash, 7*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Morris, 2*l.* 2*s.* subs. Mrs. Kennedy, 4*l.* 4*s.* Miss Prince, 2*s.* 6*d.* Miss Robertson, 5*s.* Miss Shaw, 5*s.* Mr. H. Ablitt, 1*l.* 1*s.* Miss Saintsbury, 1*l.* 1*s.* subs. Mrs. Teale, 5*s.* Mrs. Hastie, 2*l.* 2*s.* subs. Miss Tuffnell, 5*s.* Miss Harker, 2*s.* 6*d.* Per Miss E. Bradford, 1*l.* 10*s.* subs. Miss Bishop, 5*l.* Mrs. Wyvill, 5*s.* Miss Humphreys, 2*l.* J. L. Ridpath, Esq., 1*l.* 1*s.* Miss K. Wing, 1*l.* Mrs. Sherlock, 5*s.* Mrs. West, 5*s.* Per Mrs. Bergwin, 7*l.* Miss Moore, 10*s.* Miss E. Lance, 1*l.* subs. Mrs. C. Swinburne, 1*l.* Miss Millett, 1*l.* Miss Eagle Bolt, 1*l.*

DECEMBER.—Miss Blandy, 1*l.* 15*s.* part subs. Miss S. Sackville, 10*s.* Mrs. Horsley, 15*l.* Mrs. James Carr, 5*l.* Miss M. Tayton, 5*s.* Mrs. Chambers, 1*l.* 1*s.* subs. Miss Knollys, 10*s.* Miss Smith, 3*s.* Henry Simpson, Esq., 5*l.* 5*s.* Mrs. Prideaux, 1*l.* Miss Turner, 1*l.* Mrs. Bicknell, 12*s.* Miss Stenning, 5*s.* Mrs. Parnell, 2*l.* 2*s.* subs. A. G. Whitchelo, Esq., 1*l.* 1*s.* subs. H. G. Wimshurst, Esq., 2*l.* 2*s.* Miss Percival, 1*l.* 1*s.* Anon, 2*l.* Miss Dowson, 2*l.* 10*s.* Isa, 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Carter, 7*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Fenton and Miss Parkinson, 7*s.* 6*d.* Miss Isabella Hoare, 1*l.* 1*s.* subs. Mrs. Croxall, 1*l.* Miss Ellery, 10*s.* R. B. Griffiths, Esq., 2*l.* Mrs. Alfred Smith, 5*s.* Philip Sancton, Esq., 2*l.* 2*s.* Joseph Sherwood, Esq., 1*l.* Mrs. Robert Cockburn, 1*l.* Helen Francis, 5*l.* J. B. Lee, Esq., 8*l.* K. P. 2*l.* Mrs. Thornton, 2*l.* Mrs. Lloyd, 2*l.* Mrs. Wotton, 2*l.* Rev. E. Lance, 2*l.* subs. Mrs. Blunt, 5*s.* Miss Flower, 2*l.* 10*s.* Miss Major, 10*s.* J. C. and E. C., 1*l.* Miss Warren, 10*s.* Mrs. Gatty, 10*s.* E. T. Roberts, Esq., 2*l.* 1*s.* Miss Onslow, 1*l.* Three Servants, per Rev. J. W. Ayre, 15*s.* Miss Rowe, 10*s.* Miss Ravizotti, 10*s.* Miss E. Cooper, 4*l.* E. G., 2*s.* Mrs. Elliott Cooper, 2*l.* Mrs. Shaw, 10*s.* Miss Upton, 4*s.* Viscountess Downe, 10*l.* Leonard Shuter, Esq., 5*l.* 5*s.* Miss Hunt, 8*l.* part rent of Factory Girls' Home. Miss Corbett, 10*s.* Miss E. M. Jackson, 10*l.* 10*s.* A. Macmillan, Esq., 1*l.* School Children (Surbiton), 6*s.* Miss Street, 2*l.* 2*s.* subs. Mrs. T. Ramsbotham, 10*s.* Mrs. Humphreys, 5*s.* Mrs. Pearson, 10*s.* Miss Penelope Monk, 10*l.* Miss O. Tyrwhitt-Drake, 5*l.* Mrs. Starky, 1*l.* 10*s.* Miss Hill, 5*s.* Miss Cobon, 5*s.* Miss Leycester-Penrhyn, 1*l.* School Children, per Mrs. Mulhall, 3*s.* 9*d.* The Misses Greville, 10*s.* Miss F. Fox, 5*s.* Miss E. England, 10*s.* Godstone School Children, per Miss Stenning, 3*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Chawner, 1*l.* subs. Mrs. Cooper, 5*s.* Miss Rosa Stenning, 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Trollope, 5*s.* A Thankoffering, 1*l.* H. A. F., rent of a room in Girls' Home, 3*l.* 5*s.* Mrs. Mosely, 2*l.* Rev. J. A. Rivington, 1*l.* Mrs. Carter, 5*s.* M. S. H., 5*s.*

JANUARY.—Miss E. Maskell, 5*s.* Miss Jenner, 4*s.* Mrs. Pocock, 10*s.* Miss Hodgkinson, 2*s.* 6*d.* subs. Miss Hinds, 1*l.* C. W. Wiltshire, Esq., 10*s.* Mr. Hunt, 5*s.* The Misses Warren, 2*l.* 2*s.* subs. Mrs. Woodbridge, 1*l.* Miss L. Foord, 3*s.* Lady J. Swinburne, 5*l.* Rev. W. B. Trevellyan, 2*l.* J. B. Lee, Esq., 10*l.* Mrs. Thornton, 2*l.* 15*s.* Rev. G. Crosby White, 1*l.* 1*s.* subs. Hon. Mrs. Bagot, 10*s.* Miss F. Saville, 5*s.* Mrs. H. T. Moore, 2*l.* 2*s.* Mrs. Morris, 10*s.* Mrs. Rokeby, 10*s.* Miss Williamson, 10*s.* 6*d.* Miss Hope Price, 5*s.* Miss B. M. Young, 1*l.* S. Agnes' Association, rent of room, Girls' Home, 3*l.* 5*s.* Hon. Miss K. Onslow, 2*l.* 10*s.* Mrs. Freeman, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* Miss S. Ayre, 1*l.* Anon, per Miss Lee, 3*l.* The Hon. Mrs. North, 1*l.* Miss C. Wallace, 5*s.* Colorado, 1*l.* Rev. J. W. Knight, 2*s.* 6*d.* Miss Arnold, 3*l.* Miss Wilford, 5*s.* Miss Meek, Crèche rent, 16*l.* A Mother and Three Sisters, 5*l.* Miss Liddell, 5*s.* Mrs. Haynes, 2*l.* sub. R. B. Haynes, Esq., 1*l.* sub. The Misses Haynes, 1*l.* 10*s.* sub. The Misses Greville, 10*s.* Rev. D. H. Sawyer, 10*s.* sub.

FEBRUARY.—Miss C. Harker, 10*s.* Miss E. M. Busk, 1*l.* sub. Mrs. F. Hillyard, 5*s.* Mrs. Frederick Head, 5*l.* 5*s.* sub. for Folkestone Bed. — Arbuthnot, Esq., 10*l.* Mrs. Emson, 5*s.* A Friend, 5*l.* Miss Heseltine, 5*l.* sub. Folkestone Bed. Miss E. Richardson, 10*s.* S. Mark's Guild (Surbiton), 10*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Maine, 1*l.* R. E. P. Balston, Esq., 1*l* 1*s.* Colonel Law, 10*s.* Leonard Shuter, Esq., 5*l.* subs. Miss H. Wiseman, 5*s.*

MARCH.—Mrs. Carr, 5*l.* J. Halls, Esq., 2*l.* Mrs. Carden, 3*l.* Rev. R. S. Hunt, 10*l.* F. C. Capel, Esq., subs. 5*l.* 5*s.* Mrs. Hodgkinson, 1*l.* Mrs. Hodgkinson, 3*l.* 5*s.*, a quarter's rent of room in Girls' Home. Mrs. Wilkinson, 1*l.* Mrs. Turner, 7*s.* 6*d.* T. M. H. U., 10*s.* Miss Barry, 5*s.* J. Pelly, Esq., 1*l.* Eleanor Smith, 2*s.* Sœur Cécile, 5*s.* Mrs. Langdale, 5*s.* Miss Drummond, 10*s.* Mrs. Almack, 2*l.* 2*s.* subs. Mrs. Hopper, 5*l.* Miss Cunard, 3*l.* Mrs. Brooking, 1*l.*

Mrs. Kennedy, 3*l.* 3*s.* The Misses Stanton, 10*s.* Mrs. Harford, 10*s.* Miss H. G. Clarke, 10*s.* Mrs. C. Marryatt, 1*l.* 10*s.* Miss Hare, 1*l.* 1*s.* Miss Steele, 1*l.* 1*s.* Miss Ravizotti, 10*s.* Miss Wing, 7*s.* 6*d.* Miss Ellacombe, 2*l.* 10*s.* H. L., 10*s.* Miss Wilson, 2*s.* 6*d.* F. C. Capel, Esq., 10*l.* 10*s.* Mrs. Ridley, 3*l.* 5*s.* quarterly sub. Mrs. Raven, 5*s.* Mrs. Tyndall, 10*s.* Anon, 2*l.* Mrs. Smithett, 10*s.* Miss M. Horsley, 10*s.* Offertory Keble College, 4*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* The Misses Blunt, 1*l.* sub. Mrs. W. B. Trevellyan, 1*l.* Miss Hart, 5*s.* H. M. S., 10*s.* Mrs. Kitchener, 5*l.* Society for the Imprisonment for Small Debts, 14*l.* Miss C. Norris, 10*s.* Miss Barton, 2*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* quarterly sub. Mrs. Hesketh, 10*l.* Lady Elizabeth Clements, 13*l.* Miss Onslow, 10*s.* Miss H. Stenning, 12*s.* 6*d.* Godstone School Children, 3*s.* 2*d.* Mr. W. Erck, 2*s.* 6*d.* Miss C. T. James, 5*s.* Miss F. Fox, 5*s.* "Faith," 2*l.* Miss Butterworth, 1*l.* 1*s.* Mrs. Trower, 5*l.* Miss Humble, 2*s.* 6*d.* Miss Hunt, 8*l.* part rent of Home. S. Agnes' Association, 3*l.* 5*s.* ditto. H. A. F., 3*l.* 5*s.* ditto. — Markham, Esq., 1*l.* Thankoffering, 2*l.* Mrs. Kennaway, 5*s.* E. B., 4*l.* L. N. Lack, Esq., 2*l.* 2*s.* Miss L. E. Monk, 10*l.* Anon, 5*s.* 6*d.*

APRIL.—Miss Webb, 5*s.* Lady Turner, 5*l.* Miss Hodgkinson, 12*s.* 6*d.* Anon, 1*l.* Collected by Miss T. Wigan, 3*l.* F. B., 20*l.* Miss Phelps, 10*s.* Mrs. Dowson, 2*s.* 6*d.* Miss Sutton, 5*s.* Mrs. Chambers, 1*l.* 1*s.* Mrs. A. L. Smith, 2*l.* 2*s.* The Misses Sheppard, 1*l.* 10*s.* sub. Lieut.-Col. Ralph Vivian, 1*l.* 1*s.* Miss Longsham, 1*l.* 1*s.* Mrs. Humphreys, 5s. Miss Richmond, 5*l.* Miss Meynall Ingram, 1*l.* Miss Cholmondelly, 10*s.* Dowager Lady Milbank, 3*l.* 3*s.* Mrs. Robert Wingate, 5*s.* subs. Miss Burrow, 2*s.* 6*d.* Two Sisters, 1*l.* 10*s.*

MAY.—Miss C. Allen, 1*l.* Miss Matthey, 15s. Miss Edith Daubeney, 6*l.* Mrs. Horsley, 15*l.* Anon, 5*l.* Mrs. Paul, 5*l.* Mrs. Irvine, 5*s.* Anon, 7*s.* Miss Blandy, 1*l.* 5*s.* Miss S. Ramsden, 5*l.* Anon, 5*l.* Anon, 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Stokoe, 5*s.* Miss Clare, 10*s.*

JUNE.—Mrs. Hodgkinson, 5*l.* Lady Turner, 1*l.* Miss Millett, 1*l.* Lady Elizabeth Clements, 2*l.* Mrs. Pierson, 5s. Miss C. Allen, 2*s.* 6*d.* Anon, 1*l.* Miss Fielder, 2*s.* Mrs. Barnett, 5*s.* Miss E. Smith, 2*s.* Mrs. Fulton, 10*s.* Miss Thorold, 6*d.* Mrs. Oldham, 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. A. Harrison, 5*s.* 9*d.* Mrs. Hopper, 1*l.* Miss Eyre, 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. White, 2*s.* 6*d.* Miss Boodle, 10*s.* Miss Robertson, 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Ridley, 3*l.* 10*s.* L. N. Lack, Esq., 2*l.* 2*s.* Puretia, 2*s.* 6*d.* Miss Marriott, 5*s.* N. D., 10*s.* — Morris, Esq., 5*s.* R. B. Griffiths, Esq., 2*l.* 2*s.* Mrs. Dubisson, 5*s.* Charity O. Society, 10*s.* Miss Drummond, 10*s.* Miss Dowson, 10*s.* D. L. T., 10*s.* Rev. T. P. Nunn, 3*l.* Mrs. F. Poynder, 1*l.* C. H., 1*l.* Isa, 2*s.* A Young Cook, 6*d.* Mrs. Charlesworth, 10*s.* Rev. R. D. Buttermer, 10*s.* Miss Tayton and family, 5*s.* 6*d.* Anon, 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Markham, 5*s.* Miss Bayne, 1*l.* J. Pelly, Esq., 5*s.* Mrs. Tidswell, 2*s.* 6*d.* Anon, 1*l.* Colorado, 10*s.* Mrs. H., 10*s.* Miss Moore, 2*s.* 6*d.* Miss Lascelles, 12*s.* 6*d.* S. G., 10*s.* Mrs. Bertie Roberts, 10*s.* W. Waterfield, Esq., 11*l.* Miss Stephenson, 7*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Kennaway, 6*s.* Mrs. Ramsay, 2*s.* 6*d.* A. E. M., 2*s.* Miss Seymour, 2*s.* 6*d.* Miss Hatfield, 1*s.* Miss Lance, 1*l.* H. W. Wimshurst, 3*l.* 3*s.* H. Thompson, Esq., 3*l.* 3*s.* Mrs. Morris, 10*s.* Miss A. Jordon, 5*s.* Miss Sheppard, 7*s.* 6*d.* A Country Girl, 1*l.* The Misses Trollope, 5*s.* Three Little Ones, 5*s.* Miss Sutton, 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Todhunter, 5*s.* Mrs. Spackman, 15*s.* Miss Bankhart, 6*s.* Miss Vivian, 1*l.* Miss Hare, 5*s.* Miss Steel, 5*s.* Per Miss J. Mulhall, 10*s.* Miss J. Durham, 2*s.* 6*d.* Miss Ravizotti, 5*s.* Mrs. Gillott, 3*s.* Margaret, Bernard, and Stella, 3*s.* F. Capel, Esq., 2*l.* Mrs. Langdale, 2*s.* 6*d.* Sœur Cécile, 5*s.* Miss Fordham, 5*s.* Mrs. Kennedy, 1*l.* H. G., 5*l.* Mrs. Parnell, 15*s.* Mrs. Bicknell, 10*s.* Mrs. Bland, 1*s.* 6*d.* The Hon. Miss K. Onslow, 1*l.* 10*s.* Mrs. McClean, 5*s.* Miss Norwood, 5*s.* Mrs. Robson, 1*l.* Miss Thomas, 2*s.* Mrs. Heyward, 5*s.* Mrs. Horsley, 1*l.* 10*s.* Mrs. Walker, 10*s.* Mrs. Gooding, 10*s.* A. and M. Mamgay, 7*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Lillington, 10*s.* Mrs. Hart, 1*l.* Miss Easton, 10*s.* Mrs. Upton Richards, 1*l.* Miss Rogers, 5*s.* Miss Turner, 5*s.* Minetta, 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Weniberg and Children, 1*l.* 2*s.* Miss Gordon, 10*s.* Mrs. Davies, 2*s.* Lady Swinnerton Pilkington, 10*s.* Mrs. Humphreys, 5*s.* H. L., 10*s.* Miss Mabel Cobb, 2*s.* 6*d.* "B.," 1*l.* "B.," 2*l.* 10*s.* Mrs. Burrough, 1*l.* 3*s.* Miss K. H. Grafton, 10*s.* Miss Barton, 10*s.* Mrs. Firth, 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. A. Andrews, 5*s.* Miss C. Lloyd, 10*s.* Mrs. May Lizzie Blackie, 3*s.* 6*d.* Colonel Phibbs, 5*l.* Mrs. C. G. Nairne, 5*s.* Per Miss Onslow. 2*l.* 10*s.* Miss Burrie, 15*s.* Miss Blandy, 9*s.* E. R., 5*s.* Penmænmawr, 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Osborn, 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Griffiths, 5*s.* K. P., 10*s.* E. F., 5s. The Misses Greville, 10*s.* S. M. H., K. C. H., M. H. H., E. H., 7*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Coxall and Miss Ellery, 2*l.* E. A. R. B., 2*s.* 6*d.* Miss K. G. Clarke, 5*s.* Mrs. Carr, 2*l.* Rev. W. Wilmot Hill, 5*s.* Part rent of 98, Union Street, 19*l.* 10*s.* Miss Hunt, 8*l.* A. Fuller, Esq., 2*l.* Miss Dutton, 3*s.* Miss Cobon, 7*s.* 6*d.* Miss Mellor, 1*s.* A Mother, Child, and Aunt, 2*s.* 6*d.* M. and G. A., 5*s.* Miss Dawney, 2*l.* 10*s.* H. A. F., 3*l.* 5*s.* Four Little Children, 1*s.* 6*d.* Per Miss Gosset, 2*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. H. Forrester and Children, 7*s.* 6*d.* F. C. Poynder, Esq., 1*l.* A. M. H. P., 5*s.* S. Agnes' Association, 3*l.* 5*s.* Miss A. G. Caustor, 2*l.* Miss Law, 1*s.* Per Mrs. S. Masters, 5*s.* Miss E. M.

Digitized by Google

Jackson, 5*l*. S. B., 2*s*. A Little Girl, and her Mother, 5*s*. Mrs. Freeman, 5*s*. Miss B. A. Jeffreson, 10*s*. A Sick Man, 6*d*. Country Children, 2*s*. 6*d*. Weymouth, 1*s*. 6*d*. Mrs. Perkins, 5*l*. 5*s*.

JULY.—Miss Dyke, 5*s*. Miss Toppin, 10*s*. Per Miss Jarvis, Sunday School Children, 3*s*. Lady Jane and the Misses Swinburn, 5*l*. Violet and Maude, 2*s*. M. F., 2*s*. 6*d*. Miss Barber, 2*l*. 7*s*. 6*d*. Miss Ross-Lewin, 5*s*. Miss Platt, 3*s*. 6*d*. Miss England, 10*s*. Miss Barton, 2*l*. 5*s*. 6*d*. Miss Orde, 5*s*. Miss Hodgkinson, 2*s*. 6*d*. Miss Silcock, 10*s*. Miss Bradford, 10*s*. Miss Turner, 10*s*. E. M., 2*s*. 6d. Per Miss Rokeby, 1*l*. 16*s*. Miss Stenning's Class, 2*s*. Per Mrs. Perkins, 1*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*. E. M., 3*s*. 6*d*. Mrs. Dunbar, 10*s*. Miss Baillie Hamilton, 1*l*. Miss Hunt, 1*l*. 10*s*. Hon. Mrs. Chambers, 10*s*. S. M. C., 2*s*. 6*d*. Miss Octavia Saville, 2*s*. 3*d*. Miss Parkinson, 5*s*. An Offering from the Children of the Rich to the Children of the Poor, St. Peter's, Streatham, 2*l*. 8*s*. 6*d*. Mrs. Mais, 2*s*. 6*d*. Hon. Mrs. L. Bagot, 5*s*. Mr. Hale, 10*s*. R. B., 10*s*. A. G. Whitchelo, Esq., 1*l*. 1*s*. Miss Baker, 10*s*. J. Wootton, Esq., 2*l*. 2*s*. subs. Per Miss Rokeby, 1*l*. 1*s*. Rev. W. M. Spencer, 1*l*. subs. Per Miss Andrews, 2*l*. 2*s*. Capt., Mrs., and the Misses Shaw, 3*l*. 12*s*. 6d. Lady Phillimore, 2*l*. 2*s*. subs. Miss Lucy Phillimore, 1*l*. 10*s*. subs. Miss Meek Crèche Rent, 16*l*. subs. High School Kensington, 6*l*. Collected by Miss E. Griffiths, 13*s*.

AUGUST.—Two Sisters, 1*l*. Per Mrs. Henniker:—Miss Marg. Henniker, 2*s*. 4d. ; Miss Wilson, 15*s*. ; Miss Bulman, 2*l*. ; Miss Jones, 2*s*. ; Rev. T. du Boulay, 1*l*. ; Mrs. Wilson, 5*s*. Three Goldfinches, 5*s*. Mrs. Vaughan, 10*s*. S. Mark's Mission Guild, 8*l*. 13*s*. Miss E. Richardson, 5*s*. J. S., 10*s*. Miss Boger, 10*s*. Mrs. Jennings, 10*s*. Collected by Miss Whitchelo, 13*s*. 6d. Rev. W. M. Church, 1*l*. Miss Corrie, 5*s*. Miss Eastwood, 1*l*. Mrs. and Miss Sheppee, 1*l*. Miss Foord, 2*s*. 6*d*. A. A. B. B., 5*l*. Walter Bairstow, 5*l*. Mrs. Fred. Head, 5*l*. 5*s*. subs. A small Mothers' Meeting, 2*s*. 6*d*. Miss Dowson, 5*l*. R. B. Griffiths, Esq., 5*l*. Miss Keen, 1*l*. 1*s*. Miss Vipan, 5*s*. Miss Blandy, 1*l*. 5*s*. S. Agnes' Association, 3*l*. 5*s*. subs. Miss Hunt, 9*l*. 5*s*. rent of Home. Dowager Lady Milbank, 5*l*. subs. Mrs. Fred. Maude, 5*l*. subs. Miss Leatham, 2*l*. Collected by Mrs. F. Maude, 3*l*. 10*s*. Collected by Mr. Perry, 5*s*.

From October, 1882, *to September*, 1883. *List of Parcels.*

Rev. R. S. Hunt. Mrs. Smith Masters. Mrs. Brandreth and Miss Mackintosh. Mrs. Maude. Mrs. Bell. Mrs. Humphreys. S. Mark and S. Andrew's Home. Mission Guild, Surbiton. G.F.S. per Miss Townley. Mrs. Moore. Mrs. Croxall. F. C. Capel, Esq. Mrs. Klauert. Mrs. J. M. Vipan. Mrs. Todhunter. Miss Steele. Mrs. Mayer. Per Mrs. Paxon. Mrs. Perkins. Miss E. Turner. Mrs. Charlesworth. Miss Corrie. Miss M. Cole. Mrs. Robinson. Miss West. The Misses Busby. Mrs. Hodgkinson. Mrs. W. Hodgkinson's Working Party. Hon. Miss K. Onslow. Mrs. Leetham. Mrs. Pocock. Miss Bradford. Miss Tayton. Miss Bankhart. Mrs. Gardiner. Miss Baker. Abbott's Langley Working Party. Mrs. Heywood. Mrs. Chambers. Mrs. James Karr. Mrs. Wallace. Miss Dowson. Mrs. Jordan. Mr. Hopper. Miss S. Warren. Miss Onslow. Mrs. Adams. Miss Seymour. Miss Turner. *Tea, Coal and Bread Tickets*—Miss Gossett. *Coal Tickets*—Miss J. Onslow. Mrs. Ormsby. Miss E. Gibson. Mrs. A. Blackler. Miss Stenning's Working Party. Lady Braybrooke. Miss Parkinson and Mrs. Fenton. Mrs. Marshall. Mrs. Lockwood. Mrs. Gatty. Miss Toppin. Mrs. Pierson. Mrs. Vickers. The Misses Cobon. Miss Weston. Mrs. L. B. Walrond. *The whole Christmas Tree*—Miss Hitchcock's High School. Mrs. Witherby. Mrs. Parnell. Mrs. Kelly and Friends. Miss Commins. Lady J. Swinburne. Hon. Mrs. Sandilands. Miss Corbett, *also bread and coal tickets*. Mrs. Meek, *coal tickets*. Miss Prideaux's Work Society. F. S. Nichols, Esq., *flour*. Miss Sheppee. K. S. C. L. E. A. R. Mrs. Faussett. Miss Mackay. Miss Wallace. Mrs. Kesteven. M. F. Mrs. Harcourt Masters. Miss C. Lloyd. Miss Sheppard. Miss Wiseman. Mrs. Savory. Mrs. C. Astell. Miss Keenlyside. Mrs. Broadhurst. Miss Blunt. Mrs. Johnson. Miss Tufnell. Col. Law. Miss C. Knollys. Miss Bradford. Mrs. Hilliard's Working Party. Mrs. Hoare. Miss Lynn's Working Party. Mrs. Everett. Miss Rokeby. Miss E. England. Miss Taylor. S. S. and M. S. Miss Flower. Mrs. Stenning's Working Party. Mrs. Dowson. Miss Street. Miss M. Moore. Mrs. F. Eyre. Mrs. Bloxom. Miss Knatchbull. Mrs. Bentley. Miss Matthey. The London Needlework Guild. Mrs. Parris. Mrs. Mitchell. Miss M. B. Miss Faber. Mrs. Burne. Miss Turner. Mrs. Paine. Miss Galen. Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Hart. Mrs. Barnett. The Hon. Miss K. Onslow. Mrs. Mullhall. Mrs. Wither's Working Party. Miss A. Braine. The Misses Parkinson. Mrs. Bell. Mrs. Cowper. Mrs. Mayers. Mrs. Gardiner. Mrs. Ormsby. Miss E. Matthey. East Molesey Band of Workers, per Miss Fitzroy. Mrs. Robinson. W. Hayell, Esq. Miss S. Cobham. Mrs. Wood. Miss Howard. Mrs. Scrivener. Mrs. North. Mrs. Slade. Miss Barton. Mrs. Chas. Tovey. Mrs. Hamerson.

Also flowers and vegetables from several kind friends.

Clothes of every description—new and old—are most thankfully

Digitized by Google

All Hallows' Mission, Southwark.

OCCASIONAL PAPER, No. 10.

THE HOMES FOR FACTORY GIRLS.

WE are entering upon the spring of another year, and the return of April reminds both friends and inmates of our Factory Girls' Home that we are approaching the Third Anniversary of its first opening. We have first most thankfully to own that no appeal in our last year's paper was made in vain, but has indeed been more than answered. Not only has the entire rent been undertaken, but also the coals and gas, and one matron's salary. A fresh need for help arose when, in the course of the year, the large, well-lighted room running out at the back of the Home, being no longer required as a Parish Room, was gladly appropriated for a Work Room and Common Living Room; but this need was almost at once met by the kindness of a lady, who undertook to pay the rates and taxes. Another great trouble and expense was caused in the very height of the summer by defective drainage, but this too was met, without having to burden the Home with a debt; so that, altogether, we have great cause for thankfulness to Almighty God, who has touched the hearts of many with such overflowing love and charity as to cause all our wants to be supplied.

And now, as to the work of the past year. The appropriation of the large room, to which allusion has already been made, enabled us to increase our number of inmates from 36 to 46, and, every bed being already filled up, we seem likely to overflow again! Eighty-three girls have been sheltered during the past year, 46 of that number being the present inmates. Two others have been married from the Home, and the kindness of friends supplied both young couples with various household necessaries to start them in their new life. Five have been assisted to emigrate to Canada as domestic servants, and another has gone in the same capacity to South Africa. Eighteen others have been placed during the year in service, most of them in respectable tradesmen's families, and many of these spend their "day out," as a matter of course, in the Home. Three particularly nice, promising girls have entered ladies' service, and are doing very well. Most of the remaining number needed only temporary shelter, or else left because their conduct was unsatisfactory.

We may justly look upon the emigration to Canada as a success, for it has answered the special object which we had in view. Certainly, four out of the five who emigrated were girls whose every association, relation, or friend was of the worst possible description. Humanly speaking, the only safety for them was in the Home, but still they were open to constant temptation and evil influence from without. They had been with us two years

Digitized by Google

and were confirmed members of the Guild. A fresh country and a fresh life seemed their best hope for the future. It is now nine months since they left England, and, though hardly to be looked upon as "shining lights," they all write home constantly, are keeping their places, and certainly three out of the five made their Christmas Communions. We have met with much kindness from two ladies of the Women's Emigration Society, and greatly hope to start off a few more girls this summer.

As regards the various industries of the Home girls, the Work Room has certainly thriven, and orders for both hassocks and mattresses have come in so fast that it is quite a little Factory in itself, and the girls who have "served their time" are now put upon piece-work, and paid their Saturday wages, as in other shops. Several girls have been put to a trade, to serve, that is, for so many months for nothing, or else for something like 2s. 6d. per week—a shirt-ironer, a collar-ironer, a fancy-box maker, one little tailoress, and two other young ones at the mantle-making. Four young women still work at Epps' Cocoa Works, but only the strong ones have any chance there permanently. The sad state of many of the other Factories, owing to the bad characters taken on, and the awful language allowed, need not now be entered into, but one cheering fact may be told. There is a large printing establishment in Southwark, where a great deal of bronzing is done. One or two Home girls had tried from time to time to work there, but the pay was bad, and the behaviour and language of most of the girls simply disgraceful. At last one girl, who had worked in the shop before entering the Home, was allowed to continue there, as she seemed to keep steady, and not to mix with the rest, but after a time she was laid up with a sharp attack of sickness, and then needed to be sent away for a little change. The Sister thought it best to call at the shop, and explain personally the cause of the girl's absence, and then received high testimony as to her character and general behaviour. The foreman was fresh to the work, and both he and the timekeeper bitterly deplored the existing state of things amongst the girls on the premises, and stated that their behaviour was infinitely worse than that of the men and boys. Since that time one Home girl after another has been sent for, in the place of any girl who got "the sack," the foreman each time telling them privately that if they did not mix with the rest, but stuck to their machine, he would give them better money, as they would get through more work. He has been true to his word, has allowed tea to be brought them on the same conditions (before forbidden, because of the consequent herding together and noise), and has tried in every way to encourage better behaviour. There are now seven Home girls working together peacefully, in a Factory formerly avoided by them all, and even the men at the machines have openly expressed their satisfaction at the change, in remarks such as, "They liked to see girls with a tidy collar round their necks, instead of them flash handkerchiefs!" Even this is encouraging, and leads us to hope that, with patience, yet more may be effected in this way.

And now, a few words as to some of the special cases assisted during the present year. Sarah, aged 17, was turned out of doors by her father because the stepmother wished to get rid of her, and, after being sheltered for a few weeks by some poor old woman, found her way to the Home in a most deplorable condition, and begged for admission. She was taken in, not without some misgivings, her hair had to be cut close, and her health for some time suffered from having tramped about with no boots. This girl seems likely to turn out particularly well, and is at present preparing for her Confirmation. Two rather fast-looking girls, with very bushy fringes, applied on one occasion for admission, having received notice "to quit" from some "Lodgings for Girls," lately started at no great distance, the reason being that they stayed out late, and would not submit to some rules recently formed to improve matters. This did not sound promising, and the Sister remarked that "it was not likely they would manage to keep some

Digitized by Google

pretty strict rules it they had hitherto kept none;" upon which they assured her that "they really should, because they knew they must, if they came at all!" having heard all about it from a Home girl, and "they could keep indoors at night, if there were some fun to be had at home." It was Saturday night, and as they spoke an inner door swung open, and sounds of music and merriment were heard, as two or three laughing girls passed out and ran upstairs, upon which the two strangers nodded at one another, saying, "Didn't I tell yer so?"

The next difficulty was "the fringe"—by far their most prominent feature—fringes having been completely banished from the Home after some little difficulty. Even this alteration was promised, and they were to call the next morning for an answer, shorn of their chief adornment. Almost to our surprise they came, were admitted, and have passed through the dangerous season of Christmas without a single outbreak of any kind. One of the two has just asked to be prepared for Holy Baptism, and really seems to be in earnest.

A little one with a pitiful story, Katie by name, was *sent* to us in the Christmas Octave, and we called her "our little Christmas waif." It was a dark Sunday morning, and as the people were passing in to the Early Celebration, there stood by the church gate a small quaint figure, with a little half-empty basket of "button-holes" on her arm. She was standing as if to sell them, yet neither moved nor spoke. The service was over, the people were passing out, and the little motionless figure still stood there as before. An hour or so later some one from the Mission House had occasion to go round to the church and saw the sad little object still in exactly the same attitude, and a man remarked that he believed she had been out all night. The child was coaxed round to the Mission House, but seemed almost too dazed to look or speak. By dint, however, of questioning, it appeared that she was an orphan and had been living with a step-sister, who on the previous night had "dared" her to return without eighteenpence. She had wandered about all night, and had only taken elevenpence, till a gentleman at the church dropped a penny into her basket. The address of some court in Newington Butts was given, and then, soothed by the genial warmth of the kitchen fire, the child fell into such a heavy sleep that for hours nothing was able to rouse her. More than one person searched for this court in vain, and the short dark afternoon would soon be closing in. The Home girls heard of "the little waif," and were full of eager excitement; but when at last they told her she must show them the way, her terrified sobs were pitiful to hear. When the court was really found, one girl remained at the top to conceal her whilst the other two ventured down it, only to learn that the woman had "flitted" in the night, leaving no traces behind her. The neighbours gave an appalling account of her treatment of the little girl, and asserted that it was by no means the first time she had been turned out all night, so that even the landlord had interfered and given the woman notice to quit. It was with a sense of relief that the little party returned to the Mission House, but then came the natural question, "What was to become of her?" The eager eyes of the girls told their unspoken wish, and the Sister answered them by saying "she supposed they were wanting to carry her over to the Home for tea, and had better look her out some clean clothes as well."—"Oh, yes, Sister, and give her a good wash!" they replied, hurrying off—but the child lingered a moment, and putting a handful of coppers into the Sister's hand, said "Please to take my money." and then went away quite content. An hour later a very different Katie was seated at tea, in the midst of a long line of girls, with such sparkling eyes, shiny auburn curls, and cheeks rosy with the hearty scrubbing they had received, that it was quite difficult to believe her to be the same child. She was quite the centre of interest, and when a little extra bed was quickly made up, there was almost a fight as to whose room she was to share. But to bring our tale to a close. Katie spent a few happy weeks in the

Digitized by Google

Home, and then a widow lady offered to adopt her and place her in the country in a good cottage home. The offer was thankfully accepted, for the child had already shown signs of a sweet innocent disposition and bright intelligence. She is thriving and doing well, and writes charming little old-fashioned letters home.

If cases such as these, and many others besides, are to be helped during the coming year, we must beg for your continued support. Although money has been promised to meet many of the regular expenses, there will still be some necessary house repairs and painting to be done, another matron's salary to be found, besides more bedding, linen, and blankets, which are greatly needed.

Gifts of clothing, boots, &c., are much valued, from full woman's size down to small twelve years old, also any pieces of material that can be made up in the workroom. Such parcels might be sent direct to the Home at 98, Union Street, addressed to Sister Lucy Anne.

In the hot summer weather we greatly wish to take down a party of girls to Folkestone or the country for a week or ten days' change—a three weeks' leave from work being impossible to most. Any help to enable us to carry out this idea would be thankfully received.

Immense pleasure was given last year by successful expeditions on the Bank holidays. We must particularly mention our day at Surbiton, which no one is likely to forget. and we greatly hope that the invitation may be repeated this summer. The loan of a schoolroom, &c., in some retired part, for the Whitsun holiday would be a great help, as we have nothing in view for that day.

And now only one word in conclusion as to a future possibility. Owing to probable encroachments of the railway, our tenure of the present rented Home at 98, Union Street, is most precarious, and we feel that money is almost wasted in trying to repair it properly as it really requires, being in a most unsound state. There is a plot of ground at the west end of the church which would exactly suit our need. If it is possible to obtain this on reasonable terms it would seem better in every way to build, and we should then appeal to you for help to do this. The present rent is so high, that even from a pecuniary point of view it would be a saving, and the gain to the health and comfort of the inmates would be untold.

P.O.O. should be made payable to ISABELLA M. COOPER.

Address—THE SISTER IN CHARGE, C.S.J.B.,

ALL HALLOWS' MISSION HOUSE,

127, Union Street, Borough, S.E.

March 1st, 1884.

Digitized by Google

All Hallows' Mission, Southwark.

OCCASIONAL PAPER, No. 11.

SHALL WE GO TO THE SEASIDE THIS YEAR?

THIS question is now occupying many young minds and some older ones, and we cannot yet answer it. Some of my readers are asking the same question, but their question is about a *long* holiday, whilst ours is only about a *short* one:—*a single day*. The summer is opening, and we are reminded by sickly faces and weary limbs how much our children need the brightness and fresh air which is now gladdening many a home. Can we not take them to the seaside for one day?

But first, a few words as to the scenes in which our poor people spend these lovely summer days. Try to picture to yourselves the children in the dreary playground of filthy streets, worse far than in the winter, for the air is more stagnant and the smells and sights more loathsome; decaying vegetables, dead animals, remains of fish, etc., are always there, but now with worse effects than usual in the hot and heavy air. Think of the rooms into which they must turn at night, crowded with six, eight, or even more human beings; dirty (how could they be otherwise when the water supply is so scanty that even the tidiest woman could not keep her house clean) and airless; no wonder they linger even in these dreary streets, long after happier little ones are safe in bed, rather than go into the stifling, poisonous dens which they call home.

Oh children, who read this, will you not help to brighten these sad little lives to whom the commonest pleasures of air and brightness are denied? They can, quite as much as you do, appreciate these things, they treasure the commonest weed as though it were a rare flower, and from one year to another talk of the day when they were taken into the country, or better still, to the seaside. But remember this completely depends upon whether sufficient money is sent to enable us to carry out the plan. We have no money for it, and as each post comes in shall anxiously count up whether there will be enough to make it possible.

Digitized by Google

Last year all the help needed came: so we will now turn to what we did on the day of the School treat. The numbers to be taken were sufficient to make a special train practicable: 300 children and about 150 adults. This year we shall have more than 400 (probably 450) children, and quite as many adults; principally women belonging to the Mother's Meeting, &c., and a few men. The special train made everything much easier, and we were able to go direct to Sheerness: there is a new station close to the beach, so that in every way the place is most suitable. Soon after our arrival, dinner was provided in a large room on the beach: pork pies, bread, and lemonade. Then when this was over, all dispersed on the shore. It was most amusing to hear some of the remarks of the women who had never before seen "such a lot of water!" A very few attempted short boating excursions, but the majority of the mothers were quite contented to sit and watch the children, who one and all spent the afternoon in dabbling or fishing. Wonderful indeed were the results of the fishing displayed in pocket handkerchiefs in the train! At 4.30 all were gathered together again for tea, and again dispersed to enjoy the delights of the water till it was time to return to the station.

Nothing occurred to mar the perfect enjoyment of the day. A better or happier set of children could not have been seen, and we wished those who helped to give them the pleasure could have been there. It was amusing to hear the girls on their way home comparing notes as to whether they were "brown." To them the day was a long holiday—hoped for long before: talked of long after; and doubtless leaving more lasting effects than we can know of, by giving them ideas of something brighter and better than their sad homes.

I have said a few words of appeal to children: will not some mothers, who have seen dearly-loved little ones regain health and strength at the seaside, send us something as a thankoffering for the great blessing? and all who are planning their summer holidays, or, are even now in lovely country homes watching the beauties of opening summer, all these may win a special blessing by remembering those whose lives are so full of sadness, even from their babyhood.

P.O.O. payable to ISABELLA M. COOPER.

Address—THE SISTER IN CHARGE,

ALL HALLOWS' MISSION HOUSE,

127, Union Street, Borough, S.E.

NOV 15 1916

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google